THE GHOST OF THE SAN MARENO HOTEL

BY BEN HECHT

★Liberty

MAR. 18,
1933

5¢

REVERE F.
WISTEHUFF

GIRL DISAPPEARS IN THIN AIR

ILLUSION:

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet... pronounces a few magic words... Presto! She has *disappeared* in thin air.

EXPLANATION:

One of the "slaves" is a *hollow dummy.* When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

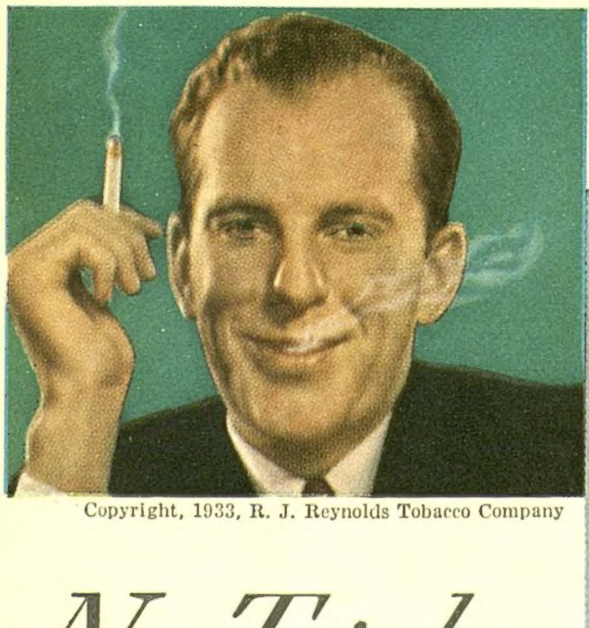
Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness." **EXPLANATION:** Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly ... smoke cooler. *Dried-out* cigarettes taste *hot.*

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight *welded* Humidor Pack . . . and because they contain *better tobaccos.*

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a *fresh* cigarette, made from *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Smoke Camels...give your taste a chance to sense the difference.



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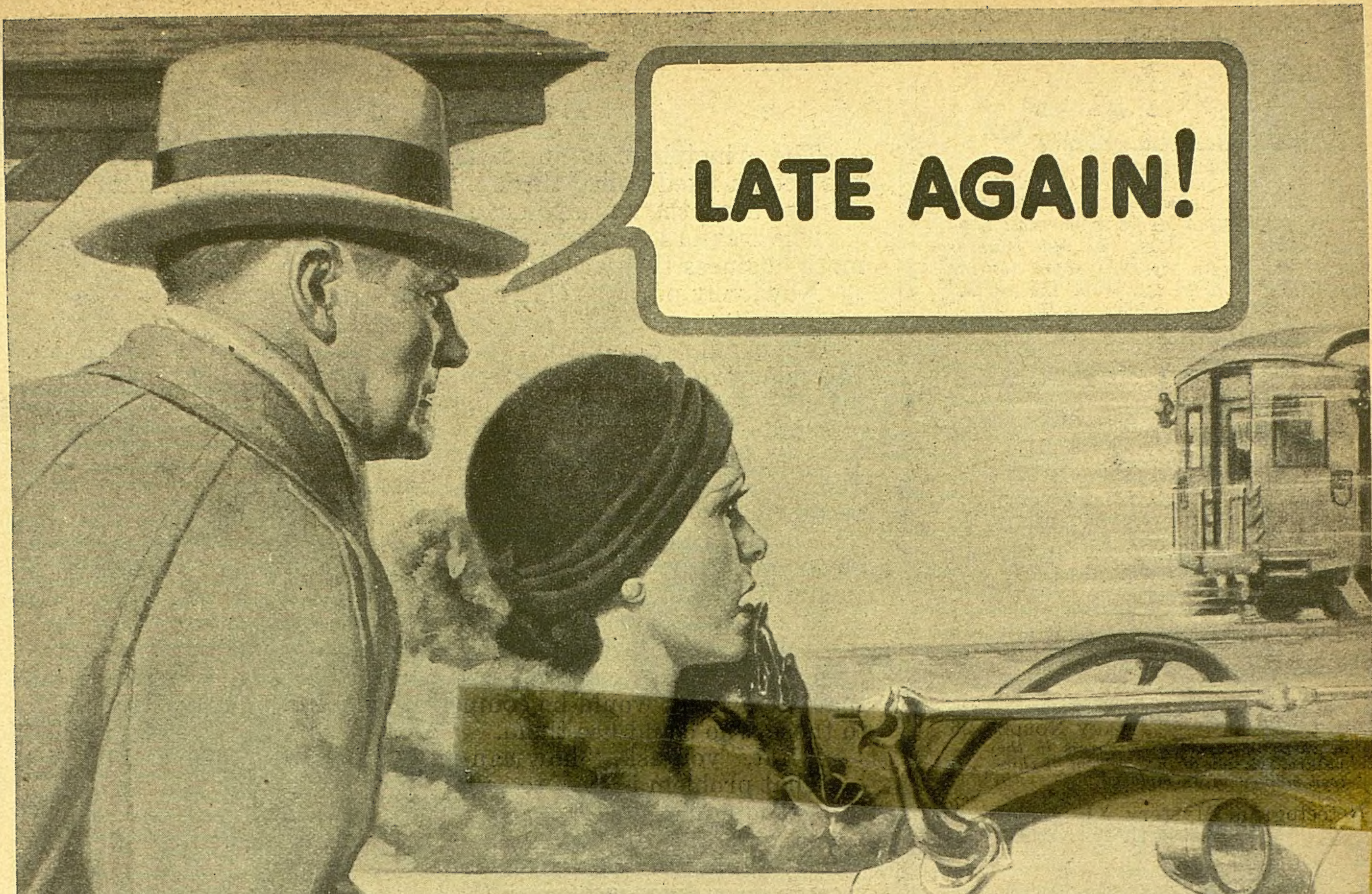
Your CAMELS are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's

No Tricks — just Costlier Tobaccos

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND



MR. PERKINS isn't only missing his train. He's missing the *fun* of driving with Ethyl. These days when we have to do without so many things, we can at least make the most of our cars. *And the next best thing to a brand new car is Ethyl in the tank of an older car.*

Prove it to yourself. Fill up with Ethyl and see how it restores lost power, overcomes the sluggishness and harmful knock that hold you back. Even if you don't put dollars and cents value on the extra enjoyment and satisfaction your car will give you, you'll find that Ethyl makes savings in repairs that more than offset its slight extra cost Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

GOOD GASOLINE
+
ETHYL FLUID
=
ETHYL GASOLINE

Ethyl fluid contains lead. © E. G. C. 1933

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BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
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ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

All Ethyl Gasoline is red, but not all red gasolines contain Ethyl fluid. The color is for identification only and has nothing to do with performance. Look for this Ethyl emblem on the pump (or its globe).

The all-round quality of Ethyl is doubly tested: first, at the time of its mixing, and second, through constant inspection of samples taken from pumps. The Ethyl Gasoline standard of anti-knock quality is higher today than ever before.

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

MARCH 18, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 11

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by REVERE F. WISTEHUFF

TAX IDLENESS AND GIVE EVERYBODY A JOB

The principle of taxing wealth that has accrued from activity has been a fixed policy throughout all history. The greater your achievement, the more you are taxed.

The creators, the builders have to carry the taxation load. The more business they acquire the greater their tax bill.

Now, why penalize efficiency, business ability?

The situation should be exactly the reverse.

We should tax idleness of every character to the very limit. Idle money, idle hands, idle wealth of every kind, idle workmen—idleness should be penalized, not activity.

Suppose a corporation were to reward the idlers and shiftless workers instead of those who were efficient and unusually active. Such a business would soon be bankrupt. But as a nation, to a certain extent, that is the principle we are following.

Though there are no definite rewards for shiftless persons governmentally, at least they are not penalized as are the enthusiastic hard workers.

Hoarded wealth of every kind should be so heavily taxed that it would be more profitable to run the risk of putting it to work.

Lands that are held inactive should be taxed to such an extent that the owners would be compelled to sell at an attractive price to those who could use them.

"But," you ask, "how can we tax idle workmen?"

That problem is easy to solve. Everybody should have a job; there should be no exceptions. But, instead of putting jobless people on a dole, give them work on a government improvement of some kind, and give them the same compensation they would receive on a dole—a bare living—it being understood this work is given them as an emergency and that they should find a better job at the first available opportunity. Idle workmen should be penalized, fined, by being put to work—governmental work.

Millions of our citizens are being supported in this country at this time in idleness. There is no greater crime than this against our people. Idleness breeds discontent, discord. It kindles the fires of revolution.

Inactive money everywhere should be penalized, taxed to such an extent that it is more profitable to loan or use it. The risks that would be taken by accommodating borrowers should be made attractive in preference to a tax on inactive capital. Banks that are hoarding inactive reserves should be taxed sufficiently on this idle surplus to make it more profitable to loan or invest it.

Business men everywhere at the present time are having great difficulty when they desire to borrow the necessary funds to conduct or promote their enterprises. If the banks could be induced to assume a more liberal attitude toward their patrons the activities of many organizations would be greatly augmented.

To be sure, the policy of taxing idleness may not yield sufficient revenue to pay the enormous cost of government at this time; but the necessity of drastic reductions is imperative. Anything that interferes with this much-needed change should be swept aside.

A policy of this kind would put inactive money to work everywhere. It would release billions of acres of land that are now being held for possible future profits. It would give everybody a job, take the idlers off the street, abolish the bread lines; and those who are now taking the dole would be imbued with a feeling of self-respect when they realize they are no longer victims of charity.

The ultimate result of such a policy would put everything and everybody to work.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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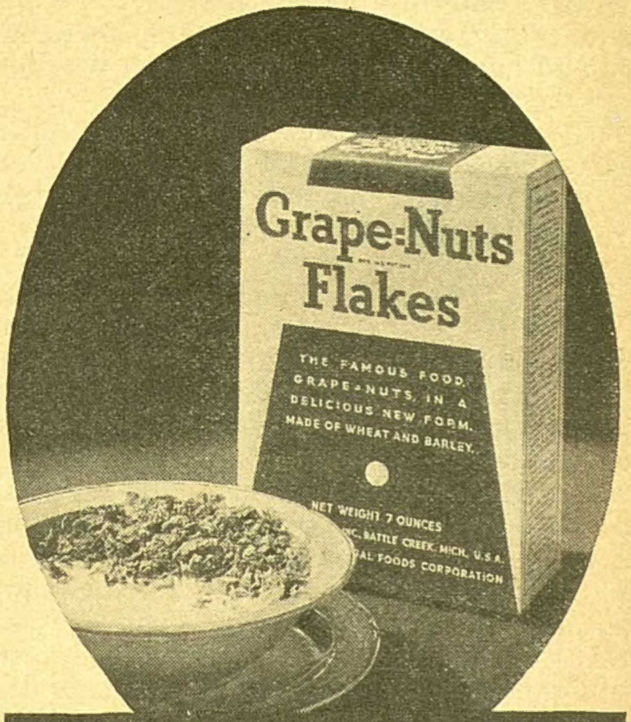
"MORE OF THAT, MATE! I COULD STOW AWAY A BOX FULL OF IT!"

LOVERS OF GOOD BREAKFASTS, HERE'S YOUR DISH!

A crinkly new flake cereal with the grand Grape-Nuts flavor! WHAT A TREAT! That glorious, nut-sweet Grape-Nuts flavor —formerly found only in Grape-Nuts itself—has now been coaxed into the tenderest and curliest of golden flakes!

Good? They're the grandest thing you ever put in your cereal dish! Crisp as popcorn! Tender as the flakiest pie crust! Sweet as a nut! No wonder the breakfasters of America can't seem to get enough of them!

And, besides its flavor, Grape-Nuts Flakes shares honors with Grape-Nuts in still another way . . . it's *packed* with nourishment. Served with whole milk or cream, it provides *more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal!*...Get a package of Grape-Nuts Flakes from your grocer today. You'll be crazy about it! Grape-Nuts and Grape-Nuts Flakes are both products of General Foods.


Grape-Nuts Flakes
THE FAMOUS FOOD GRAPE-NUTS, IN A DELICIOUS NEW FORM. MADE OF WHEAT AND BARLEY.
NET WEIGHT 7 OUNCES

A FLAKE CEREAL WITH REAL NOURISHMENT

GRAPE-NUTS *FLAKES*

the new cereal surprise ... companion to Grape-Nuts

The Ghost of the

The Strange Story of a Woman Who Never Left Her Room for Fifty Years

By

BEN HECHT

(Reading time: 22 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE MYSTERY OF 701

FIFTY years and more had prowled through the San Mareno Hotel. In New York this is a long time. There, at fifty, architecture dodders, squints, and stands like a disabled beau with one foot in the grave.

In its heyday the San Mareno had been quite a beau among hotels—a fastidious institution full of elegance and that nineteenth-century purr of grace and well-being which the world has so unhappily outgrown. It had boasted a glass canopy—brave but artistic symbol of luxury; a carriage starter with mutton-chop whiskers; French words on its menu; a romantically lighted lobby in which marble, walnut, and wondrous red carpets bespoke the high taste and profligate cash box of the management. Its desk clerk had worn a Vandyke and its manager a Prince Albert (a garment nobly designed for bowing), and in its gay little Victorian restaurant a piano, violin, and cello had made music nightly for the ears and hearts of men and women who looked as ornate and innocent as valentines.

The neighborhood in which the San Mareno raised its seven stories had been at that time a very fashionable one, although the modern passion for ugliness (or perhaps practicality) was already beginning to intrude its signs and its store fronts. But the East Thirties were still, in the '80s, an area dedicated to the mellower phases of urban life. And the management of the San Mareno was as proud of its tony surroundings as of its wine list, cuisine, ornamental gas jets, and cultured clientele. This management, obviously a fellow of Continental ideas, was proud also (but in a very unobtrusive way, one may be sure) of the romantic flavor of his softly lighted rendezvous. He was pleased to act as host to romance and, alas, sin, provided it came in a carriage, wore a corsage, and listened misty-eyed to the waltzes of Strauss and Lanier.

In many parts of the world, even New York, there are hotels which age gracefully. But the San Mareno was not of these. It did not age so much as decompose. Not time alone had had at its charms, but that mysteriously corrupting air of social decline which turns palaces into hovels with no visible change in architecture had contributed to its unhappy metamorphosis.

The San Mareno became definitely, as if an evil hotel fairy had blighted it, one of those dingy wrecks of the past that crouch like beggars amid the glitter and tumult of the modern day. Its room clerk, no longer Vandyked, ate his lunch callously on the lobby counter. Its colored bell hops—there were two of them—seemed the most cynical and ill kempt of their tribe.

A little stream of insolvent and obsolete-looking men and women trickled in and out of the battered doors. Dogs barked in its halls, rasping voices quarreled out of its transoms. Shabby and ancient Thespians with faces optimistically shaved and powdered, tottering beldames in old taffetas and moth-eaten furs, forgotten vaudevillians, concessionaires, promoters, inventors, nigh every type of those lonely and elderly Quixotes who wearily hold their ground before the windmills of Broadway, now lived in the San Mareno. Had the gentleman of the Prince Albert, long deceased, returned to view the scenes of splendor and softly lighted romance of which he had once been so proud, he would have very likely died all over again of shock. Yet, he would have found one thing in the San Mareno unchanged.

There lived and had always lived in Suite 701 of the San Mareno a strange individual known as Mrs. Fenimore; lived there not as a human being who came and went but like some sort of aërial mole stuck away under the roof of this hostelry. Mrs. Fenimore had been hidden in Suite 701, sealed up in it as in a vault, since one winter's night in the '80s when, according to a vague legend, she had arrived in a hansom cab and been guided to the lobby by the distinguished carriage starter with the mutton-chop whiskers. She had come alone and entered her self-imposed tomb a young, wealthy, and beautiful woman—and had never emerged since that night.

She had, as Mr. Daley, the present manager of the San Mareno, put it, remained buried alive for half a century, seeing no one, speaking to no one, and shut off from the world.

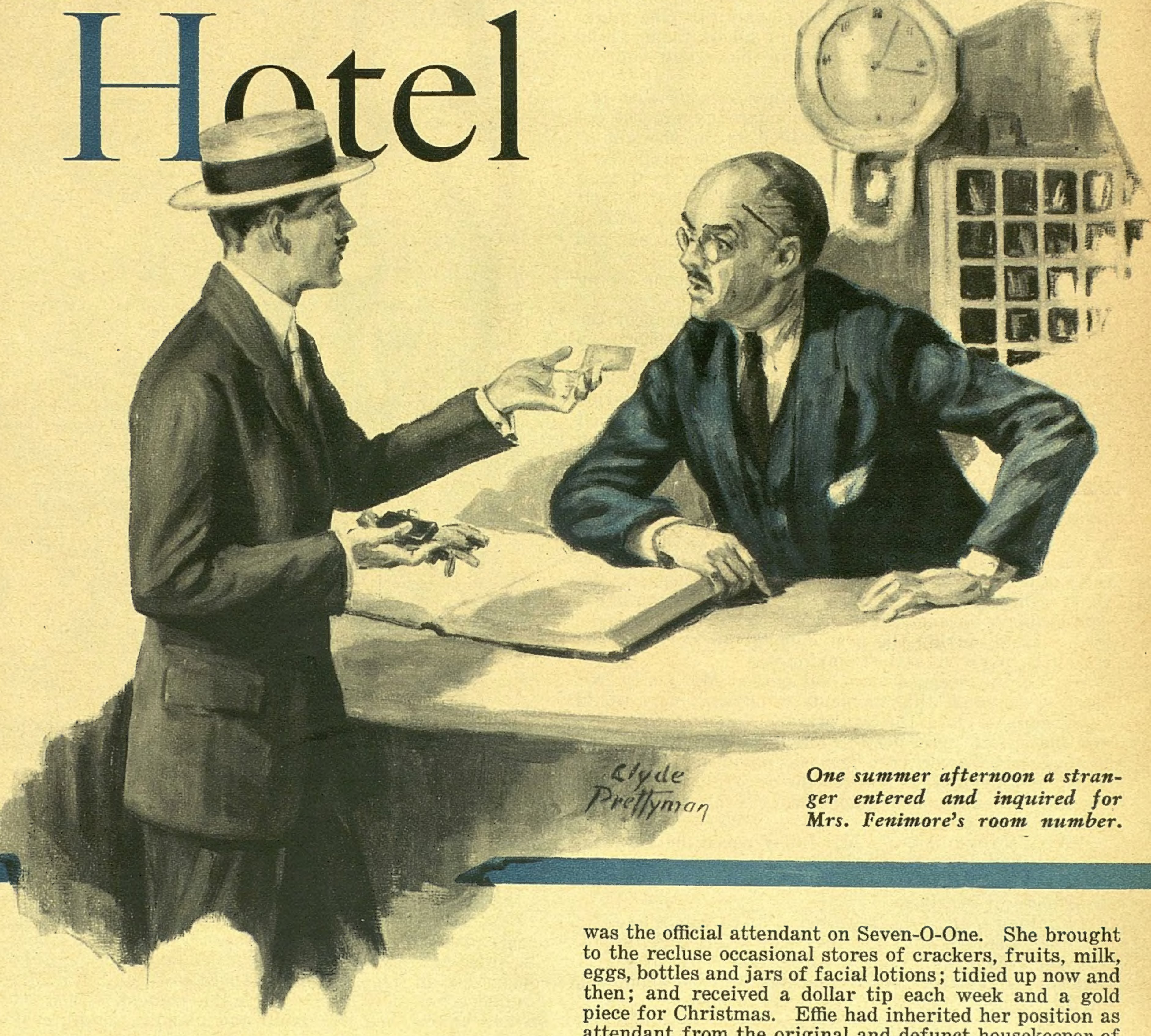
Whatever and whoever this Mrs. Fenimore had been on that winter's night in the '80s, she was now a mystery so completely obscure, so embedded in the decomposing soul of the old hotel, that there was hardly ever talk or even thought of her. Seven-O-One, as she was called by the San Mareno retinue, had outlived her story. Her secret had grown too far away for gossip or curiosity. Her seclusion, strange as it might have seemed once, had lost its mystery. Enigmas die of their own silence.

MR. DALEY, half a-doze at his managerial counter, was given at times to a deep and disturbing wonder about Mrs. Fenimore. He was used to remark, rather proudly, that, though he had been associated with the San Mareno for thirty years in various capacities, he had never clapped eyes on her. She had been there, a fully established mystery, when he had arrived in the flush of his youth, and there she still was, paying her rent by the month in cash, invisible as a ghost, and somehow managing to keep alive.

But there were hours in Mr. Daley's life when Seven-O-One became more absorbing. As Mr. Daley grew older and his own troubles, intrigues, and ambitions—never at best of notable proportions—began to wane, Seven-O-One seemed to lay a firmer hold on his woolgathering thoughts. And Mr. Daley would find himself thinking of the one upstairs as a princess in a tower, as an ogress

Illustrations by CLYDE PRETTYMAN

San Mareno Hotel



One summer afternoon a stranger entered and inquired for Mrs. Fenimore's room number.

engaged in devilish nocturnal didos, as a seeress waiting with divine patience the fulfillment of some prophecy. In fact, this was become quite a hobby with Mr. Daley, inventing fantastic explanations for Seven-O-One.

Mr. Daley was a man cast in a small mold, colorless and vague as to character and without any of the faded histrionics which distinguished so many of his guests. He was easily imposed upon, given a great deal to napping, content with his social and physical disintegration as if he were in some deep collusion with the old San Mareno. In fact, Mr. Daley's slovenliness and very lackluster qualities seemed part of some inner loyalty to the decomposing hotel he served. And perhaps, as he began to age and take on more and more the color of cracking plaster and the untidiness of dingy corridors, it was only natural in this simultaneous ruin of both man and hotel that Seven-O-One should grow in significance and occupy their dusty souls like an oasis of the past.

There was one human being, indeed, of whom Mr. Daley had come to grow more and more envious. This was old Effie, dean of the San Mareno chambermaids, who was the official attendant on Seven-O-One. She brought to the recluse occasional stores of crackers, fruits, milk, eggs, bottles and jars of facial lotions; tidied up now and then; and received a dollar tip each week and a gold piece for Christmas. Effie had inherited her position as attendant from the original and defunct housekeeper of the San Mareno, whose name everybody had forgotten but whose legacy no one ever thought to question.

Mr. Daley now and again undertook to talk to Effie about the matter upstairs, but in reporting such attempts to his favorite permanents he might as well, as he put it, have saved his breath. She fancied herself, obviously, part of the secret of Seven-O-One and, although as ignorant of its mystery as anyone else, identified herself with it and kept her mouth shut as if she had been in fact a trusted confidante of Seven-O-One.

Mr. Daley intelligently sensed that Effie knew nothing and that her silence was some sort of blind servantlike loyalty not to be argued with. He contented himself with hearing from time to time that Seven-O-One was spry as a sparrow and with sending up around Christmas a decorative holly wreath which was never hung up but, according to Effie, promptly thrown away.

As for the guests of the San Mareno, only the more permanent ones were aware at all of Mrs. Fenimore's name or existence. Like Mr. Daley they were somehow proud of the old lady's achievement—that of remaining in a hotel room for half a century—and they seemed to regard her mystery with an inner understanding. They were a lonely lot, these permanents, and though a-bustle with comings and goings, there was about them that curious solitariness that marks the ancient waifs who call the little down-at-heels hotels of the city their homes. Mrs. Fenimore, so strangely hidden from life, was no rare matter for them to ponder on. They were themselves, for the most part, as hidden, as buried inside these musty walls as the old lady upstairs. She might well have been the patron saint of all of them, of all castaways who ride up and down in the creaky, odorous elevator cages of such hotels.

Discussing the matter of a summer evening with Mr. Daley, some of the permanents wondered where she got the money to live on; others smiled at the thought of Effie still fetching her cosmetics and she probably a hundred years old. But none ever thought to discuss with Mr. Daley why Mrs. Fenimore had locked herself away for half a century, or what she was doing all this time in her self-imposed imprisonment, or who she had been on that winter's night in the '80s. Somehow Mr. Daley's guests felt these questions needed neither asking nor answering.

Such was the untroubled and innocent status of the San Mareno mystery when one summer afternoon a stranger entered the hotel and sought out Mr. Daley, half asleep behind the lobby counter, and inquired calmly for Mrs. Fenimore's room number. No such question had ever before been asked in the San Mareno, at least not during the thirty years of Mr. Daley's connection with it, and he straightened nervously behind the counter.

HE saw a man of thirty or so, lean, dark-skinned, with a romantic black mustache drooping over the corners of his mouth in a way that reminded him at once of pictures of his favorite author, Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Daley, who was quick at noticing things and who had a hotelkeeper's instinct for character, tried hard to make up his mind, during the first moment he looked at the stranger, just what sort of man he was.

During the decades that had passed Mr. Daley had often anticipated this moment, wondering who would finally come to claim the San Mareno's ghost in 701. He was pleased to note, despite his indecision toward the stranger's character, that here was obviously a fellow of charm and mystery, as befitted the occasion, one of those romantic types of youth seldom encountered except on the stage or in old prints.

"What's your name?" Mr. Daley asked politely.

"Tell her Everett Fenimore is calling," said the stranger, and smiled so engagingly that Mr. Daley was disarmed—or nearly so.

"Fenimore, eh?" he repeated. "Are you related?"

"She's a sort of aunt of mine," said Everett Fenimore.

"Well," said Mr. Daley, with an odd sense of regret that the ancient mystery of the San Mareno should be finally invaded, "she doesn't see many people."

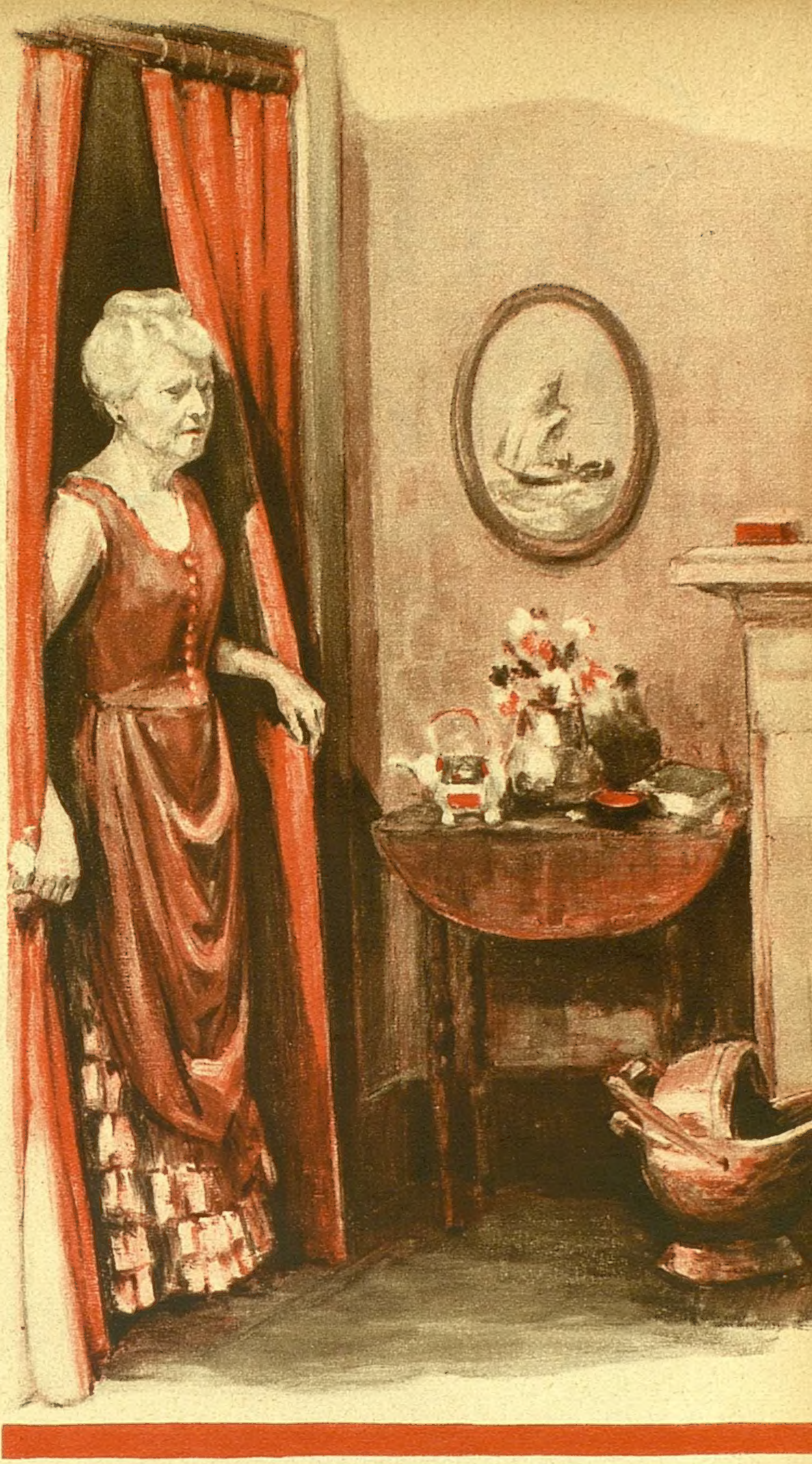
Mr. Daley smiled at this whimsical understatement and then lowered his eyes nervously before the much too friendly beam of this old frontispiece of a stranger. "In fact," he added, "she hasn't ever seen anybody. She's—she's a recluse."

"I know," said Everett Fenimore, "poor old thing. Playing hermit so long! I almost hate to intrude. Perhaps it would be better if I went away."

Everett Fenimore looked more romantic than ever as he gave play to this gracious side of his nature, and this irritated Mr. Daley, who was certain that his next words would be, "But take my name up just in case she should care to see me." And they were, almost exactly those words. Mr. Daley disliked people who exercised charm in front of a hotel desk.

"I'll get Effie," he mumbled. "You'll have to wait."

"That's all right," said Everett Fenimore, and sat himself down gracefully on the lone sagging couch in the lobby. Mr. Daley waiting for Effie, after whom one of the colored bell-boy cynics had gone shuffling, had the impression that this was a fellow who made himself at home anywhere, unlike most of his guests, who, though they had been with him for years, never seemed to belong in the lobby.

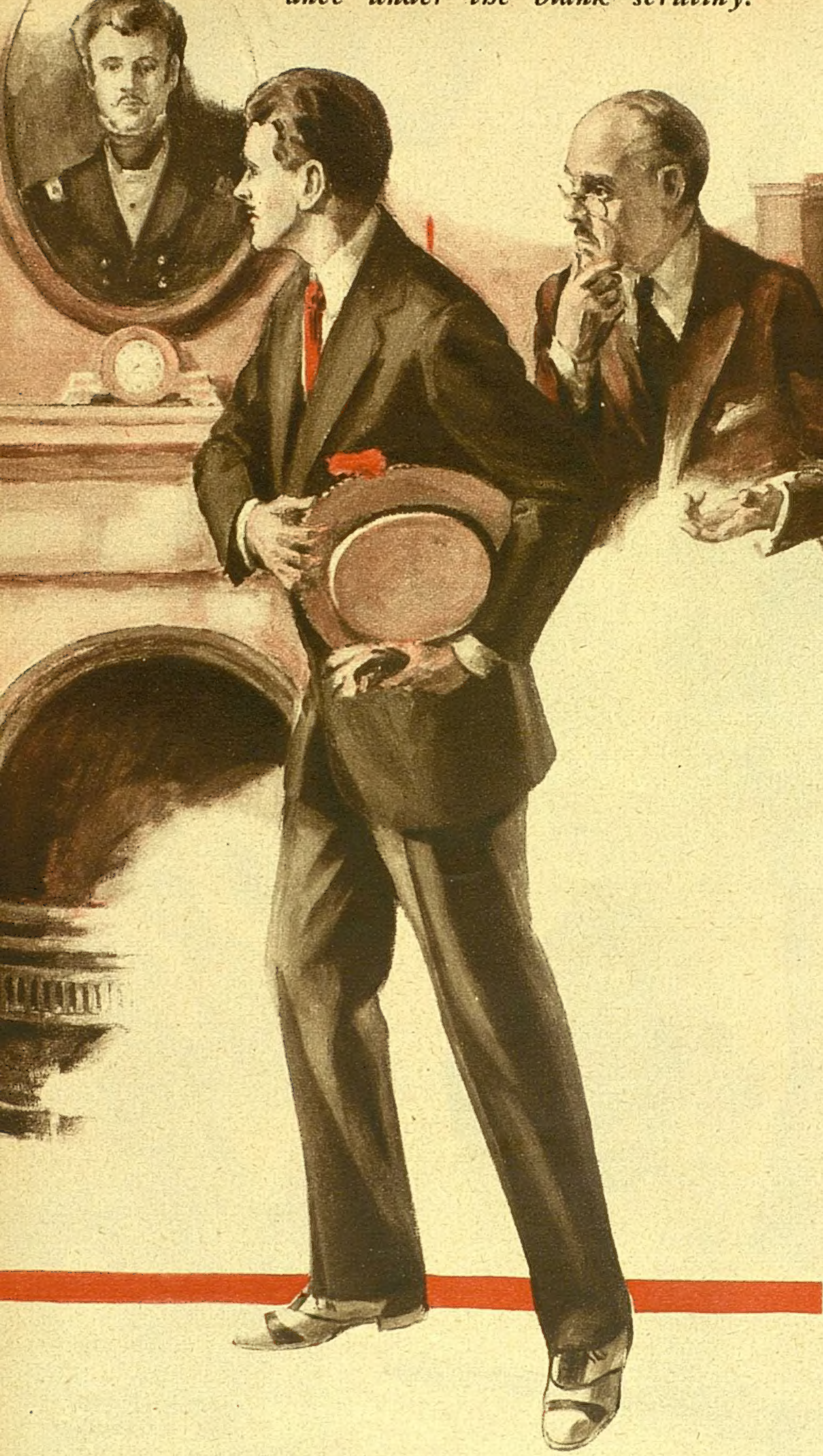


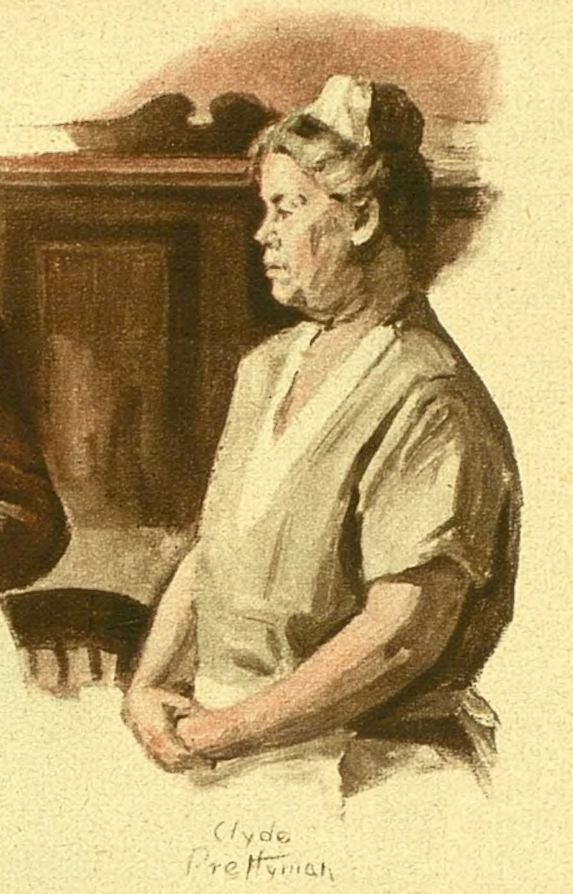
Effie arrived and was, as Mr. Daley had foreseen, deeply upset by the news that Seven-O-One had a caller. She stood and glared as if the gentleman on the sagging couch were an impostor, and refused to speak. But Mr. Fenimore was more than equal to the moment. He stood up and approached the dumb and glaring factotum of Seven-O-One with a show of gallantry.

"Don't insist, please," he said. "Just tell her I'm downstairs. Everett Fenimore. I'll wait."

EFFIE scowled at all this uncalled-for affability, and then entered the elevator cage and was rattled out of sight on her reluctant mission. Mr. Daley leaned across the counter on his elbows and studied Everett Fenimore. He hoped Seven-O-One would send back a short and simple refusal of admittance. After some fifteen minutes Mr. Daley began to grow nervous and busied himself with some old correspondence. He was virtually buzzing with curiosity and excitement, but being a man of great experience in all matters pertaining to hotel life he kept silent. A half hour passed and then another ten minutes before Effie appeared.

No sooner had she stepped out of the elevator cage than Mr. Daley knew the worst had happened and was paradoxically thrilled. It had been part of his managerial pride that he had never in thirty years tried to intrude on Seven-O-One. But that was putting it lightly.





Some minutes passed, and Mr. Fenimore remained full of self-assurance under the blank scrutiny.

His aloofness from Seven-O-One had been indeed a vital part of his character—that character he had acquired bit by bit from the fading walls of the San Mareno.

But now Mr. Daley, as if under a hypnosis which had set his whole character aside, slipped from behind his counter and approached the elevator cage much more eagerly than the amiable and self-contained stranger.

"She had to get dressed up," said Effie. "She says she'll see you now—for a little while."

THE three rode up in silence. The smells increased as they mounted, and Mr. Daley, though he did his best to act as if this were the most natural of events, fidgeted and felt dizzy and returned Mr. Fenimore's light smile of suspense with a scowl he could not control.

Effie fumbled at the door of 701—that door behind which Mr. Daley's fantasies had lived for so many years. Her hands trembled, her eyes glared, and altogether there was such an air of distress and confusion about her that Mr. Daley wished with all his sentimental heart this dramatic moment had never come to pass. He felt the remorse of all violators as the key turned in the lock, and the slow opening of the door seemed to him a belittling thing, as if life had grown forever lessened now.

Mr. Daley, oblivious of his two companions, stood hesitant on the threshold. A remarkable scene greeted his eyes. He entered as if stepping into another age. Before him, dimmed by drawn blinds and heavy window drapes, was the old San Mareno intact as he vaguely remembered it in the last days of its elegance—the great maroon window hangings, the red Brussels carpet, the dark walnut furniture with its silken upholstery, the red-papered walls with their gold panelings, the white-marble mantel. This was the parlor of the suite, cool and half hidden. The summer afternoon, filtering in through drawn blinds and layers of red, cast a carnelian glow over the dimmed objects, and Mr. Daley felt he was dreaming. This could hardly be part of that battered and slatternly hotel over which he presided. Even the San Mareno odors were remarkably absent. There was the serenity and scent of another world here. Mr. Daley smelled myrrh and frankincense, although it may have been only sachet and that stale, not unpleasant over-odor of dust.

HIS heart in his mouth, Mr. Daley turned and saw the Stevensonian mustache smiling tenderly at the scene, and particularly at a large yellowed photograph in an old frame over the mantel. Mr. Daley, shivering and hardly daring to move, nevertheless took a step nearer the object, and saw with increased wonder that the photograph looked to be one of the young man at his side. There was the same drooping mustache, the same whimsical tilt to the head and amiable light in the eyes—except that the gentleman over the mantel wore a uniform of a sort he recalled having seen in history books.

But he turned suddenly from this scrutiny. The heavy red drapes which inclosed the bedroom had parted and a little figure was standing between them, so little, so pale, so fragile that for a moment Mr. Daley thought it was a child dressed for a masquerade in red satin, cascades of ruffles, and a train. No one spoke, quite as if an apparition had risen out of the dust and shadows of the room. Then Everett Fenimore said gently:

"I'm glad you knew who I was, Aunt Inez."

The old woman, waxen and expressionless and looking like a shrunken doll, continued to stare. She seemed as tenuous as a figure in a dream, a creature in whom the fire of life had long gone out, leaving behind a filigree of ash that strangely, mysteriously held its human shape.

Mr. Daley stared back as if hypnotized. This was Seven-O-One, on whom for fifty years no sun had shone. He saw a face as smooth as a child's and white as faded paper, delicately featured, waxen-boned, that reminded him of something kept under glass, something which would blow away if he opened a window. But the eyes were strangest. They were colorless and covered by a whitish film, almost without pupils, and with an eerie sightlessness in their blank stare, as if this creature were a gnome they had summoned from under the earth.

Yet the old woman saw—not Mr. Daley, but Everett Fenimore, at whom she continued to look as if he, not she, were the apparition. And with a thrill of some creative pride Mr. Daley observed that Seven-O-One fitted rather well into all the fantasies he had woven around her. She was no crone with hanging nose, no hairy-chinned witch, but a shriveled, heartbreaking caricature of elegance—as if the whole past of the San Mareno lay withered but still breathing out of that faded and fantastic figure between the red drapes, just as its slovenly present emanated from the management that confronted her.

Some minutes passed, and Mr. Fenimore remained full of grace and self-assurance under the blank scrutiny. The old woman turned her empty eyes at length to the photograph over the mantel.

"His son?" she said.

Her voice was quavering and hoarsened, and Mr. Daley shivered as if someone had spoken out of a tomb.

"Grandson," said Everett Fenimore.

"I am honored to see you," the old woman said stiffly, swaying between the drapes as if she were going to topple over; and Mr. Daley received anew (more than ever during his thirty years of service) the impression that this was no woman at all, neither old nor young, but a secret—something so crazy and unreal that his hair prickled at the back of his neck.

BUT that was all Mr. Daley heard of this first meeting and as far as he got toward a solution of the San Mareno mystery. For the old woman, by some long-practiced code, communicated her wishes to Effie without speaking, and Effie, who had continued to bristle angrily during the brief interview, gestured her employer to the door.

"Thank you for your trouble," Everett Fenimore said as Mr. Daley looked bewilderedly back at him. "It's a lovely old room, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Daley nervously, and then hesitated. He became aware that Seven-O-One had not yet seen him, and that she was even now as he spoke unconscious of his presence. Nevertheless Mr. Daley bowed as his predecessor in the Prince Albert coat might have done, and murmured with considerable inanity:

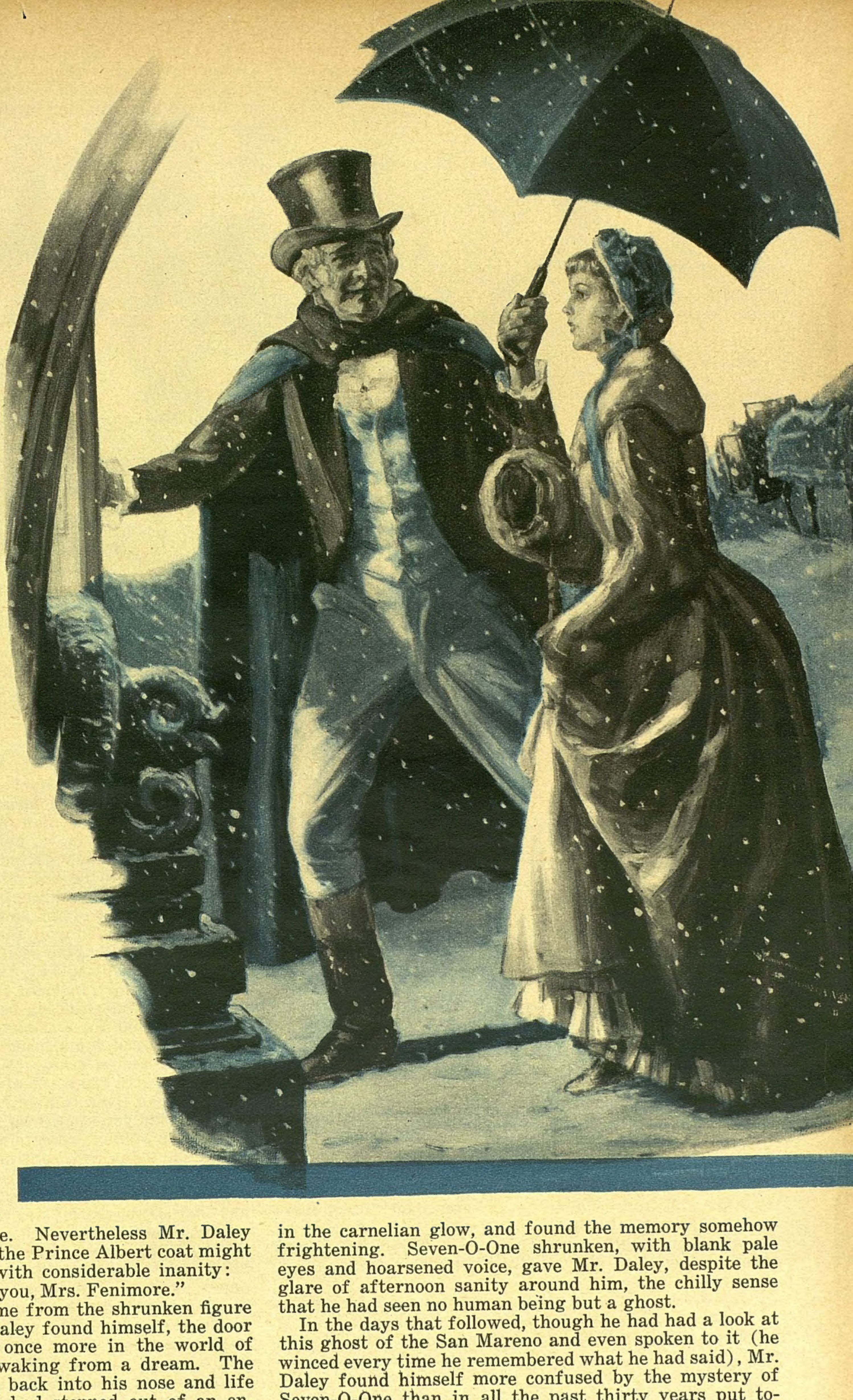
"Sorry to have disturbed you, Mrs. Fenimore."

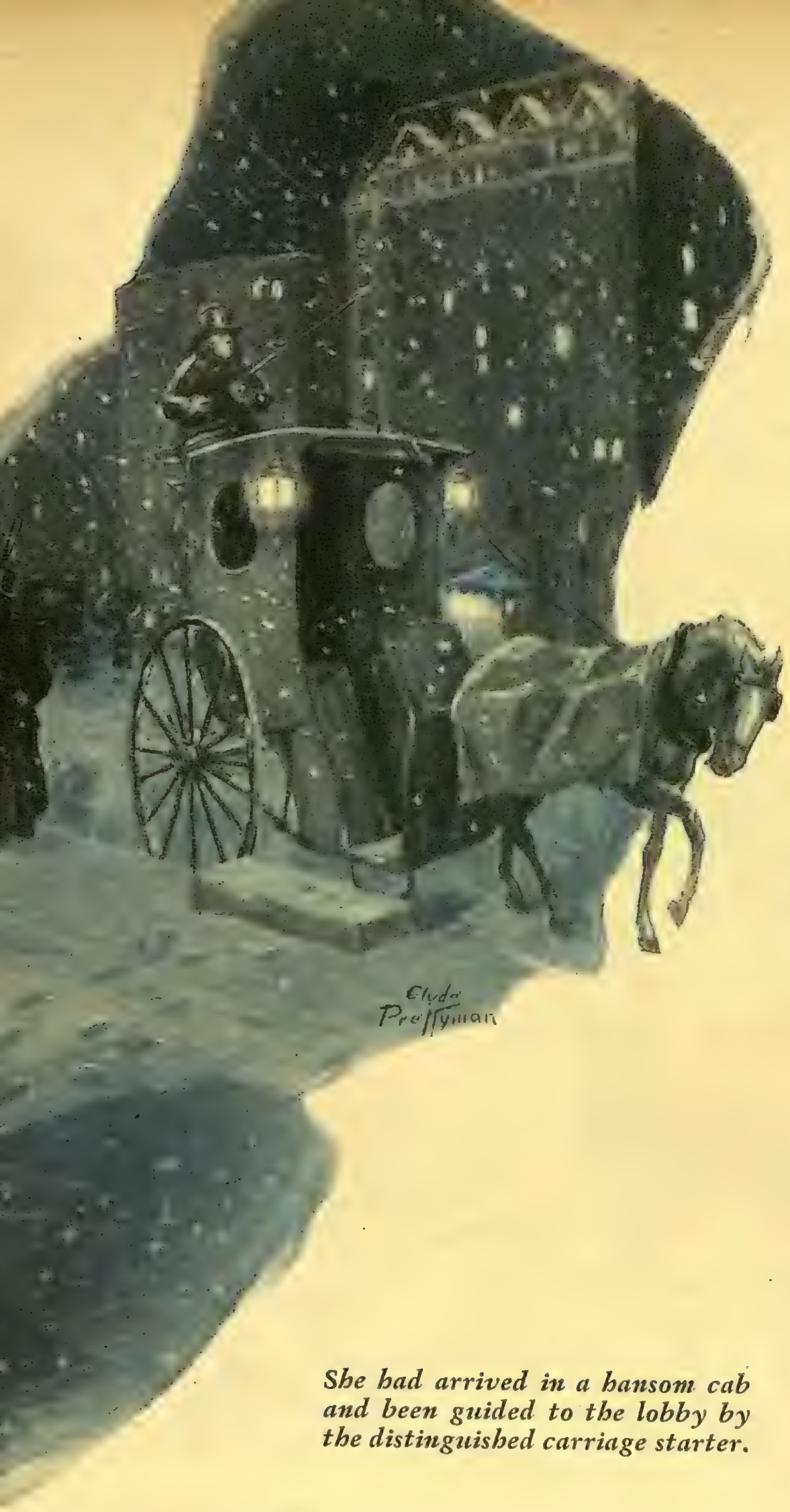
No flicker of response came from the shrunken figure in the red satin, and Mr. Daley found himself, the door of 701 closed behind him, once more in the world of today. He breathed as if waking from a dream. The San Mareno smells trooped back into his nose and life seemed to resume as if he had stepped out of an enchantment. The dingy hall, the clattering uncarpeted elevator cage, the oafish and cynical bell hop who ran him downstairs, the tawdry lobby and his all too familiar and battered managerial sanctum—all these matters assailed Mr. Daley with an unhealthy clamor, a strident, discomfiting reality.

He sat down behind the counter and recalled now Seven-O-One, no longer a mystery as to looks, standing in the carnelian glow, and found the memory somehow frightening. Seven-O-One shrunken, with blank pale eyes and hoarsened voice, gave Mr. Daley, despite the glare of afternoon sanity around him, the chilly sense that he had seen no human being but a ghost.

In the days that followed, though he had had a look at this ghost of the San Mareno and even spoken to it (he winced every time he remembered what he had said), Mr. Daley found himself more confused by the mystery of Seven-O-One than in all the past thirty years put together. He thought of nothing else and his dreams were full of scenes and figures out of the past as out of some disordered fairy tale with a malignant plot.

The fact that Everett Fenimore had become a daily visitor seemed both to add to the enigma and to belittle it. That romantic-looking youth had left the San Mareno late in the afternoon without a word or look for Mr. Daley, and had returned the next day carrying a small





She had arrived in a hansom cab and been guided to the lobby by the distinguished carriage starter.

wooden suitcase and a large canvas on a frame. He had paused before entering the elevator to mention to the management, sociably, that he was going to paint a portrait—as meaningless and irritating a remark as had he said he was going to catch flies. Mr. Daley was at the moment trembling with more curiosity than was good for his digestion, primed with questions, and actually dizzy with brooding. But that was all that was said, and he watched Everett Fenimore disappear in the elevator cage with that sense of ineffectuality which is perhaps peculiar to hotel managers forever studying the heels of life.

THEREAFTER Mr. Fenimore practically lived in the hotel, coming each day before noon and staying till it grew dark, and his comings and goings became part of the routine of that dingy lobby over which Mr. Daley so pointlessly presided. An enmity he could neither control nor yet give voice to possessed him, and left him quivering and tongue-tied in the presence of the handsome youth.

Four weeks passed, and then one morning Mr. Daley, eating his breakfast alone in his apartment on the second floor, opened his newspaper and found that the mystery of the San Mareno Hotel was no longer a mystery. There it was in headlines recounting—and Mr. Daley had difficulty in following the print, so great was his anger and excitement—the story of the San Mareno's recluse, whose sanity was being questioned in the courts by her only surviving kin, Everett Fenimore, who asked of the law that a conservator be appointed for her wealth—namely, himself. As for this wealth—here Mr. Daley gasped—it was reputed to be upward of a million dollars in currency, which Mr. Fenimore, the worried nephew, averred was hidden in a trunk and stuffed away in all manner of unlikely places in her hotel suite.

Mr. Daley hurried downstairs, napkin in hand, and found a crowd of people in the lobby. They were in the midst of an altercation. It developed they were newspaper people arguing with Everett Fenimore and three men who appeared to be attending him (two of them burly fellows) for permission to see Mrs. Fenimore. The nephew, despite all the noise, remained full of charm and consideration in his refusals. Mr. Daley, listening, grew enraged anew. A long-unused Irish temperament clenched his fists.

Mr. Fenimore was explaining that his dear aunt was too feeble as yet to receive the journalists, and that as soon as she had been given the proper care, nursed back to strength and a modicum of sanity, he, this always courteous fellow, would intercede for the members of the press.

What started Mr. Daley's blood boiling, however, was the information uncorked by Mr. Fenimore that the old lady was as mad as a cuckoo and was this very morning to be removed to a sanitarium her doting nephew had selected for her.

AS Mr. Fenimore and his three retainers stepped into the elevator cage, Mr. Daley came forward.

"Just a minute," he said. "You can't all go up there"—feeling inane and ineffectual as he raised his voice.

Mr. Fenimore smiled deprecatingly and said, "Come in; ride up with us." And the cynical colored youth slammed the door and started the cage bouncing aloft.

Mr. Fenimore, amiably enough, began assuring the manager that the three men with him were representatives of the court—one of them, the less burly one, being a doctor of national standing who was going to take immediate charge of his poor aunt. There was, he observed, no reason for Mr. Daley to interfere; and by this time the elevator had reached the seventh floor and the group had started down the corridor. As they turned the corner the door of 701 opened and Effie came out. She stood facing them, having banged the door shut behind her and turned a key in its lock.

"You can't go in," she said. "She don't want to see nobody. She told me to keep everybody out."

Mr. Fenimore frowned.

"How did she know we were coming?" he asked.

"I told her," said Effie. "I read what was in the paper to her. I knew what you was the minute I saw you. I knew it!"

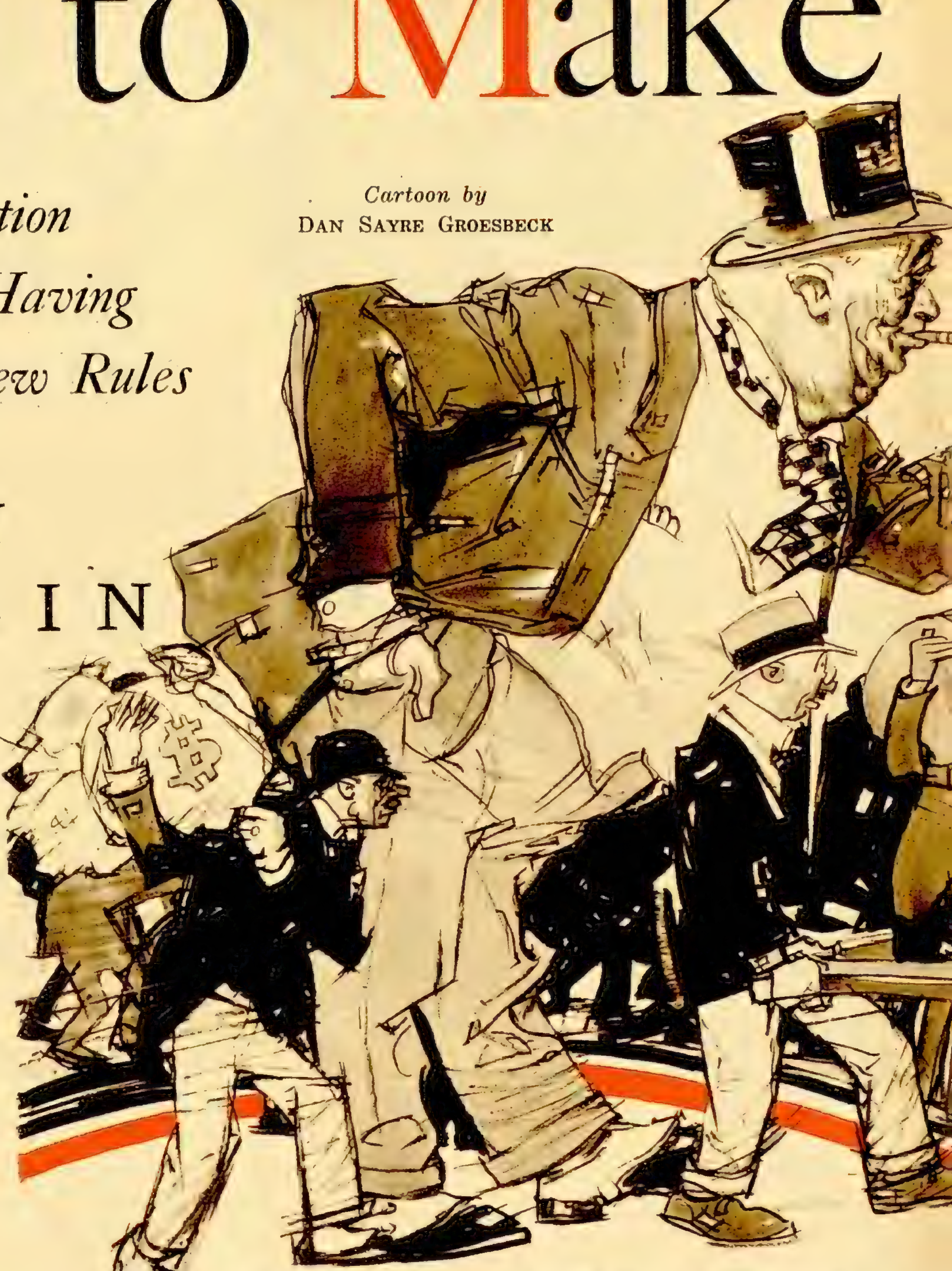
A noisy scene ensued in front of 701, and Mr. Daley gallantly but ineffectually sought to defend the privacy of his ancient guest. But there were writs duly signed by the court, and superior numbers, and the cool, incontrovertible argument of Mr. Fenimore that the whole matter, did Mr. Daley remain so peculiarly interested, was one to be thrashed out in the courts and not in the corridors of a cheap, insanitary hotel. Rather bunglingly abetted by Effie, Mr. Daley continued to assert his opinions, and though his voice was loud and his heart stout, there was a lameness in his position which kept him from immolating himself—and when one of the burly cohorts placed his shoulder professionally against the panels of 701 Mr. Daley capitulated. He reached into his pocket for a pass key and opened the door.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

How to Make

Some Useful Information for Those Who Are Having a Struggle with the New Rules

By JAY FRANKLIN



Cartoon by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Not the rich but the average man, the "little fellow," will pay four to five times as much income tax as he paid last year.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 20 seconds.)

LAST year, you will remember, Congress got into a lather about taxation, and came out with a revenue bill widely advertised as an effort to "soak the rich." Now that the election is over it looks as though not the rich but the average man, the "little fellow," would have to pay between four and five times as much income tax as he paid last year.

When you file your income tax on March 15, 1933, you will find that the individual rate on your first $4,000 net income has been boosted from 1½ to 4 per cent; you will find that the next $4,000 (if any) is taxed at 8 per cent rather than 3 per cent as was the case last year. You will find that your personal exemptions have been reduced. This year the married couple gets only $2,500 tax-free, while the single person gets only $1,000. There is no change in the deduction for dependents, $400 apiece being allowed; but the surtax rates begin at $6,000 instead of $10,000, and there is no longer a 25-per-cent credit for earned income as there was before. In short, this new income-tax schedule hits the small business and professional man. The bill contains some towering surtax rates to satisfy the demagogues that the rich are going to get stung; but the painful fact remains that the bill is in effect a soak-the-poor bill, which is going to raise Cain with the family budget all over these rather disunited States.

Congress, in its infinite wisdom, has decided that these new rates will produce about $300,000,000 additional revenue: $178,000,000 more from individuals (you and me and the lamp-post), $41,000,000 from corporations, and $80,000,000 by economies due to the elimination of security losses as deductible from income, and other administrative reforms. In this way, Congress feels that about a billion and a third can be squeezed out of the taxpayers. Ask the Bureau of Internal Revenue whether Congress is right and they simply smile and say, "We never make estimates as to what the income tax will bring in!"

Now, the forgotten man can and should make every deduction from his declared income to which he is entitled by law. The average man has no idea of what he is entitled to remove from his income before he works out the tax. The government doesn't try very hard to tell him, and the form which he has to fill doesn't explain all the perfectly lawful deductions which he can make. The rich can afford to hire experts who will tell them how this is done. Even so, the average man doesn't keep the accounts which would enable him to make an accurate deduction. Under the circumstances, the only sensible thing to do is to make rough estimates in every case of deduction and mark them as such.

For instance: here we have Richard Roe and his wife Jane, with their two children, Junior and Sister. Roe is a young construction engineer—or, if you prefer, doctor, dentist, lawyer, writer, or storekeeper. He has inherited nothing and works for every cent he gets. He served in the World War and draws disability compensation. His wife is in receipt of alimony from a former marriage. They were pretty lucky last year as compared to their neighbors. They had a total income of about $10,000. This year, as it happens, they are hard up and Jane Roe is going to have another baby. They need every cent they can hold on to. And so far as they can see

Out YOUR Income TAX

they'll have to pay tax on $6,700, or about $375 for Uncle Sam. Here's what they can do:

1. Take away, of course, $2,500 for personal exemption and $400 apiece for their two dependent children. There is $3,300 on which they need pay no tax.

2. Young Roe's business happens to be pretty much under his hat, as he lives in a small town. Just the same, he maintains a small office, pays a small weekly salary to a stenographer, has rent, light, and heat to meet, stationery, stamps, and telephone bills, all connected with his business. He can deduct all of these from his tax. In this case his business expenses run to about $1,500. If he were a farmer, he could make similar deductions for labor, seed, fertilizer, minor repairs, etc., incidental to the production, harvesting, and marketing of his crop. If he were a small manufacturer, he could deduct cost of labor, supplies, repairs, light and heat, power, selling and advertising expenses. Roe being a professional man, his case entitles him to deduct the cost of supplies used in his practice and office expenses. After he has figured all of these things together, as stated above, he finds that $1,500 is a fair estimate of his business and professional costs. So *that* doesn't get taxed.

3. Roe played the market a bit during the boom, but got cleaned out, so he isn't particularly interested in stock losses, which are now counted only against stock gains—and for which, if the stocks or bonds concerned had been held less than two years, any allowable deduction may not be claimed till a year hence.

4. However, the Roe family has just begun to fight. Not being paid by the government, he is not interested in the fact that federal salaries are liable to taxation while state and city official salaries are not. If he has a cousin, however, who is in the police force or a member of a city council, he may pass on the word that the federal government can't touch his pay. The only exception is that employees of municipal gas works or street railways, and some others whose functions are not classified as "governmental" must pay income tax to the government. (Whose functions are "governmental" and whose are not is at present undecided in some instances.)

5. Richard and Jane Roe may deduct all losses arising from casualties, fraud, and theft, unless covered by insurance. If there was a fire in his chimney, he can deduct the damage. If he was held up by a guy with a rod when he took that trip to Chicago, he can deduct the $40 he lost. If his automobile was stolen, he can deduct that. Being relatively honest, the Roes are deciding to pass over this section—when they recollect that their dog was killed by an automobile last spring, and Jane recalls that a small ring worth $10 was stolen from her by a maid. So they put down $20, and pass on.

6. Bad debts occur in every business. Times have been hard and Roe has about $300 in uncollectible accounts. Furthermore, he has had to assume a $500 note which he indorsed for

TAX RATE COMPARISON TABLE

INDIVIDUALS

PERSONAL EXEMPTIONS	1928 Act	1932 Act
Single	$1,500	$1,000
Family head or married	3,500	2,500
NORMAL INCOME TAX RATES	Per Cent	Per Cent
First $4,000	1½	4
$4,000 to $8,000	3	8
Over $8,000	5	8
SURTAX RATES (lowest brackets)		
First $6,000	None	None
$6,000 to $10,000	None	1
$10,000 to $12,000	1	2

his brother-in-law at the local bank. His brother-in-law cannot pay and wouldn't pay if he could. So Roe decides to deduct $800 on the score of bad debts. Things are beginning to look brighter.

7. Now the Roes come to taxes. They are entitled to deduct every cent they have paid for taxes in the last year, except their federal income tax payment. Last year their state income tax amounted to $200. Deduct it! Their real-estate and personal-property taxes amounted to about $200 more. They pay $10 apiece poll tax. Take off $20. They go to the movies and there is a tax on movie admissions. Say they go twice a week—that works out at about $10 a year for taxes. They pay state tax on gasoline, they happen to live in one of the states in which this tax may be deducted, and they drive their car about 10,000 miles a year. They get about 20 miles to the gallon and their state tax is two cents a gallon. That works out at $10 more. They pay taxes on bank checks, electric light and power, a safety-deposit box, telephone calls, radio messages, telegrams and cables. They draw about thirty checks a month, which is equal to a tax of $10 a year. For the rest, they just make a guess and say that it is another $10. They are not allowed to deduct the federal manufacturers' sales taxes on gasoline, cosmetics, and luxury products; only the so-called "nuisance" taxes.

Finally, their automobile registration and license fees cost them about $20 a year. Those can be deducted too. Grand total on account of taxes: $480 deducted from the taxable income.

8. The law allows Richard Roe to deduct any money which he pays as interest. He owns his house and owes the bank $10,000 on mortgage. He pays $600 interest a year to the bank, and he can deduct that from his income. In addition he is carrying several personal notes—another $3,000 in all, on which he pays $180 interest. He has been buying an automobile and an electric washing machine on installments, and can deduct the interest charges included in his installments: about $50 more. All in all, after scratching his head, he finds that he is paying about $850 in interest, all of which is exempt from income tax.

9. The Roes are pretty decent people and have been helping support their

(Continued on page sixteen)

INCOME EXEMPT FROM FEDERAL TAX

Salaries of state officers and employees.

Interest received on state and municipal obligations, or on obligations of the District of Columbia, or on Federal Farm Loan Act securities.

Dividends on stock of Federal Reserve banks.

Compensation on account of accident or health insurance, or under workmen's compensation acts for personal injuries or sickness plus any damages for such injuries or sickness.

Proceeds of life insurance policies paid by reason of death of the insured.

Property acquired by gift, bequest, devise, or inheritance.

Alimony received.

Compensation for injury to personal or family rights, such as alienation of affection, slander, or libel of a personal character.

Damages for breach of promise to marry.

Salaries of public or territorial school teachers.

Rental value of residence occupied by clergy.

Annuities—up to return of cost.

Income of foreign ambassadors and ministers and members of their households, on their salaries; from investments in bonds and stocks in the United States, and in interest on bank balances.

Salaries of foreign consular officers and employees, if the country of which they are national has a reciprocal exemption to United States consular officers and employees.

Income from leases of Indian lands (in general).

Fees of a notary public.

TAXABLE INCOME

Compensation of federal officers.

Commissions of receivers appointed by state courts.

Interest on savings bank deposits and on corporation bonds.

Rent received in cash or equivalent.

Commissions, fees, and tips.

Proceeds of life insurance policies paid to insured, in excess of premiums or consideration paid.

Premiums paid by an employer on the life of an officer or employee if insured has the right to name beneficiary.

Compensation received in the form of stock or notes—to the extent of fair market value.

Compensation of employees as a bonus.

Fair market value of thing taken for services paid for with something other than money.

Profits, if in property, from illegal business or transactions—to the extent of cash or fair market value.

Income from royalties.

Dividends on shares of building and loan associations.

Annuities—proceeds in excess of cost.

(Partnership income is taxable to partners individually. Dividends on stocks of domestic corporations are subject to surtaxes only.)

ALLOWABLE DEDUCTIONS

Losses from fire, storm, shipwreck, or other casualty, or from theft, not compensated for by insurance or otherwise.

Expenses incurred in connection with a business or profession. For example, a professional man may deduct the cost of supplies used by him in the practice of his profession, expenses paid in the operation of an automobile used in making professional calls, dues to professional societies and subscriptions to professional journals, rent paid for office rooms, cost of fuel, light, water, telephone, etc., used in such offices, and the hire of office assistants.

Traveling expenses while away from home in pursuit of a trade, business, or profession.

Bad debts.

Loss incurred in trade or business or in transactions entered into for profit.

Reasonable allowance for certain kinds of depreciation and obsolescence.

Contributions to religious, charitable, literary, scientific, or educational institutions, or for organized child welfare work—up to 15 per cent of net income.

Inheritance taxes.

Gift tax.

Federal tax on bank checks.

Gasoline taxes—if imposed on the consumer though collected by the dealer.

Taxes on business property, paid by a tenant to or for a landlord.

Business, license, privilege, excise taxes paid to internal revenue collectors. These are deductible as taxes imposed by the authority of the United States, provided they are not added to and made part of the expenses of the business or the cost of the articles of merchandise with respect to which they are paid.

Automobile license fee.

Customs duties.

NOT DEDUCTIBLE

Personal living or family expenses.

Wages or allowance paid to minor children by a parent.

Premiums paid for life insurance by the insured.

Premiums paid on any life insurance policy covering the life of any officer or employee, or of any person financially interested in any trade or business carried on by the taxpayer, when the taxpayer is directly or indirectly a beneficiary under such policy.

Expenses incident to increasing one's efficiency or gaining an education.

Alimony paid.

Damages paid for breach of promise to marry.

Interest paid on indebtedness incurred in order to purchase tax-exempt securities.

Lobbying expenses.

Expenses in connection with illegal transactions.

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Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today!

The Beauty Soap of the Stars

LUX Toilet Soap

(Continued from page fourteen)

church, their local charities, and the endowment of Richard Roe's college. They don't have to pay tax on any charitable, religious, or philanthropic contributions, always excepting gifts to panhandlers. From first to last, they have given $300 to charities, etc., during the year 1932. That too is deducted.

10. Richard Roe is allowed to deduct for depreciation of his business property and equipment. If he used part of his house as an office, and had bought the house with that intention, he could claim proportional depreciation for the office part. He puts down "Estimated depreciation, $100." No tax.

11. All expenses of the operation of his business automobile can be deducted, including depreciation; so Richard Roe deducts $200 more.

12. His business requires him to do a certain amount of traveling. He had to take one trip to Chicago in connection with a contract, and about half a dozen to a neighboring town. He is entitled to deduct his necessary expenses for travel, food, hotel accommodations, and tips. A little figuring shows him that he spent about $350 on business trips. No tax on that. He is not, however, allowed to deduct commutation tickets.

13. There are other losses which he can deduct: business losses, trading propositions which went bad, losses from bankruptcies. In the Roes' case, they can't put in for anything under this head, but oh, boy! if they ever do get stung in any of these ways, how they will remember to make the deduction!

14. Finally, there are some items of income which can't be touched at all. Among them are the proceeds of life-insurance policies and bequests. Roe's disability compensation from the government runs to about $300 a year. It seems probable that there is no tax on that, though the point is not yet finally settled. His wife's alimony of $600 a year from a former husband can't be taxed.

So when the Roes cast up their accounts, this is what they find: Total income, $10,000.

Deductions:

Personal exemptions and dependents	$3,300
Business expenses, office	1,500
Losses by petty thefts	20
Bad debts	800
Taxes	480
Interest	850
Church and charity contributions	300
Depreciation charges	100
Business automobile expenses	200
Traveling expenses on business trips	350
World War allowance and wife's alimony	900
Total deductions	$8,800
Balance liable to income tax	1,200
Tax at 4 per cent	$48

A $48 tax on a $10,000 income isn't so bad. Just to make sure, however, that the Income Tax Bureau can't get him on fraud, Roe sits down and writes out a memorandum on every one of the deductions which he claims. The chances are that the bureau won't allow all of his claims. On the other hand, the chances also are that they won't get around to writing to him about it until 1934 or 1935. The rich and the big corporations make voluminous reports with their income-tax returns, and thereby save themselves a lot of money; the only difference between their procedure and Roe's is that they hire experts to do it for them. And if Richard Roe had done as he first thought of doing—deducting his personal credits of $3,300 and paying income tax on the balance of $6,700—he would have had to pay as follows: 4 per cent on the first $4,000 —$160; 8 per cent on the next $2,700 —$216; and surtax of 1 per cent on everything over $6,000—or $7. A grand total of $383. So you can see that he has saved himself exactly $335 by an evening's work, which isn't bad pay even in times of prosperity.

For, it must be remembered, the average man hasn't the foggiest notion of his rights under the law or the wild variety of questions which have to be decided by the Income Tax Bureau, the Board of Tax Appeals, and the federal courts up to and including the Supreme Court.

HERE are a few items which will open your eyes:

If you win a prize in the Irish Sweepstake or the Havana Lottery, you've got to pay a tax, even though it is illegal for sweepstake and lottery tickets to be sold in this country.

In 1917 the Supreme Court ruled that alimony wasn't income. The wife can't be taxed for it and her ex-husband can't deduct it from his income.

If you win at gambling you are taxed on your winnings. If you lose, you can only apply your losses against your winnings, just as with stock-market losses.

If you pay ransom to a kidnaper you can deduct it from your taxable income. Colonel Lindbergh will be entitled to deduct from his 1933 income-tax return the $50,000 he turned over to "Jafsie" Condon for use in bringing about the return of his son.

If you get swindled out of $10,000 in a confidence game, you can deduct it from your taxable income.

Money lost on playing the races cannot be deducted against winnings if you play a handbook in Washington, where it is illegal; such losses *can* be deducted if you play the races in Maryland, where it is legal.

If you give money to a relative, you cannot deduct it from your income; but he need not pay income tax on it.

Moving-picture stars and actresses have claimed depreciation losses on account of old age marring their beauty, which is their principal asset. These claims have not been allowed. On the other hand, employers of baseball players can deduct as depreciation the cost of a waiver from another ball club during the active playing life of the man under contract.

If you win a puzzle contest, a dance marathon, or a professional tennis tournament, you must pay income tax on the prize. You must pay taxes on tips, fees received by ministers of the gospel, directors' fees, and federal jury fees. President Hoover's salary cannot be taxed; President Roosevelt's salary will be taxable. If you organize a hunt for pirate gold in the Caribbean or the diamonds of Genghis Khan in the Gobi Desert, you must pay tax on whatever you find.

If you help bring a criminal to justice, you are taxed on the reward paid you by the state. The local skinflint is not taxed on his interest from the bonds of the same state, as the federal government lacks the power to tax the income from several billion dollars of state, county, and municipal bonds.

IF you farm for pleasure, you cannot deduct operating costs as business expenses. If, however, you have a little poultry run in your back yard and sell your eggs and pullets to the local grocer, you can deduct your costs for feed, chicken wire, and delivery.

So when Uncle Sam tries to knock your bank account for a deficit, let the experience of Richard Roe and his $10,000 income be your guide. Ask the local Collector of Internal Revenue or the town banker for a list of the exemptions. Take them home and study them. Put in for everything you can. Then sit down, make out your form, and add a good long letter to the collector explaining just why you have put in for every exemption (that will protect you from the penalties for fraud or failure to file a complete return). When it is all done, take it to a notary public, have it duly attested, and ship it in with your check. You'll be pleasantly surprised at the small size of the payment you will have to make. Then sit back and await results.

In 1932 nearly two million individual income-tax returns were filed with the government. In 1933 about the same number should be filed. If two million people claim every deduction to which they are entitled by law and explain in full their reasons for so doing, as of course they should do, it will be better than a tax strike. For it will show the government that the forgotten man is determined not to let Congress make him the goat for bad financial management. And the volume of correspondence thus thrown on the government will swamp the Treasury, revenue will be reduced, and Congress will be compelled to enact a sensible income-tax law, collecting taxes at the source of income and enabling the little man to do what he has always been willing to do: pay the costs of government, provided that they are reasonable and that the tax rates do not discriminate against him.

THE END

Here goes! . . . (*Her first Spud*) "On a day like this, I'd try anything. Let's have one of those minty jiggers that you always smoke. They tell me they're awfully cool."

How it happens

I wonder . . . (*Her sixth Spud*) "You know, I think I could care for Spuds. That menthol business is fading away. And I've *never* had such a clean taste in my mouth after smoking."

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SPUD

Spuds, please! . . . (*Her second pack*) "Yes, Spuds! Can't a girl change her brand? I've switched over to . . . what do they call it? . . . mouth-happiness! Once you're used to it, that Spud sensation makes good tobacco more fun than ever." The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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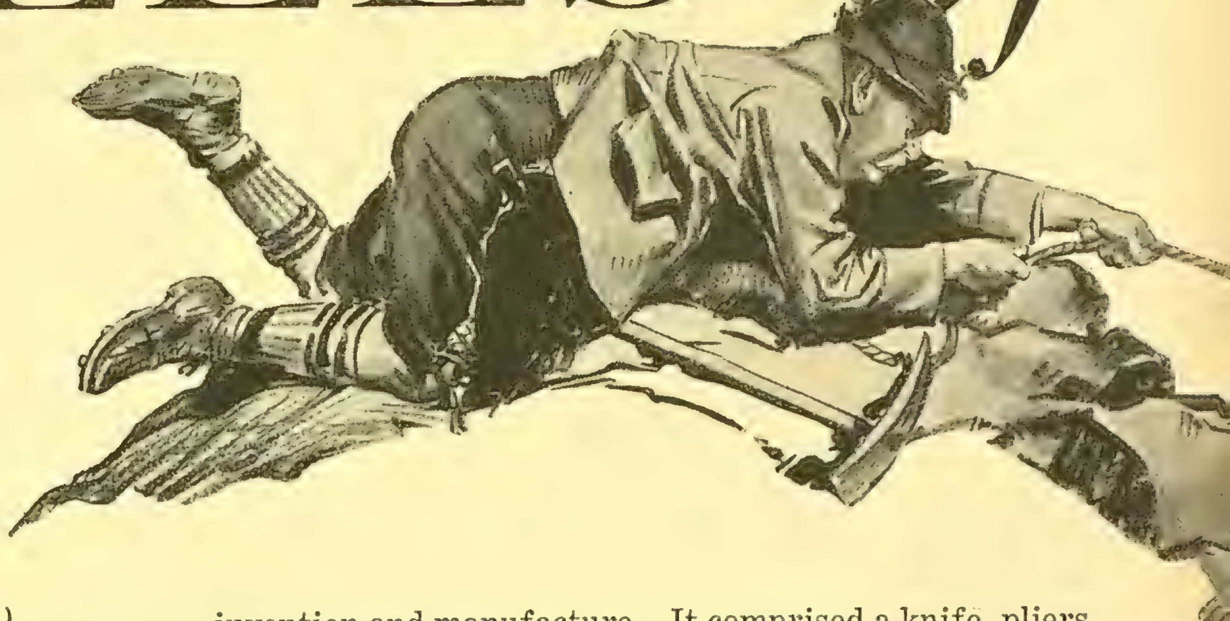


The Story of Two Souvenir Hounds and a Girl Who Loved Them Both

(Reading time: 27 minutes 45 seconds.)

ONE sparkling day in June a couple of high-priced guides with big mustaches were pushing an American business man up a mountain. Halfway up they pushed him into a shelter hut and all had lunch. Then the American drew a pencil and added his initials to those in the hut—and found, to his rage, that somebody had been just ahead of him, for the initials H. C. in red and blue letters a foot high stared at him over the date line of that very day.

After lunch the guides fastened a rope to their man, in his expensive climbing suit, and pulled him the rest of the way to the top.

The guides were named Anton and Konrad. Their client, a stout, prosperous, enthusiastic middle-aged fellow, was Mr. Warren S. Bloodgett, president of the Bloodgett Saw & Knife Co., of Athol, Massachusetts. The mountain, Gross Gletscherhorn, was a real old Alp.

Portly Mr. Bloodgett, who was ambitious to stand with one foot on the very top of an Alp, and not only that—to be photographed there—was about done in when Anton stuck his ice ax in the snow, threw off his rucksack and sat on it, and Konrad said, " Der binnagle."

Mr. Bloodgett gave them his camera and they took eight pictures of Mr. Bloodgett in as many poses. As they snapped the pictures the guides exchanged grins and nudges, but they didn't let their client in on the joke.

Then, attracted by a steady clinking sound, Mr. Bloodgett walked around a ledge and came upon a cheerful wide-shouldered young man wearing a cheap golf cap, a blue serge suit, and a sprig of edelweiss in his lapel. He was cutting with considerable artistry into the living rock the initials H. C.

He was a rugged, sunburned young man with a lean face, long jaw, and straight nose. He put his hammer and cold chisel in one hand and held out the other.

" Always glad to meet a brother climber, sir. The name is Craddock—Homer Craddock, of Davenport, Iowa, and Long Beach, God's Country—meaning California! "

Mr. Bloodgett was annoyed. He had conquered the mountain. And surely Gross Gletscherhorn owed him some better reward than this casual guideless equipmentless youth. Reluctantly Mr. Bloodgett put out his hand and his name. He asked, " How did you get here? "

" Just walked," said Homer, and smiled. " But I don't mind telling you, sir, I'm not quite sure of the way down. Thought I'd hitch-hike with the first party that came along. See you brought along two guides and a rope. They ought to get us down all right. How about you, boys? "

The guides smiled. Mr. Bloodgett hastened to say he'd be very pleased, and Homer Craddock burst out impulsively, " What are your initials, sir? Be glad to carve 'em here, alongside mine."

Mr. Bloodgett was touched. Homer went right to work with a remarkable tool which he explained was of his own invention and manufacture. It comprised a knife, pliers, screwdriver, and saw; the ends of the holder were capped to form hammer heads, a rod screwed in the side made the handle, and the small but efficient cold chisel slipped into place beside the knife blade.

While Homer was drilling the final period a bit deeper, Mr. Bloodgett located the guides furtively, then whispered, " Nice souvenir, eh? " and he held out a copper plate he had detached from the shelter stove, marked ENGLISH ALPINE CLUB. " Got it at that little shed halfway up," he said hoarsely. " Ain't it a beaut? "

Homer was startled. He had seen the plate on the stove, donated by the English climbers, but it hadn't occurred to him to take it. " Well—yes," he said vaguely.

Mr. Bloodgett went on: " How's this—neat, eh? " and produced a waterproof match container inscribed DER DEUTSCH-OESTERREICHISCHER ALPEN VEREIN.

" Got this at the shelter, too," he explained. " Nothing like a nice souvenir when you've been to an interesting place, eh? "

Homer felt uncomfortable. He was used to putting his initials on places he had climbed, descended, ridden, flown, or swum to, but never before had he come in contact with a big-league souvenir snatcher in good practice. " Why—I s'pose so—but somebody might need those matches."

" Oh, I took the matches out and put them in a tin can and put the cover on tight," said Mr. Bloodgett easily.

When they went back down the mountain Mr. Bloodgett was in fine spirits. " Where are you stopping? " he asked. " One of them pensions? Why don't you move over to our hotel?—the Lustige something; means Merry Bells—and then we can get together. Irene—she's m' daughter—she ain't much on souvenirs. But you and me, we speak the same language."

EVEN at that frosty altitude, Homer glowed. The daughter interested him not at all. Daughters usually had muddy complexions, a goofy look, and wished to study singing. But Homer had been lonely. Mr. Bloodgett reminded him of his father. Homer felt at ease with him.

Presently they were off the snow and ice. The rope was coiled on Konrad's broad back, and the four were taking great downhill strides that rammed their feet into the toes of their shoes.

" Listen! " said Mr. Bloodgett, and he and Homer halted while the guides went on. From the valley, clearly through the keen quiet, came the lovely music of bells—silver bells, jolly bells.

" Nifty," said Homer. " That's the hotel dairy herd."

" What d'you say," Mr. Bloodgett proposed confidentially, " you and me get one of those bells each for a souvenir? "

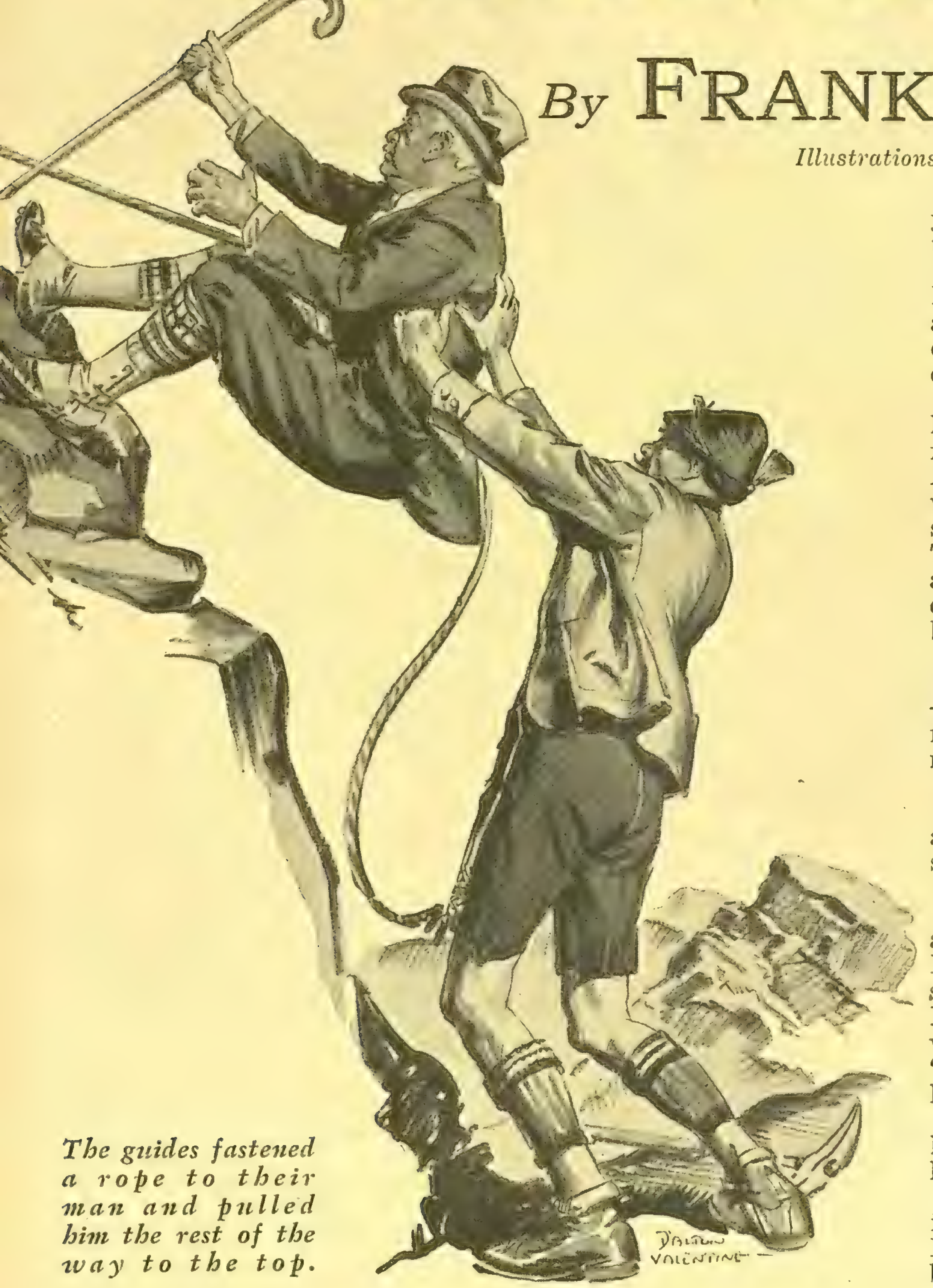
" Golly! " said Homer.

Mr. Bloodgett gave him a poke and the identification

Waldenbruck

By FRANK LEON SMITH

Illustrations by D'ALTON VALENTINE



The guides fastened a rope to their man and pulled him the rest of the way to the top.

wink of a journeyman conspirator. Homer drew full lung capacity of the mountain air and let go a tremendous " O-lee-allee-O-lee-allee-ay-O-lee-allee-OO! "

Echoes yodeled back at him from the peaks. " How sveet! " said Konrad and Anton admiringly.

That night Homer moved what he called his drums and traps over to Die Lustigen Glocken, a charming inn with a carved and painted signboard showing two dancing cows with bells at their necks. He rented a small room with an outside staircase. But instead of hunting up Mr. Bloodgett he took steps to minimize the wrath Mr. Bloodgett was going to feel toward him—although Mr. Bloodgett didn't know yet about the wrath.

As for Mr. Warren Searles Bloodgett, he stepped off the mountain into his bed. Morning found him with six-day rider's thigh, farm hand's back, quarryman's hand, and diver's bends. " All I need is a toothache and a little sinus trouble," he told his daughter. " But, by Godfrey, I climbed that mountain—and I can prove it. Wait till you see my snapshots. I'm going to lay here until noon or so. You go out and play."

Already vigorous Homer was up and about. It was a gorgeous Alpine morning. Tourists and peasants moved about on their lawful occasions, and now and then a touring car or omnibus came in from north or south.

Homer leaned on a fence and studied the hotel cows, which were plucking sustenance from a pasture tilted like a roof. They were Algauers, and the spotting of their sleek hides was just what was needed to complete a landscape color scheme that was almost theatrical. The least ripple of movement, even the slight animation of chewing the cud, set up the most charming music. Homer couldn't figure why, but he was soon to learn.

A PROLONGED " M-m-m—ah! " close at hand made him turn quickly. His mouth flew open. He found himself staring at the most beautiful girl in the world.

Miss Irene Bloodgett.

She was a tall, upstanding, dark-haired girl, and she was wearing an orange béret and scarf and a tweed sports suit.

" Morning," he said cheerfully, and smiled.

Miss Bloodgett drew another deep breath and exhaled, and permitted herself to discover Homer. " I think I like," she had said to herself when she first ranged alongside him. Now, at his honest smile and greeting, she was sure of it, and smiled back and said, " Morning. Isn't this air just the most stimulating—invigorating—"

" Sure is. Makes you wish you had nostrils like a horse." And he helped himself to a lungful and blew it out with a loud " Hah! "

She laughed and leaned against the fence in a pose as easy as his own and they talked. Presently Homer said, " What gets me is those bells—and how those cows are always playing a tune."

Irene explained. Every cow in the hotel dairy herd had strapped to its neck a bell of silver, hammered by a musician. " That's what makes such exquisite harmony. Those bells are accurately toned in musical fifths. It is impossible for them not to ring in harmony. They're famous the world over, I guess. Makes a splendid advertisement for the hotel, and all Waldenbruck, for that matter."

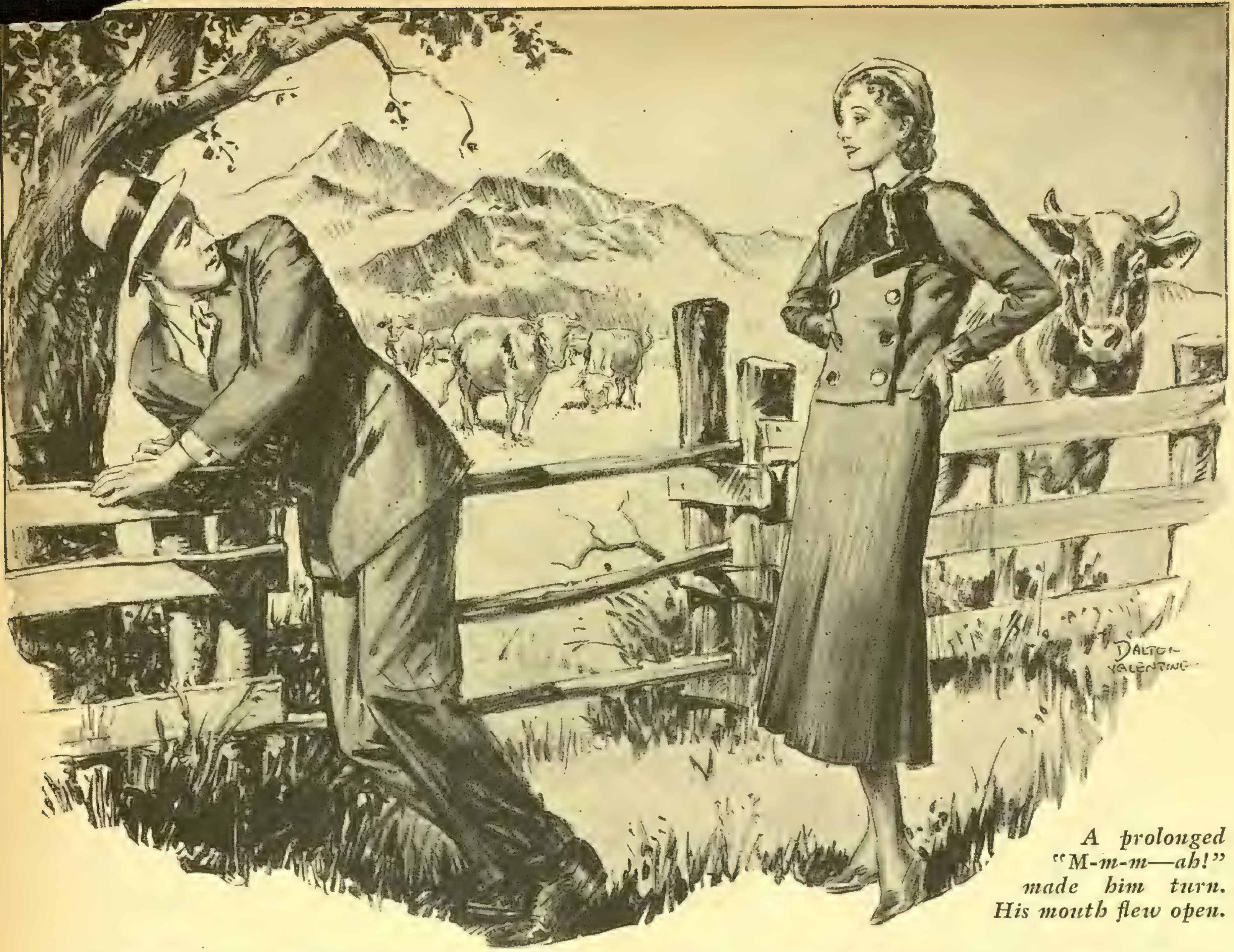
They strolled back to the hotel. " Do you happen to know a man named Bloodgett? " Homer asked.

" Somewhat. Why? "

" Oh, I met him yesterday—up on that mountain that has the most ice cream on the top. He's a peach, but he's got a goofy daughter trailing around. Say—are you doing anything this afternoon? "

" Why? " asked Miss Bloodgett, choking behind a tiny handkerchief she wished for the moment were a bandanna.

" Couldn't we make a date—tea, beer, walk, or whistle and sing or something—so's I'll have an out when Blood-



A prolonged "M-m-m—ah!" made him turn. His mouth flew open.

gett's kid shows up with a cold in her head and soles an inch thick on her shoes—"

Miss Bloodgett laughed until she reeled on her heels. "Gees!" said Homer, alarmed. "You ain't by any chance—?"

Miss Bloodgett incorporated a nod in her laughter, and sat on the well curb, and Homer sat beside her. They were laughing themselves weepy when Mr. Bloodgett came upon them.

Mr. Bloodgett was furious. He had just received prints of the snapshots taken on the mountain peak. Lurking in the background of every picture—taken before he knew the young man existed—was Mr. Homer Craddock.

Now, if Homer had only been in Alpine garb! But there he stood, or leaned, or postured, in a city suit, just as though the pictures were taken in some vacant lot in winter. There was a smile on Homer's face, and about him an air of accomplishment and of nonchalance that made Mr. Bloodgett, in full climbing gear, look foolish. Of course the guides, with the camera, had seen Homer pop out and take a pose each time. That was what had amused them so.

"Father!" said Miss Bloodgett, jumping up. "You know Mr.—"

"Hello there, Mr. Bloodgett! How's the hardy mountaineer this morning?" And Homer advanced with hand outstretched.

"Yes—I know him," said Mr. Bloodgett, with ice in his voice.

With a foot-to-head frown at Homer, Mr. Bloodgett passed the snapshots to Irene, announcing in a carrying mutter, "Of all the boorish bad manners!"

Irene looked, and stifled her laughter. "But, father, that time when ex-President Coolidge spoke in Springfield, you got into every one of the newsreels, and sometimes we couldn't even see Mr. Coolidge because you were bowing and smiling and shaking hands with yourself in the foreground!"

Homer glimpsed a couple of the pictures and hastened into apology and remedy: "Darned sorry, Mr. Bloodgett. Really am. Didn't know then I was going to know you. And look, you can have a photographer retouch me out of those pictures—and they're so clear you can have some dandy enlargements made from the negatives."

"Of course, father. Now don't let's say anything more about it."

Mollified, Mr. Bloodgett shoved his pictures in his pocket. "Hungry. Want t'eat. C'm on, Homer 'n' Irene."

They moved into Die Lustigen Glocken. Breakfast-luncheon for Mr. Bloodgett, tea for two who had known each other an hour and almost as long as always.

Celestial tea.

HOMER had never been so happy. Irene was doing a little glowing that was private until it showed on her face when Homer caught her looking at him.

Homer told them how he had won a prize of a European trip put up by a wealthy Long Beach man for the best glider built by a local boy; of how he had stayed up over fifteen hundred feet for nearly two hours; and of what he hoped to accomplish in aviation if he could get a backer.

When Irene poured his second cup and remembered he took two lumps and cream, Homer was seventh-heavened with the rapidity of a balloon that has dumped ballast. And then he lost altitude as swiftly as though ice had formed. The ice was contributed by the approach of Mr. Wesley Preble with his "Well, well, well! Fancy meeting you here! Don't rise, Bloodgett."

Wes Preble was a wealthy, pedigreed, silky fellow from Athol, with invisible eyebrows and a soft brown mustache. The only doubt he permitted himself was the very private one of whether to pattern himself on the modern young man as written by Ernest Hemingway, or on one of the jolly drones so charmingly described by Wodehouse.

He tossed a familiar " Hello, Reen " at Irene, and acknowledged the introduction to their guest with an amused smile that almost but not quite made Homer feel that an aquarium glass separated them, with Wes on the dry side.

Mr. Bloodgett listened with suspicion to Wes's explanation that he was just scampering through here on his way back from Munich. Wes had a way of never being very far away from Irene for very long at a time, but that wasn't it. Mr. Bloodgett wished to be the only Athol man who had climbed an Alp. His direct question brought reassurance:

" Me? Climb these mountains? Bloodgett, my dear chap, don't be absurd. I thought that sort of thing went out with the kerosene lamp and long nightgowns for men." He pulled up a chair for himself and went on easily: " Well, Bloodgett, I suppose you brought back a souvenir from yon peak? "—and he winked at Irene, but she wouldn't let herself see.

Mr. Bloodgett had known this lad when he couldn't roll a hoop straight, and he disliked being Bloodgetted by him now. He whipped out the metal match container and stood it on the table. " How's that? " he asked proudly.

" ' Der Deutsch-Oesterreichischer Alpen Verein,' " Wes read, and laughed. " It's a wonder you haven't gotten yourself into the bastile somewhere before now, Bloodgett."

WES depended on his laugh and tone of voice to carry it off; but the remark fell flat, while three indignant pairs of eyes fixed him. Irene snatched the match container from Wes and said, " Father! " then thought better of delivering her lecture before the young men. " If this was given to you by one of your guides, why act so mysterious about it? " And she shoved the container into Mr. Bloodgett's pocket.

He gaped, surprised. Homer could have cheered. especially when he saw Wes's face. Then it was Homer's turn to be surprised. Irene glanced at her watch, rose, and said, " Come on, Homer. We have just time—"

Delighted at being first-named by her, Homer leaped up. Before Wes or her father could question them, she had Homer out of the hotel.

Jealousy made Wes forget his polish. " Who's that fresh guy? " he demanded.

" Oh, you mean Homer? " said Mr. Bloodgett innocently. " Why, he's a good friend of ours. He and Irene sort of pal around together."

Wesley tried to cover quickly. " Great. He sure is fresh-faced and healthy-looking. Well, I must toddle to the chambers and rewrap the bodeh."

Mr. Bloodgett looked at his retreating back and shoved his lower lip into his mustache and made half a nod. " Nightgowns for men! Hoh! Kerosene lamps! Hoh! "

Once outside, Irene said to Homer, " Let's take this path—away from

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the village. I want to talk to you—seriously.”

Now Homer tasted the added sweetness of her confidence, but the nature of the talk was to trouble him.

“You must help me with my father. I'm so afraid he'll get into some awful difficulties because of this mania for souvenirs. All our lives mother and I have been in fear and trembling. You should see his den at home! He keeps it locked—but still we're afraid. He has the craziest collection—signboards saying everything from ‘Massachusetts Avenue’ to ‘Captain,’ ‘First Officer,’ and ‘Wireless.’ He has a bronze plaque inscribed ‘Seth Appley Fell Here While Defending His Home from the British, April 19, 1775.’

“He has wire from airplanes, a brick from the White House and chips from famous monuments, and pieces of board and iron and rope from places where they'd arrest him in a minute if they caught him at it. I really came on this trip to watch him and protect him. He's a wonderful father, but so childish about souvenirs. We'd die of mortification if anything ever happened to injure his standing in Athol, where he has everyone's respect. And now Wes Preble is here—and if he learned anything he couldn't get home fast enough with the story. You will help me, won't you, Homer?”

“Oh, sure, Irene,” said Homer.

“It isn't just souvenirs, either,” she went on. “He wants to put his initials everywhere he goes.”

“Oh,” said Homer. “Oh, I see.”

“Yes. And, do you know, last spring we visited Mount Vernon, and father threw away twenty-six dollars trying to throw a silver dollar across the Potomac where he said George Washington did.”

Homer stifled a guffaw. His seriousness matched her own when he said, “I'll be only too glad to help, Irene. I like your father a lot. He's a peach. But of course, as you say—”

She gave him a grateful smile. They walked slowly back to the hotel. “There's to be a dance tonight,” she said. “You'll be here for it, won't you?”

“Lessen I break a leg—if you're going to be on deck.”

AS they walked into the inn yard Homer asked, with what he thought just the proper touch of boredom, “Just who is Wesley Preble?”

“Oh—I'm supposed to marry him some day,” said Irene casually—“when we both get ready to settle down in dear old Athol.”

Homer swallowed. “Oh,” he said. “Well, guess I'll go up to the room now and write a couple of letters.”

He walked away with the face of a small boy denied admission to the circus after carrying water for the elephants all morning.

“And now, Miss Bloodgett,” said Irene to herself, “just why did you have to tell him that? No wonder father likes him so. He's darling!”

“P-s-s-st!” p-s-s-sted Mr. Bloodgett outside Homer's door at eight that evening.

Homer had been in retreat all afternoon. He had crept out after dark and had some cheese, sausage, and beer in the village, and now was back in his room, giving himself up to a Great Secret Sorrow.

He opened to Mr. Bloodgett. The big saw-and-cutlery man had wound a dark muffler around his neck, like a Parisian apache, and a black felt hat was pulled low over one eye.

“The bells!” he said in a hoarse, penetrating whisper. So penetrating that Wesley Preble, giving himself smug looks as he combed his hair in a mirror on the wall separating his room from Homer's, shared surprise with his reflection, and came closer to the partition to listen.

“Gee, Mr. Bloodgett—I don't think we can. Those cows are in the barnyard for the night, and there's men all around—”

HOMER had promised Irene to help with her souveniring father, and he meant to keep his promise to Irene. But there was no stopping a man of Mr. Bloodgett's ardor.

When Wes heard Homer's door close, he put out his light and opened his own door. He saw Homer depart with Mr. Bloodgett in the direction of the barns—and instantly he knew what they were up to. “So,” he thought, “you pal around with Irene, do you, Mr. Craddock? Well, here's where I brown your hash!”

Homer was pleading the cause of law, order, goods and chattels. Mr. Bloodgett laughed at him.

“You just stay out here on guard, and if anybody comes you yoodle to let me know. When I get the bells I'll yoodle, and we'll be on our way.”

A moment later he was over the fence and among the kine.

“Ph-sst! Gees! Be quiet!” Homer counseled later as Mr. Bloodgett approached the fence. Two men were following their long shadows from the hotel. Homer and Mr. Bloodgett froze, and the men went on by. They were Anton, the guide, and Kurt, the hotel cowherd.

Homer helped the tinkling Mr. Bloodgett over the fence, and they hastened back to the Lustigen Glocken.

“Here's yours!” said Mr. Bloodgett, and stuffed a bell, with its strap wound round it, into Homer's side coat pocket. “I'm going upstairs a minute. You better find Irene.”

“Gut efening, meine Herren!”

Near them was the worthy *Wirt*—the hotel proprietor. “Gut efening,” he repeated. “Don'd you go inzide by der moosic and enchoy yourselfs?”

“Oh, sure—we go,” said Homer nervously. “See you later, Mr. Bloodgett.”

At the door Homer encountered Irene, a sparkling, radiant Irene in a blue-green dinner dress. “Well, where in the world—” she began. “I sent father and Wes Preble to look for you—and they both disappeared. Come on—this is the most wonderful music.”

As Homer put his arm around her and they caught the beat, Wesley Preble seemed very far away. Wes was at that moment at the barns, talking to Kurt and Anton. " That tall guy, Craddock," said Wes, who was expecting to do himself a lot of good.

" You go for the *Polizist!* " said Kurt to Anton. " I go for the *Wirt!* "

Mr. Bloodgett, without his villainous muffler and hat, came down to watch his handsome daughter dance with the youth of whom he had become fond.

Outside, Anton, Kurt, the *Wirt,* and the *Polizist* moved into the hotel as the dance number came to an end, located Homer, and bore down on him.

" Why, Homer, you're wonderful! " Irene was saying.

" Pretty darned nifty yourself," Homer answered—and whirled as the *Wirt* breathed heavily on his neck. Without warning the *Wirt* thumped Homer's pocket, dipped into it, and pulled out strap and bell.

HOMER had an impression of staring, smiling guests—nationals of some fifteen countries; of Mr. Bloodgett holding his cigar a foot away from his face and saying " Godfrey! " Of Irene looking at him, her face flaming as she murmured, " Souvenirs! You—of all people—and after what you promised! " and leaving him in anger.

The stout innkeeper orated powerfully in German about those precious bells, those internationally famous bells. He demanded monotonously, " *Die Andere!* "—the other bell. Mr. Bloodgett went to Irene, but she would have none of him and retired to her room. Mr. Bloodgett then approached the excited official group just as the *Wirt* was shouting to the police officer, " Ve zearch efry room —you hear? Efry room! "

Using the corner of his mouth nearest Mr. Bloodgett, Homer whispered, " Step on it! Put that bell in my room! " (" Good Lord! " he thought. " If they ever get into Bloodgett's room and find the match safe and stove plate and all the other junk he's probably collected—")

Then Homer addressed the *Wirt,* policeman, guide, and cowherd. Stalling for time, he made quite a speech about the beauties of Waldenbruck, both by day and by night, the height of the mountains, the virtue of the *Mädchen,* the vigor of the mountaineers.

The *Wirt* thrust a face of fury and the biggest mustache in the Bavarian Alps at Homer. " Enough! Ve zearch your room—and that other—the old one. Ve zearch him too! "

" O. K.," said Homer, hoping he had allowed Mr. Bloodgett time enough, and he led the way out, across the inn yard, and around to the staircase in back.

He saw on the old walnut dresser in his room the other bell, so he stood aside to permit the *Wirt* and the *Polizist* to enter. *"Ach! Gott sei dank!"* shouted the *Wirt,* clutching his precious bell.

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"Oxcoose, blease," said the gaunt officer to Homer. "I must zearch. It is ovishal."

He searched, and presently he held up Homer's tool kit. "A broveshonal deef," they pronounced him, and the *Wirt* ordered Homer from the hotel at once.

Mr. Bloodgett heard, and went to his own quarters.

Irene was standing by a window, crying into a small handkerchief. Mr. Bloodgett felt uncomfortable, but he was head of his company and head of his house.

"Pack your things," he said. "Homer's leaving, and so are we. He's going with us as our guest."

"I wouldn't go a step with him!" she declared, and shoved him aside and folded more neatly the things he was wadding into bags.

Homer was very unhappy when he came down to the moonlit inn yard with his bags. Then Mr. Bloodgett appeared, followed by Irene and the porter with their luggage. Mr. Bloodgett gave Homer the invitation that was almost an order. He was to go to Ober-Niederbruck with them. Mr. Bloodgett nodded at silent, distant Irene. "She'll get over it," he whispered.

Then Wesley Preble showed up. "Guess I'll go along too," he said. "This spot doesn't appeal. Say, what was all the commotion a while ago?"

No one explained, and Mr. Bloodgett said, "We won't have room for you, Wes. Crowded as 't is." So Wes ordered a car for himself.

The car for the Bloodgett party now backed into the yard. Irene kept the car between her and Homer while their luggage was being placed.

A small roadster came for Wes, and a porter came down from his room with his things and put them in the car. Homer started when he saw that among those things was a paper-wrapped parcel two or three inches thick and about two feet by three. When the porter finished, Homer quietly removed the parcel and took it to the Bloodgett car.

Now came the stout *Wirt*, with Kurt the cowherd. He came to Wes and took off his hat and beamed. "You are the gentleman who told *mein Mann* aboud de deef who take *mein* pells. *Ich danke schön.* Gom back any dime. It gosts you noddings!"

"*So!*" thought Homer, Irene, and Mr. Bloodgett. "Wes," Irene said icily, "come here!"

Mr. Bloodgett moved away to talk to his driver. Homer was busy at the far side of the Bloodgett car. Miss Bloodgett had a great deal to say to Wesley, it seemed, and when she had finished Wes backed away with a crestfallen "Well, of course, Irene—if that's the way you feel about it—"

"Git in, Irene," said Mr. Bloodgett. "Homer'll sit in the middle."

The Bloodgett car drove away, leaving Wes trying to decide where to tell his driver to take him.

Presently Mr. Bloodgett said, "Don't know how to thank you, Homer. If it wasn't for Irene I'd 'a' told that hotel man about the bells myself—but, well, maybe we can make it up to you somehow, eh, Irene?"

Irene, looking at Homer's pro-

NEXT WEEK—

BEGINNING

THE TRUTH ABOUT MY LIFE

By CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY

First of a series of outstanding articles, written exclusively for Liberty, by which the Kaiser's son hopes to dissipate the war-time prejudice that made him one of the most hated men in history

---

Pain Stops Instantly!

CORNS

Gone in 3 days

THIS SAFE, SCIENTIFIC WAY

1 SOAK THE FOOT for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.

2 APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering pad directly over the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS: **A** is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn. **B** is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once. **C** is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

3 AFTER 3 DAYS, corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a 2nd application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action).

Blue-Jay, used by millions for 35 years, is the invention of a famous chemist. It is made for you by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over. *Be kind to your feet.* When a corn appears remove it with Blue-Jay.

25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions, calluses.

BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC

CORN REMOVER

"For Better Feet"—Free Booklet contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. *(Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage)* L-3

Name__________

Street__________

City__________

file, didn't answer; but she electrified Homer by taking his hand under the robe and snuggling close to him. He looked at her. Her lips parted in the sweetest smile he had ever had made exclusively for him.

"'Nother thing, Homer. Been thinking about that trick knife of yours. Like to make a dicker with you to put 'em out in quantity. Maybe a dollar apiece. Avvertise in a big way."

Homer beamed and glowed and radiated. By the quick pressure of her hand and the look she gave him, Homer knew Irene was as pleased as he. "You'll like Athol, Homer—won't he, father?" she said, and her father answered, "Shooer he will."

"And listen, you two," she said. "I hope this has been a lesson to you. No more souvenirs. And that's all I'm going to say about it. I just can't keep an eye on both of you."

Homer slid his left arm around her and looked at her at very close range, and both felt it was just the time for him to kiss her.

Mr. Bloodgett didn't notice. He was feeling the depression of frustration. Presently he nudged Homer, and reluctantly Homer drew away from Irene and leaned toward her father.

"Makes me good and sore, having to give up those bells," Mr. Bloodgett whispered. "But I wouldn't have minded if I could have gotten the one thing that specially appealed to me the minute I saw it"; and he mentioned what it was in the faintest of whispers.

Homer whispered back, "It's under the seat! I got it last night and put it in the empty room next to mine—the room they gave later on to Wes Preble. The porter brought it down with his things. Nobody missed it all day today. When they do, maybe the porter will remember putting that kind of bundle in his car. That's where I took it from, just before we left. I got it especially for you. *Don't let on to Irene!*"

Irene had Homer's left hand, under the robe. Now Mr. Bloodgett groped and found Homer's right and gave it a mighty squeeze. For under the seat he had the gem of his collection—a purloined masterpiece: the carved and painted signboard of Die Lustigen Glocken, showing two dancing cows with bells at their necks.

A great wave of affection for Homer engulfed his heart. At peace with the world, Mr. Bloodgett settled back in his seat—to wonder what the chances were for mementos at Ober-Niederbruck.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the most distant possession of the United States in the South Pacific Ocean?

2—What city was destroyed by a volcanic eruption in 1902?

3—Who was Xanthippe?

4—What author was active in the defense of Dreyfus in the famous treason case.

5—What is a char-à-banc?

6—What was the real name of Artemus Ward?

7—When and by whom was the first sunlight portrait photographed?

8—Who was the author of Around the World in Eighty Days?

9—What and where is Guam?

10—What percentage of the population of the United States are churchgoers?

11—Who spoke of the art of writing as "ink and anguish"?

12—How many women have received the National Geographic Society Medal?

13—What university has the largest number of students?

14—What salary do the secretaries to the President of the United States receive?

15—How high a temperature will asbestos stand?

16—What is a peculiarity of a dragon-fly's flying ability as compared with a bird's?

17—What is the derivation of the word mausoleum?

18—What woman represented America as one of the delegates at the Geneva Disarmament Conference?

19—What is guncotton?

20—How does a cat purr?

(Answers will be found on page 41)

Question—What unnecessary risk do many people take at this time of year? *(see page 41 for answer.)*

A good time to look out for

DRAFTS
WET FEET
RAW WINDS
OVERHEATED ROOMS

is when your resistance is low

There's no denying the hazard of drafts, wet feet, stuffy indoor living. You simply have to protect yourself against them at this time of year.

But do not depend on outward measures alone. You should take into account your physical condition, your general resistance!

Now there's a simple, pleasant way to help keep it built up. With *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Adex Tablets provide two factors which are invaluable for building resistance—Vitamins A and D.

These are the factors which account for the well-known benefits of cod-liver oil. Vitamin A promotes physical stamina and vitality. Vitamin D helps make up for the lack of sunshine in the dreary, rainy season. It is the well known sunshine vitamin.

And both these factors are provided in abundance by Adex!

Use Adex now to increase your general resistance. The tablets are chocolate coated, easy to take!

Taken *every day*, Adex tablets will help you meet the hazards of exposure, help to bring you through the season comfortably. Begin with them today!

Just ask at any reliable drug store for them—*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D.*

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil in a pleasant new form

They're Going Back to the Land

Cartoons by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

A Cheering Report of Progress in the Natural Solution of the Problem of Thirteen Millions of Unemployed

By MARY NOBLE

(Reading time: 13 minutes 35 seconds.)

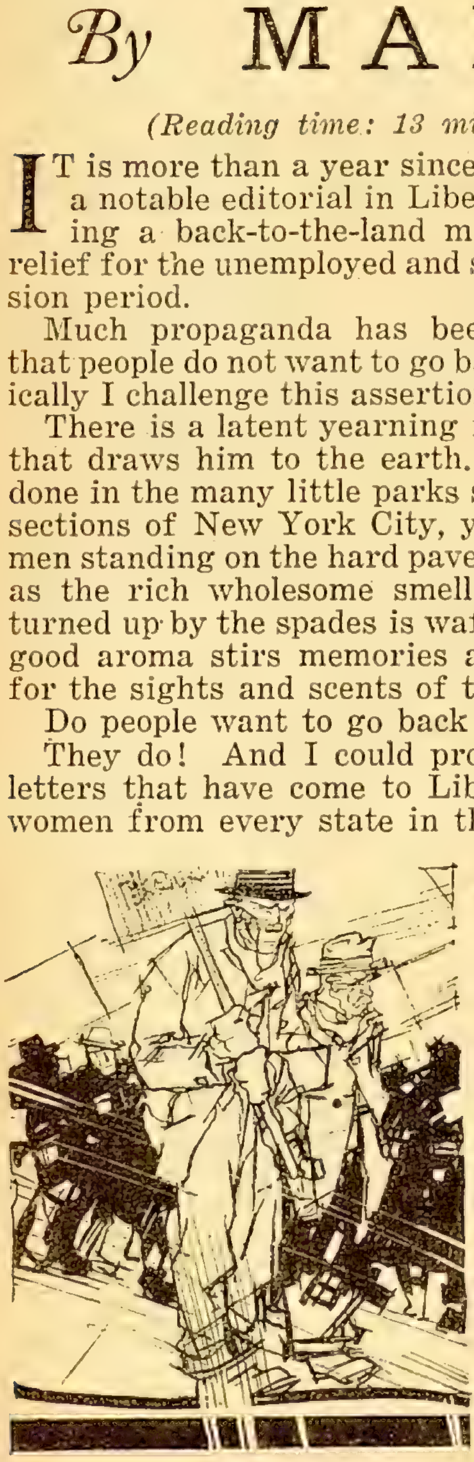
IT is more than a year since Bernarr Macfadden wrote a notable editorial in Liberty initiating and sponsoring a back-to-the-land movement as an emergency relief for the unemployed and starving during the depression period.

Much propaganda has been disseminated declaring that people do not want to go back to the farms. Emphatically I challenge this assertion.

There is a latent yearning instinct in the soul of man that draws him to the earth. Wherever work is being done in the many little parks scattered through the busy sections of New York City, you'll find hundreds of idle men standing on the hard pavements and gazing hungrily as the rich wholesome smell of the soil that is being turned up by the spades is wafted to their nostrils. This good aroma stirs memories and sets hearts to longing for the sights and scents of the open country.

Do people want to go back to the farm?

They do! And I could prove it by the thousands of letters that have come to Liberty, written by men and women from every state in the Union.



A man in Chicago writes:

"My folks owned an acre of land over in the old country (Scotland). As long as we had that acre we were always sure of plenty to eat. . . . When I get too old for my office job I want to get me a bit of good earth and spend my days digging and weeding. . . . I've a notion that if each family owned and cared for its own little garden—and took pride in it—many vexing social problems would cease to exist. . . ."

A woman in business for the past twenty-five years as a public accountant and auditor, who has been forced by the depression to close her office, says:

"It does not seem possible that capable, willing workers cannot get a chance to even keep from starving in a land of plenty. . . ."

Mr. Macfadden's idea — Back to the Land — was like a spark to tinder. It was immediately taken up by editors and writers and politicians and philanthropists all over the country and a mighty conflagration was started. Everyone is interested to know what has actually been done.

Do people want to go back

So far as federal legislation is concerned, there has been nothing done at all. And yet much has been accomplished that is encouraging. And this is said in the face of the fact that it was computed one year ago that there were 6,000,000 men and women in our nation who were out of jobs, with no earning possibilities and facing dire distress, and that today, it is said, there are 13,000,000 unemployed.

Hugh MacRae, who has successfully operated two great colonies of small farmers near Wilmington, North Carolina, for the past sixteen years, told the Congressional Committee on Labor that he considered the back-to-the-land movement of more importance at the present moment than the army and navy. How much do we spend on the army and navy? The figures are stagger-

to the farm? They do! There is a latent yearning instinct in the soul of man that draws him to the earth.

ing. How much do we spend on human values in reëstablishing homes and families on the land? Exactly nothing at all!

A forward step was taken in this direction on June 25, 1932, when Senator McNary's resolution was passed by the United States Senate. The purpose of this resolution is "to provide information and direction to individuals and agencies concerned with relieving unemployment through finding opportunities for subsistence in rural areas."

IT further provides for the coöperation and coördination of the various departments and agencies of the government, such as the Departments of Agriculture, Labor, and the Interior, the Federal Farm Board, the President's Unemployment Commission, and other agencies of the government, in furnishing information to states, municipalities, and other political subdivisions, and to individuals, as to suitable opportunities and methods of aiding the unemployed to obtain a livelihood in rural communities, and in coördinating activities of the state and local agencies working to that end.

If this resolution is ratified by the House it will greatly facilitate the cause. And if, in addition to this, Congress should make available relief funds for financing the return of families with farming experience

to the land (as has been repeatedly urged by the Bernarr Macfadden program) it would go a long way toward an approach to the solution of the unemployment problem. Of course there would have to be safeguards and precautions, human nature being what it is. And human nature being what it is, it is easy for our critics to say that God's big beautiful outdoors does not appeal to the average city dweller. Nobody wants to try to put the man, or family, on a farm who prefers to live in a two-room-back, fourth-floor, walk-up apartment because it is close to a delicatessen shop and a snappy moving-picture house. Such a man or family could not face the outdoors without these fancy trimmings.

I asked one woman from a city, who had been put on a farm, this question: " Aren't you unbearably lonely here by yourselves? "

She replied: "There isn't a place on God's green earth more lonesome than a crowded city soup kitchen."

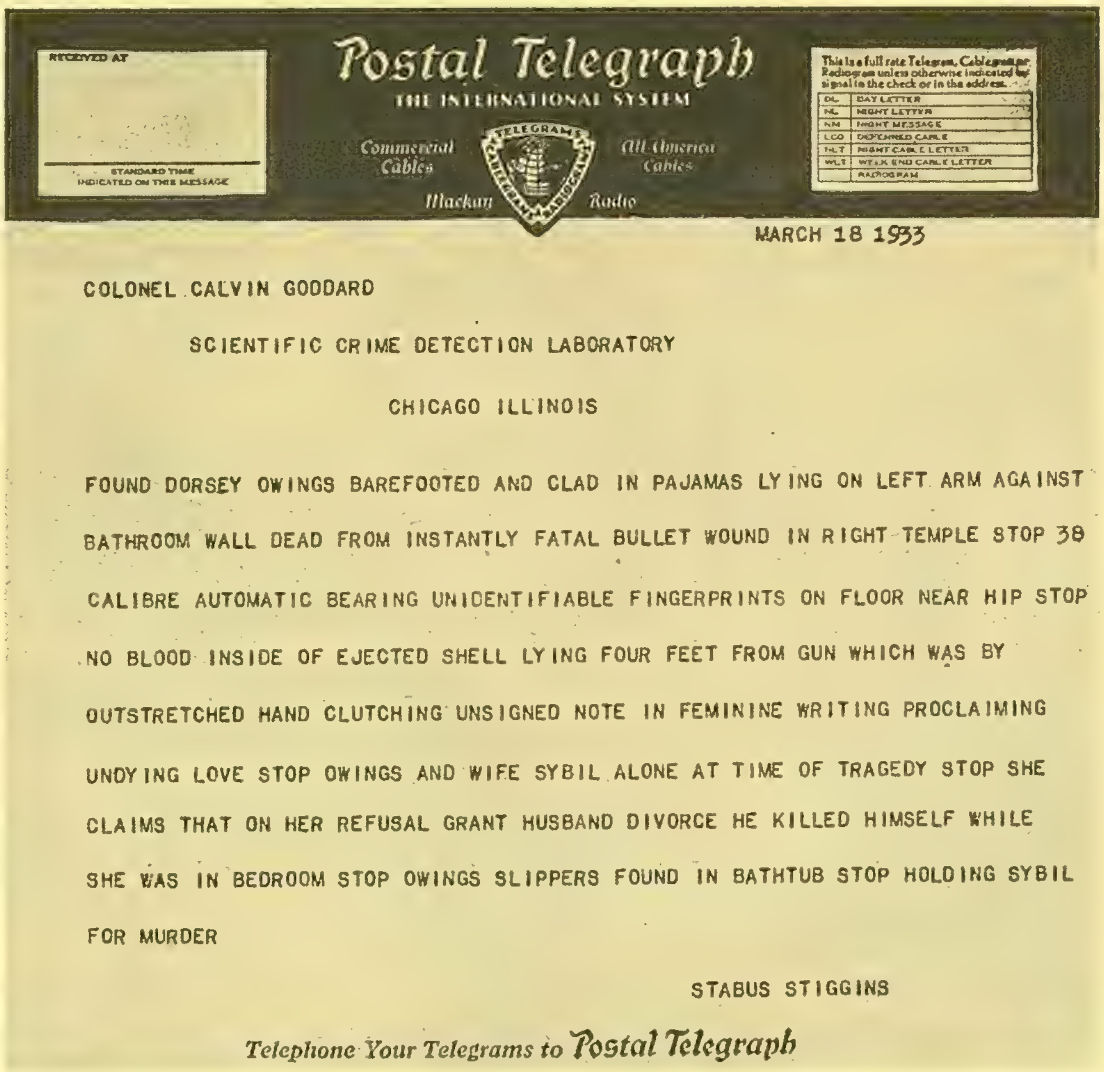
We are all of us sick of hearing grand theories for meeting the depression crisis. At this writing we are in the midst of the worst winter this country has ever known. I say this remembering the history of the depressions of 1836, 1857, 1873, 1893, 1907, and 1921. We have 13,000,000 people out of work with all their dependents. Is this our boasted civilization?

Our army of unemployed is increasing every day. But I am happy to be prepared to affirm that people by the thousands are returning to the farms to find shelter and raise food and if possible, eventually, to attain a feeling of security from the agonies and hazards of commercial strife. Of all the states, it would appear that North Carolina has weathered the storm of depression best. There they have carried out a very definite program.

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. RIPLEY



MARCH 18 1933

COLONEL CALVIN GODDARD

SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION LABORATORY

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

FOUND DORSEY OWINGS BAREFOOTED AND CLAD IN PAJAMAS LYING ON LEFT ARM AGAINST BATHROOM WALL DEAD FROM INSTANTLY FATAL BULLET WOUND IN RIGHT TEMPLE STOP 38 CALIBRE AUTOMATIC BEARING UNIDENTIFIABLE FINGERPRINTS ON FLOOR NEAR HIP STOP NO BLOOD INSIDE OF EJECTED SHELL LYING FOUR FEET FROM GUN WHICH WAS BY OUTSTRETCHED HAND CLUTCHING UNSIGNED NOTE IN FEMININE WRITING PROCLAIMING UNDYING LOVE STOP OWINGS AND WIFE SYBIL ALONE AT TIME OF TRAGEDY STOP SHE CLAIMS THAT ON HER REFUSAL GRANT HUSBAND DIVORCE HE KILLED HIMSELF WHILE SHE WAS IN BEDROOM STOP OWINGS SLIPPERS FOUND IN BATHTUB STOP HOLDING SYBIL FOR MURDER

STABUS STIGGINS

The solution will appear next week.

North Carolina is essentially agricultural, with small farms and diversified crops. In the three years ending December, 1931, one hundred and ten state banks and eighty-one national banks closed their doors. Surely the state's economic structure was put to the test!

What happened? Back in 1929, Governor Max Gardner, reading the handwriting on the wall, had a survey conducted which brought to light the fact that between $150,000,000 and $175,000,000 regularly went out of North Carolina each year for the most primary agricultural products—corn, hay, foodstuffs, and feedstuffs.

It was apparent that one important way to increase the actual income of farmers was to check this annual outflow of cash. The slogan " Live at Home " was adopted. This meant that foodstuffs and feedstuffs for the families and animals must be produced by the farmers themselves.

The possibilities of this program were dramatized by a dinner given at the governor's mansion to more than 250 North Carolina editors from all over the state, at which only North Carolina-grown products were served. Thus the movement secured the coöperation of the press and of all agricultural agencies. It was carried into the homes of the people everywhere through 850,000 school children.

And the results? The cotton acreage was reduced 536,000 acres and the corn production increased 10,000,000 bushels. The farm woman canned 3,000,000 cans of all sorts of vegetables and fruits. The production of molasses was increased more than 1,000,000 gallons.

The United States government reported that the total value of food and feed crops in 1930 over 1929 production amounted to a saving of $16,544,000 for the farmers.

It is interesting to note how a church home for orphan children in the country near Raleigh, North Carolina, met the depression. The condition was desperate. Four hundred children live in this home. The funds were low; collections had stopped. No money was in sight to keep the home going. The superintendent had the children make a garden, last spring, of several acres. They did all the work and loved it. During the summer they had such an overabundance of vegetables and fruits that a canning expert from the State College was engaged to come to the home and can the surplus. In the fall they stored away vegetables and fruits enough to last the institution all winter, and in addition they sold more than $400 worth.

Concerning the back-to-the-land movement in North Carolina, Governor Gardner said to me:

" Our industrial workers came from the farms. When the mills closed, they hated the thought of returning to farms. They remembered the hardships, the primitive life. But now many of them are eager to get on a farm and begin over again where they can have a sure shelter and food for their families."

The relation between agriculture and manufacturing industry in North Carolina is interesting and interwoven. They depend on each other. For the farmer cannot get money with which to buy manufactured articles unless he can sell his produce to the industrial worker. The industrial worker cannot keep his job unless his product can be bought by the farmer.

Mrs. Hammond, a welfare officer in High Point, North Carolina, when the factories began to close, went around through the neighboring country and had donated hundreds of acres of uncultivated lands and abandoned farms. Without a blare of trumpets and with scarcely any money, she placed many families on these farms. They were not dumped haphazard, but the town and county authorities supplied planned supervision. There is cited one particular family in Mrs. Hammond's group that was moved out nine miles from High Point in February. After only six months that family was practically supporting itself.

Millions of acres of the finest land in America are waiting the plow and the hoe to produce a superabundance of diversified crops. They are now rank with weeds. There are 800 abandoned farms in the State of New Jersey and throughout the Southern states there are more than 35,000.

However, in spite of all handicaps and propaganda against the movement, and no financial aid from the government, people are going back to the farms. It is in reality a worldwide movement. Japan is settling thousands of farmers in Manchuria, armed with farming tools and fighting guns. In Algeria, because of the shutting down of the iron ore, zinc, and phosphate mines, thousands of people are going back to the farms.

In New York State 600 families have been placed on the land. The state is sponsoring the enterprise on a constantly increasing scale.

Thousands of people have gone and are going back to the land in the states of Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Oregon, also Missouri, Arkansas, and Nebraska. The Federal Land Bank of Spokane, Washington, has estimated that 50,000 persons have left the Northwestern cities since 1929 to return to the farms.

The Arkansas State Bureau of Agriculture reports that nearly 10,000 new farms have been established since the beginning of the year 1932. Oklahoma has nearly a million acres of state school lands, and hardly one acre is at present unused.

The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce has placed fifty families on farms and has organized a mass movement to embrace all of its 6,000 needy families having menfolks capable of manual labor.

THERE are a number of farm colonies established in various states, similar to the Hugh MacRae developments in North Carolina and the Llano Coöperative Colony of Louisiana. These are private enterprises and have been in successful operation for a number of years. Liberty has received many concretely worked-out ideas for possible future development along these lines.

Many of the states are now helping the war veterans by placing them on farms. Leonora Wilson, president of the Arkansas Federation of Business and Professional Woman's Clubs, in a letter from Little Rock, Arkansas, writes:

"I wish to call your attention to an organization that has been created

RAW, TENDER NOSE

and no wonder!

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

Rubbed, inflamed with harsh, damp handkerchiefs, when it should be gently treated with

KLEENEX

Soft, absorbent—now costs but 25c

MUCH of the misery of a cold comes from irritation caused by damp handkerchiefs.

This discomfort can so easily be avoided by the use of Kleenex. Kleenex is a soft, cloth-like tissue, smooth as velvet to the touch. It is many times more absorbent than cotton or linen.

Since the cost of Kleenex is very low, a tissue need be used but once. Thus, you have a clean tissue every time—soft, absorbent, soothing and *dry.*

Much more healthful

Kleenex is not only more comfortable, it is infinitely more sanitary. A cold-filled handkerchief reinfects the user, spreads infection to others. Kleenex fibers are so powerfully absorbent that they hold germs tightly, so they remain harmless until the Kleenex can be destroyed.

No disagreeable laundering

When you use Kleenex there's no disagreeable handkerchief washing, no laundry bills for handkerchiefs. The soiled tissues are destroyed, not stored away in bags or hampers, to be washed with other clothing. And this hygienic Kleenex habit actually costs less than having handkerchiefs laundered!

Kleenex now comes in rolls and household packages at 25 cents; in extra-size tissues; and in smartly bordered handkerchiefs called 'Kerfs. At drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

SLEEP

A safe new method that brings sleep as smooth as silk

LISTEN—you people who have "tried everything" for insomnia—you people who want to drift into restful sleep without taking fat-forming or habit-forming treatments at bedtime.

Here's how 9 out of 10 find new relief

Take the word of 9 out of 10 who have made this test—it works, and works quickly and safely.

Here's how to try it. Just before you get in bed, pour a little Absorbine Jr. in the palm of your hand. Then rub it on the back of the neck—with firm, steady strokes, rubbing away from the brain.

Drowsiness comes quickly

Stretch out in bed. Relax. Breathe with long, slow rhythm like a person in slumber. Absorbine Jr. works quickly. Nerves lose their tension. Before you know it, you drift into deep, refreshing sleep.

Let us prove that Absorbine Jr. can do this for you—at our expense. Send in the coupon below, and we'll give you enough for a good night's sleep with our compliments. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions. Used by millions for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

W. F. Young, Inc.
330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.
Please send me a free sample of Absorbine Jr.

Name..
Address...
City.......................State.............

and organized and incorporated in this state for the purpose of enabling veterans to own their homes and become self-sustaining—the United War Veterans.

"The plan is briefly this: The organization has acquired 10,650 acres of land in this state, near Hot Springs, which will be divided into ten-acre tracts and a modern four- or five-room cottage erected on each tract. Veterans will be urged to raise fruits, berries, vegetables, poultry and live stock, and other profitable crops.

"The organization will be financed by the veterans themselves through membership at three dollars each per year. There are approximately 5,000,000 war veterans in the United States, and with just one fifth of this membership the organization's income will be $3,000,000. This amount will suffice to build and furnish approximately 3,000 needy veterans and their families with homes each year. By this method not only are the veterans made self-sustaining, but our government will be relieved of millions of dollars each year for veteran relief. Aside from providing homes and employment for veterans, it will provide employment for thousands of others, through the construction work on these projects, as the organization is national in scope and one of these reservations will be established in each state.

"I am informed that land in west Texas is now being acquired and plans are being promulgated to build 5,000 homes there to care for tubercular veteran cases. Similar plans are being worked out near Gulfport, Mississippi."

The State of Washington adopted a plan similar to this one soon after the war, emulating the example of Canada. Immediately following the close of the war, Canada placed her veterans on farms, and today, I am told, Canada has no veteran problem—while we are spending millions of dollars each year for veteran relief.

There are in the State of Georgia today thousands of vacant, depopulated, and untended farms, and so there are in Alabama and Mississippi and, so far as I am able to judge, in every state in the Union.

This unemployment situation will become a permanent thing. Other nations have had it for centuries. Look at England and China and India.

This very thought should stimulate immediate and drastic action. That America, the land of liberty, founded by our forefathers as a sanctuary for the oppressed of other countries—that *we* should entertain for one moment even a remote possibility of drifting into a condition that would make permanent among us a great distinct class of beggars and indigents is unthinkable! And yet a workingman idle for years loses his morale and learns to drift and the ultimate consequences are inevitable.

While in Raleigh, North Carolina, my attention was called to the great state penitentiary.

"See that building?" a friend asked. "They say that among the eight hundred convicts, while there are twenty-five bankers, there is not a single farmer who owns his land. Lots of tenant farmers and sons of tenant farmers, but no owners."

This would suggest that the actual ownership and possession of a bit of good earth lifts man's morale and makes for character. Isn't this something for the fathers and mothers of modern sons to consider seriously?

In the months since Bernarr Macfadden sounded the clarion call, Back to the Land! for emergency relief for the destitute, his wisdom and far-seeing vision have been justified by an enthusiastic and determined response throughout our country, in the face of opposition and lack of coöperation and lack of federal legislation.

THE END

Liberty now offers

$100 to $500 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

The Safe Investment

A Short Short Story

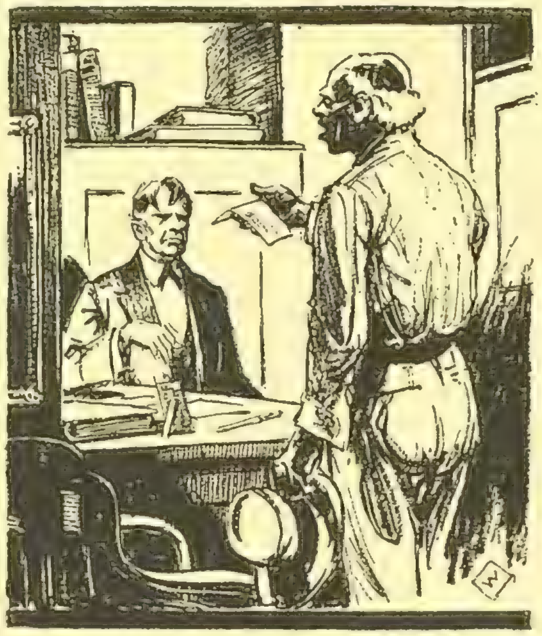
(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

By EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

"BOSS, you mean just dis little piece of paper is ten thousand dollars?" Uncle Jim scratched his head, eyed the check awesomely. "What's a no-'count old nigger like me gonna do wid all dat money, Mr. John?"

Mr. John laughed. "Do with it? Put it in the bank, live on the interest. I'll take you around to the Security Trust now. When I get the chance I'll figure out some safe investment for you. You won't have to drive that ice wagon now."

"Yessuh, I will!" cried Uncle Jim in agitation. "I just got to drive dat wagon, Mr. John. Who gonna take care of ol' Sugarfoots? Ain't nobody knows dat mule 'cep' me, Mr. John."



The ice wagon Uncle Jim drove around town through the long Southern summer and the coal wagon he drove in winter were the last that were left—all the rest were motor trucks now. But Jim was the most faithful driver the company had.

Jim's only boy had been a soldier, gassed in France. He had lingered, in government hospitals and out, all these years; and now death had made him a hero—had made Jim rich with war insurance.

The money stayed snugly in the bank for months. Mr. John kept putting off the figuring out of the safe investment. He forgot it entirely, as a matter of fact, until the Security Trust went down with an awful, sickening, rending crash, gutted by invisible crookedness. And Mr. John and his company went down with it.

Mr. John sat late in the afternoon in his office, alone, with his hand on the handle of the drawer in which his pistol lay.

All the trucks had been backed into the yard and all the men had gone home; old Uncle Jim had fed and stabled Sugarfoots and was trudging off in the twilight.

Poor Jim! Jim was ruined too, and didn't even know it.

Mr. John telephoned his wife that he would not be home. Robert, five now, had to talk to him. "Well, please hurry, John." His boy always called him John, as his wife did.

"John"—the last thing at night—"I'll say my prayers now. Does it ever do any good, really, to pray, John?"

Mr. John sat in the noiseless darkness now, thinking of that. Thinking of the boy, and his wife, and the little girl. Every cent that he had in the world had gone. The bank held his paper, too. A loan shortly due that they had promised, just the other day, to renew. It would be called. The receiver could not grant renewal.

His home, everything, must go. A starting over in penniless middle age. Penury, at the best, for his wife and children. And if he died?

His insurance—there was plenty of that. They could even take care of poor old Jim. And would it be cowardly?

"Does it ever do any good, really, for people to pray, John?" That small voice the last thing at night.

Mr. John coughed, and the cough came out as a bitter, choking groan. He jerked open the drawer. Felt scalding tears on his face, and cursed himself. And prayed, clutching his pistol, huddled over his desk—for strength to shoot himself.

There came from the corridor outside a shuffling of feet; a hesitant knock.

"Mr. John, Mr. John—is you in?"

Mr. John said nothing, clenching his pistol hard. He had better do it now. The muzzle was ice at his temple. Strange, how hard to pull the trigger.

"Please lemme in, Mr. John, please, suh. It's just me—old Jim."

He slid the pistol back in the drawer, walked stiffly to the door, snapped on the lights. "Well, what do you want, Jim?" he demanded harshly.

Uncle Jim came in, battered hat in hand. "I sho do 'pologize, Mr. John, for bustin' in on you. But it just been worryin' me, Mr. John—"

"JIM," said Mr. John hoarsely, "I can't tell you how sorry I am. I lost everything I had myself, Jim."

Jim's eyes whitened fearfully. "Ever'thing? De ice plant, de coal yard—"

"Everything."

Uncle Jim wrinkled his brow. "But dat ain't whut de big boss gemman say down at de bank. I tol' him, I say, 'Boss, I want my money—'"

Mr. John grabbed his arm. "Did you draw it out?"

"Naw, suh, I sho didn't," said Jim dolefully. "If I'd come to see you sooner, maybe I'd have my money, 'stead of just some paper de tall boss man gimme."

"Mr. Shackleford? When did you see him?"

"Three, fo' days ago, Mr. John. I ax him for my money. I say I wants Mr. John to keep it. And he say, 'Look here, Jim. Supposin' I show you a way for Mr. John to keep yo' money, and pay you mo' interest dan de bank pay you, and de bank'll guarantee he'll pay you.' He say it just like a mortgage writin' on de coal yard, and de ice plant, and all de trucks, and even my wagon and ol' Sugarfoots. And dat's whut I come to ax you. Here de paper—"

"Jim, Jim, Jim!" screamed Mr. John, scanning the documents that had spelled final ruin to him. "We're not sunk at all! Great guns! Ten thousand dollars looks like a million now. The receiver couldn't grant me a renewal, but, by heaven, you can!"

"Yessuh, yessuh," chattered Uncle Jim, "and I can keep right on drivin' ol' Sugarfoots, cain't I?"

The telephone was ringing commandingly, but Mr. John could not answer it.

"That sly old fox Shackleford!" Mr. John cried. "He thought it was a slick trick for the bank—and it was! He stopped a big withdrawal and converted slow paper into cash. And, by heaven, he stopped something else!"

He grabbed the telephone. "All right, all right, all right!"

A slow, warm, affectionate grin spread over his face when he heard what his wife was saying:

"John—you've simply got to come home! I don't know what's got into Robert. I can't do a thing with him. He has cried for an hour, I tell you. He simply won't go to sleep till you come home and hear him say his prayers!"

THE END

Lee Tracy, whose sly wit and infectious smile add greatly to the enjoyment of the film Private Jones.

The Russian Court Comes to Life on the Screen; a Romantic Sign Painter; a Mystery and a War Picture

By

ROB WAGNER

The Barrymores—Lionel, as Rasputin;

The Barrymores

(Reading time: 9 minutes 5 seconds.)

WITHOUT doubt the greatest historic event of the present century to date was the Russian revolution. The most dramatic episodes of the revolution were the assassination of the imperial family and the events leading up to it.

In this drama a slimy priest was the central figure, an uncanny creature who, working through the court ladies, finally achieved complete domination over the Czar and Czarina, and who, because of his delusion of grandeur and his abysmal ignorance of statecraft, brought about the debacle that ended in death to them all, himself included.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS

CAST

Prince Chegodieff, John Barrymore; the Czarina, Ethel Barrymore; Rasputin, Lionel Barrymore; the Czar, Ralph Morgan; Princess Natasha, Diana Wynyard; the Czarevitch, Tad Alexander; Grand Duke Igor, C. Henry Gordon; Dr. Remezov, Edward Arnold.

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky.
Produced by M.-G.-M.

After watching inconsequential affairs of movie heroes and heroines, sit for two hours and look upon a *true* story that *made history!* You know the facts; they have been repeated over and over for fifteen years. But this picture makes them live and burns them into your consciousness.

Stuart Erwin and Frances Dee in one of the scenes in The Crime of the Century, a mystery movie.

We are led into the daily intimacies of the Romanovs. We see the German-born Czarina in all her motherly tenderness for the young Czarevitch. We are made aware of the sweetness but vacillating weakness of the Czar. We watch Rasputin, the unspeakable, rise to power; his personal debaucheries and sensuality; the insane anger of Prince Chegodieff when he learns that Rasputin has outraged his fiancée; the murder of the monster by the prince. There is only a suggestion of the revolution, and finally the assassination of the whole royal family.

Lionel Barrymore as Rasputin has the biggest part, but within the limits of their rôles his brother John and sister Ethel are equally fine. Notable, too, is the convincing work of Ralph Morgan as the Czar, Diana Wynyard as the raped princess, and little Tad Alexander as the Czarevitch. Others of the cast are also superb. Appropriately enough, the director, Richard Boleslavsky, is a Russian. A wonderful picture superbly produced.

★ ★ ★ THE FACE IN THE SKY

CAST

Joe Buck, Spencer Tracy; Madge, Marian Nixon; Lucky, Stuart Erwin; Triplett the Great, Sam Hardy; Ma Brown, Sarah Padden; Jim Brown, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; Nathan Brown, Russell Simpson.

Directed by Harry Lachman.
Produced by Fox.

The face in the sky is Spencer Tracy's ideal of the perfect girl. Spencer is an itinerant sign painter touring Vermont and glorifying man's

hel, as the Czarina; and John, as Prince Chegodieff—in Rasputin and the Empress.

and History

handiwork by decorating barns with colossal advertisements of Beauty Magic cosmetics. Though it is required of Spencer's human ideal that she possess a railroad, when he meets up with Marian Nixon, a country gal, he is willing to forgo the rolling stock. But Marian's guardian, and his son, her fiancé, are horrid brutal meanies. And that's the conflict.

Spencer takes Marian to a carnival, at which Stuart Erwin, his boob assistant, gets tight, and a fight results in which the crool Vermonters are soundly thrashed. The boys make their getaway to New York, only to be followed by Marian, who makes her escape the day of her wedding. In New York Spencer almost falls for his model; but Marian arrives just in time for the hunky-dory love stuff.

Spencer Tracy is a lovable roughneck; Marian Nixon's eyes would give any artist the jitters. The picture, a pleasant reaction from crime stuff, is particularly notable for exceptional direction by Harry Lachman (this is his first American picture) and beautiful camera work by Lee Garmes.

★ ★ THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

CAST

Dan McKee, Stuart Erwin; Mrs. Freda Brandt, Wynne Gibson; Dr. Emil Brandt, Jean Hersholt; Doris Brandt, Frances Dee; Gilbert Reid, Gordon Westcott; Captain Tim Riley, Robert Elliott; Lieutenant Frank Martin, David Landau; James Brandt, William Janney; Hilda Ericson, Bodil Rosing; Eric Ericson, Torben Meyer; Philip Ames, Samuel S. Hinds.

Directed by William Beaudine.
Produced by Paramount.

Put away the jig-saw puzzle and park your wits at this picture. If you figure it out you'll make a swell detective. Jean Hersholt asks the police to protect him against committing a murder. He has a banker under his control through hypnosis, and is afraid that he'll be tempted to make him steal a hundred thousand dollars for his extravagant wife, Wynne Gibson.

The police go with Jean to his house, and when a fuse blows out the banker is killed. Jean is accused; then Wynne; then Gordon Westcott, her sweetie; then William Janney, Jean's son.

Out go the lights again, and Wynne is murdered! Gosh, but its complicated.

The picture is stopped and Mr. Paramount gives the audience a minute in which to figure out the puzzle. In the end Stuart Erwin, a reporter, solves the crime. (Reporters always outwit the police, because reporters, not policemen, write crime stories.) You'll be glad to know that Stuart can act other than boob rôles. The story is terribly exciting.

★ ★ PRIVATE JONES

CAST

Bill Jones, Lee Tracy; Lieutenant Gregg, Donald Cook; Mary, Gloria Stuart; Helen, Shirley Grey; Williams, Russell Gleason; Mrs. Jones, Emma Dunn; Spivey, Walter Catlett; Howard, Al Hill; Winthrop, Berton Churchill; Cook, Frank McHugh; von Bergen, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; Lieutenant Brinkerhoff, Roland Varno; Doctor, Wallis Clark; Lecturer, Richard Carle; von Stach, William von Brinken; Members of Draft Board, Ralph Lewis and Edward Piel.

Directed by Russell Mack.
Produced by Universal.

If you can still go for the war stuff, dugouts, marching soldiers, and noise, this picture will amuse you. It's a good story of a slacker, Lee Tracy, who was drafted, and because of his lack of interest in war and his belligerence became a pest to everybody. He made one terrible mistake. He thought Al Hill a sissy! Bang, right on the button! A swell sequence:

Lee Tracy and Donald Cook, whom he hates, are captured by the Germans. No can understand. But, ha! Lieutenant Brinkerhoff had gone to Oxford!

Another ha! Imagine an Oxford Englisher understanding Lee Tracy's Brooklynese! Very funny.

Then the fireworks, and Lee goes noble. He punches Donald, and while he is out he puts the only gas mask on him, and dies a hero.

There is a love interest here if you are interested, but you won't cry over it.

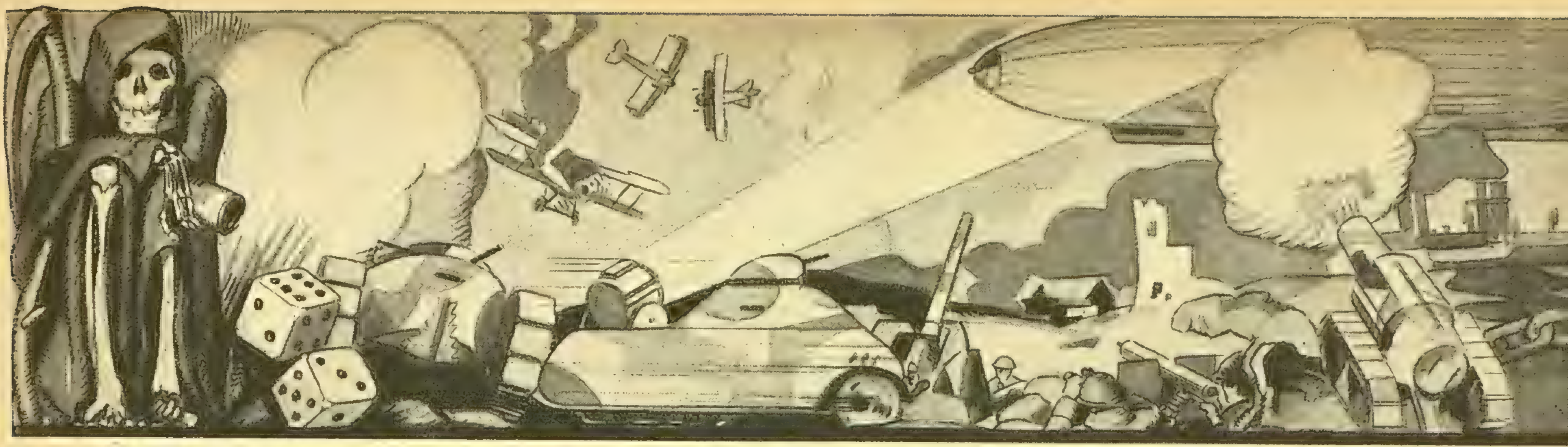
However, you'll laugh at Lee Tracy, whose infectious smile and sly wit square off his outrageous ruffianism. Charm is greater than IT.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Movie Crazy.

★★★—State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half-Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night after Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers.

The Face in the Sky, dealing with the life and love of a sign painter—a pleasant change from crime films—stars Marian Nixon and Spencer Tracy.



Let's MAKE IT

(Reading time: 9 minutes 10 seconds.)

IT is difficult for human beings to be honest with themselves about national problems. It is virtually impossible for the ordinary man or woman to sit down quietly and think about the acts and affairs of the world without prejudice or bias. In no procedure is man's mind less logical than it is in his consideration of war.

I would like, for a few minutes, to consider war from the standpoint of pure realism. What is it? Why is it? How should we regard it?

When the emotions of one group of people toward another become so intense that rules and conversations are inadequate to satisfy those emotions, we have war. The emotions may be hate, jealousy, fear, envy, spite, lust of conquest, desire for power. In fact, we will go to war as human beings for any of the reasons for which individual men will have fist fights—excepting reasons that have to do with love and sex. And when we go to war, what do we do? As much damage on the opposing group and its possessions as possible!

The cave man went to war with sticks and stones. Ancient man fought with swords and catapults. He threw fire and poured boiling oil from his city walls. Gunpowder made war a great deal more dangerous.

Then, as invention carried us to a high state of proficiency in fighting, it occurred to some of our great minds that war was getting dirty. Millions of men were killed instead of thousands. The girls left behind, the children waiting for their fathers, were imperiled.

So the giant brains made rules, during intervals of peace, for war. Poison gas when it came along seemed a bit shocking. Bombing the home towns was terrifying. Sneaking along under the sea to sink enemy vessels seemed disreputable. All that was outlawed.

More, mightier, and I dare say mistier minds are even at this moment sitting at long tables and trying to decide just what will be barred from the next fracas, and just what will be permitted. They are figuring that in the next war we will all tie one hand behind our backs.

That assumes that when we go to war we aren't really very wrought up about it. We are just having an international heavyweight championship.

Now, my friends, quite the opposite is true. When these United States of America go to war they do so with the conviction that their enemies are hideous folk, a menace to civilization and the world. That is a commendable attitude. If we went to war with any other conviction we would be very stupid indeed.

We do not get mad easily. We are peace-loving. But when we do get mad we get extraordinarily mad.

And—if we are to have war at all—why not?

However, suppose we start to fight. Our consciences bother us. Most of the weapons that could assist us in our effort to subdue a foe we have determined to subdue have been outlawed. The peace people and the professional softies have put them on the forbidden list. Our enemies meanwhile have probably had less conscience than ourselves and already they are busy bombing our cities, gassing our soldiers, and sinking our merchant marine wholesale. Finally, weeks late, months late, we surrender our scruples and do a little bombing and gassing. By dint of tremendous effort we even things up, and then both we and the enemy settle down to a long, pleasant war, killing millions of each other, and winning and losing in the end because one of us was able to throw more metal for a longer time than the other.

What's the sense?

When we go into the war I have imagined, we do so with one idea in our minds—to win. But we are sportsmen. We fight fair. We obey the rules—at least, until the other fellow's breach of them gives us an alibi.

I am not trying to establish the notion that a quick and terrible war will in the end save more lives than a long tedious war. I maintain merely that our attitude is stupid and hypocritical.

The reason for outlawing weapons and devices of war is ostensibly that they are inhumane, too destructive, dangerous to the civilian population.

That is nutty on the face of it.

In the first place, war is not a debate in which someone's feelings may be hurt. It is physical encounter. In the second place, the object of war is to win. In the third place, disarmament conferences do not consist of noble men considering the least painful methods of dismemberment and death; they have uniformly proved to be political agitations of individual nations against those weapons most dangerous to themselves.

The crowded Continental nations fear siege guns and bombing planes. England fears submarines because she depends on shipping for her victuals. And in all disarmament conferences each nation has held up as most horrible and most worthy of being barred those weapons most dangerous to it. No further progress than that has been made.

The question of the relative inhumanity of weapons is one which would arouse the mirth of a visitor from another planet. A human being can suffer only a certain maximum of pain and horror. I venture to say that as the Huns closed in on Rome, the women behind its walls were as badly frightened as the women in a city undergoing an air raid. I imagine that they wished plundering and rape were ruled out in war as the heathen hordes flocked clamorously through the breaches and over the parapets.

I dare say that war might be pretty dreadful even if the boys went over the top stark naked and barehanded, provided they were eager to rip, rend, maim, and kill.

Hell

A Warning to Those Idealists Who Think to Wage War in Kid Gloves

By PHILIP WYLIE

But even that is aside from the point. A consideration of the relative forms of death inflicted by war from the point of view of humanitarianism is idiotic. Let the reader endeavor to make a choice for himself. Poison gas is generally held to be detestable. Would the reader prefer to be choked to death by it in (relatively) a few seconds, however agonizing the procedure might be, or to die slowly through a long period of cold nights and blazing days in a filthy field with a shattered knee and a gaping wound instead of a jaw? Submarines are alleged to be the epitome of frightfulness. Would the reader prefer to be thrown into a black oblivion of swirling water and drowned thereby, or to lie in a jerry-built hospital with his abdomen full of shrapnel while, in the course of a week or two, he was consumed by hungry bacteria? Is it better to have a leg blown off while you are lying in your own bed than it is to be buried alive and slowly smothered in a dugout?

If I were given such alternatives for my own death I would be very hard put to it to make a choice.

In so far as the humanitarians are attempting to rob war of its pain, they are making themselves out unimaginative, unrealistic simpletons; and they are still more ridiculous when they endeavor to agitate against various weapons on the ground of their unique and intrinsic awfulness. It will be difficult indeed for the humane boys to find a deadly weapon that is really attractive.

IT follows, of course, that the logical procedure is to do away with war entirely. With the increase of scientific knowledge war has become steadily more disastrous to those who participate in it. What we fellows who write articles like to call " the outlook for the future " is distinctly bad. But the world is full of millions of meanies getting madder every minute, and there are small practice and amateur wars being fought all the time.

Hence, and we now come to the point of my argument, let us admit that there will be more wars, that we are likely to be drawn into them if not to leap in, that there hasn't been a pleasant war in the memory of man.

Let us go back to realism, I say. Oddly enough, the gentry who have most to do with war are very timid and decorous about discussing it. They are also very backward. And the effectiveness of new weapons has always been impeded by the job-holding military themselves, especially by the older and higher officers, who are afraid that a change in technique will retire them or diminish the glory of their antique notions.

And yet it is obvious that our forthcoming wars will be waged with new chemicals and new machines.

Therefore I say once more, let's be realistic. There are going to be wars. They are so horrible already that increasing the degrees of their various kinds of horror can scarcely make them more so. The candid nation—and we once believed ours was quite candid—has but a single course left open. It must maintain that war is the last process to which it will have recourse, that war is uncivilized and stupid—but that if it is ever involved in war it will fight its battles with a ferocity, a technical skill, an imaginative voracity unsurpassed by any nation.

ITS people—our people—if they were wholly honest should be saying at this moment: " We have hired the best engineers, the most ingenious inventors, the greatest scientists in our country and paid them commensurately with their work for the invention of arms. We have liquids so powerful that a handful poured into a city street will send the population of crowded acres to almost instantaneous death. We have bombs the blast of which will rip open the earth almost to its molten interior. We have rays that are fifty-mile scythes of extinction. We have tanks a thousand feet long run by colossal motors which thunder across rough country at airplane speed, vomiting death and destruction from a thousand vents. We have submarines which will circumnavigate the globe beneath the seas. We have airplanes that can rise into the freezing upper air and there, invisible, at dizzy speeds, can be launched to the uttermost cities of the earth to drop upon them red disaster. Our biologists have developed new strains of bacteria for which our people alone have vaccine, and which give rise to diseases so epidemic and dreadful that few exposed will survive them.

" We do not want war, but we are neither soft nor hypocritical in our attitude toward it. We are ready. And if any nation comes seeking conflict, God help that nation, for we have been honest about this business."

After all, dear reader, the nations of the earth, in secret, half-heartedly, and shamefacedly, have been trying to invent such weapons. And I should guess that, until men are more brotherly and unselfish, an attitude of reluctant but determined vigilance would be the best preventive of war and the best way to bring quickly to an end any war that was commenced.

I am out of sympathy with all kinds of lobbying for an increase of obsolete armaments and a creation of soft berths for old fogies; but I am in favor of preparing to meet any martial emergency by using our integrity and not our prejudices.

If there is going to be another war, let's make it hell—for that is precisely what our prospective enemies will try to do and are trying to do at this moment.

THE END

No Parac

By ALAN

(Reading time: 23 minutes 25 seconds.)

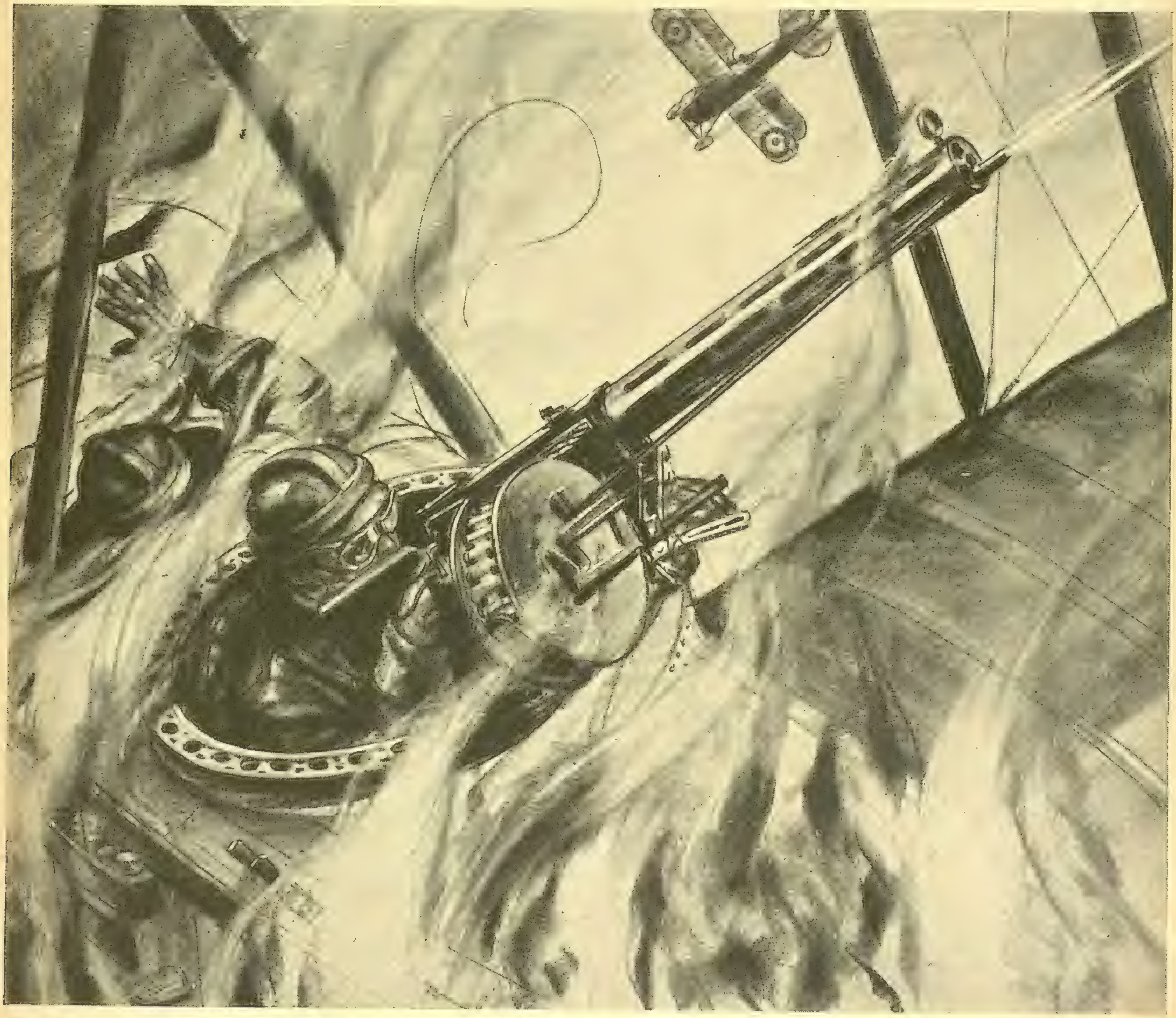
SIDE lights on a war bird's existence were afforded by last week's installment of No Parachutes. Alan Winslow told of Lieutenant "Jack Horner," a good pilot but yellow when a combat was in prospect; of gay nights in Paris when Mlle. S., revue star, kept open house for aviators; of a tragicomic incident, the inopportune homecoming of an old poilu with two pretty daughters.

Mr. Winslow recalled the increasingly hard fighting in the spring months of 1918, with the Hat-in-the-Ring Squadron piling up victories but also sustaining severe losses. He told how he and two fellow pilots planned a campaign against a Hannover photographic two-seater that had been baffling them by remaining out of reach above their " ceiling." They were to fire at it in turn as best they could from beneath, in hopes that its annoyed pilot, tilting it to give his machine gunner shots at them, might eventually lose altitude. They tried, and the plan worked. The big plane slid off on one wing. As it came down they dived after it.

Part Four—Messmates of Death

MY first burst of fire spelled victory for the three of us. One of my tracer bullets pierced the enemy's gas tank. Instantly the plane burst into flames, turned on its back, writhed from side to side, and then began its long plunge toward earth, two miles below. As it fell the flames spread and the smoke increased. Pieces of its wings and tail ripped off and floated after it, a shower of burning leaves.

For perhaps a mile of its fiery descent we followed



hutes

WINSLOW

Salute to a German Hero—Elsie Janis Does Her Stuff and the Squadron Throws a Party—Battles in the Blue —Shot Down and Captured

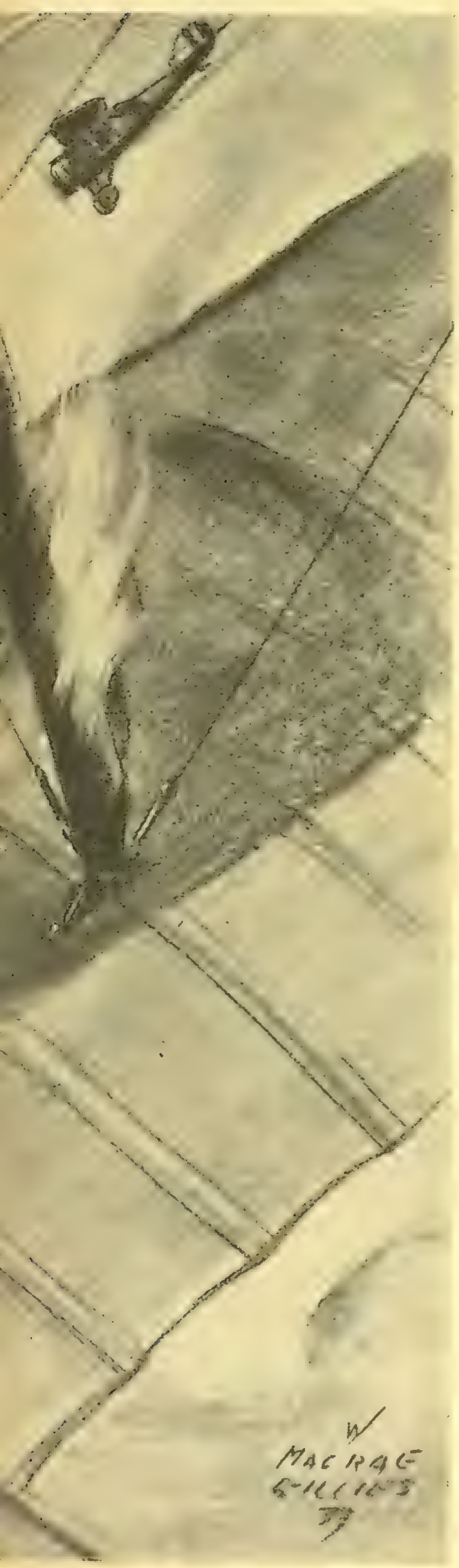
Illustrations by W. MacRae Gillies

closely in its wake, watching with fascination and horror. And soon with admiration also, for we witnessed courage and nerve as we had never seen them before.

While the plane continued downward, sometimes on its back, sometimes on its side, with flame and smoke ever increasing, with death in the air by fire a certainty for its two occupants, the German machine gunner stuck to his guns and fired desperately and hopelessly in our direction until he was consumed by the flames.

The Hannover finally crashed in Germany, behind a little forest. All that remained were blackened, tangled wires and blackened bits of metal, a charred engine, and two charred and mangled bodies.

As I crossed back over the lines, thoughts of our dead adversaries, of the gunner who still fought as flames roared about him, gave way to a natural reaction of elation at our victory. Flying directly above our airdrome in a spirit of exultation, I executed loop after loop until my gasoline gave out.



But, upon landing, instead of receiving the expected congratulations of our group commander, I was severely reprimanded for having stupidly "stunted" with a plane "all shot up like that."

My dapper Nieuport of a few hours before was now composed of riddled struts, stretched and sagging wires, and a fuselage and wings resembling huge chunks of Swiss cheese. That extraordinary German gunner had been a good shot, yet not quite good enough. But my foolish stunting had almost finished the job for him.

Quite rightly I was ordered to remain on the ground for the next two days. . . .

Elsie Janis was in France doing her stuff for the boys in the trenches. Toward the end of our squadron's activity in the Toul sector we had the good luck to have a visit from her and her mother. We cleared one of the hangars of its planes and erected a platform as a stage, where Elsie put on a grand show of song, dance, and chatter.

At one point the performance was interrupted. One of my mechanics, encouraged by the entire contents of a bottle of Pinard, mounted the platform. He insisted on introducing himself to Elsie, professing that he was a distant relative. She was sure that he was at least a first cousin, and immediately embraced him.

"You may do that again," said my mechanic. "But I'm sure I am not a first cousin. I belong to the Hunyadi János branch of the family!"

We witnessed courage and nerve as we had never seen them before. The German stuck to his guns until he was consumed by the flames.

That evening we transformed the officers' mess into a banquet hall. The kitchen mechanics provided an excellent dinner and the officers provided "bubbly." Although it was against the rules to permit women on the premises, this was a very special occasion, and John and I were detailed to provide that element of the entertainment.

We commandeered a fleet of motor cars and raided the two neighboring American hospitals. We took no chances on a blanket invitation; instead, we callously adopted the methods of Florenz Ziegfeld. Every nurse we brought back to the squadron had been hand-picked.

It was a cheery party. Elsie led the merriment, and her ability as an informal comédienne inspired many of us to demonstrate our own talents.

Jack Horner with his soap-box cello was a brilliant success until some other pilot, dressed as Pavlova, made the dying dive of the swan dance directly through the soap box. Whereupon Cates, an irrepressible pilot and companion, as the "Governor of South Carolina," said Mass over the dead swan with a vocabulary more invective than episcopal.

But Elsie, sensing the psychological moment, had by this time wisely departed.

Thereupon it naturally became the duty of every officer to make even greater efforts to amuse the nurses who were still our guests.

FINALLY the nurses left. Of how long the party lasted after that, or what happened, I have not the slightest recollection. But I do know that early next morning I had a brutal reminder that the war was still on.

"Get up, lieutenant!"

It was my orderly.

"Get the hell—"

He pulled the blankets off me and I lay shivering in the cold. I sat up blinking. Except for the light of a candle the room was pitch dark.

"You damn' fool! What do you mean by this? The sun isn't even up yet!"

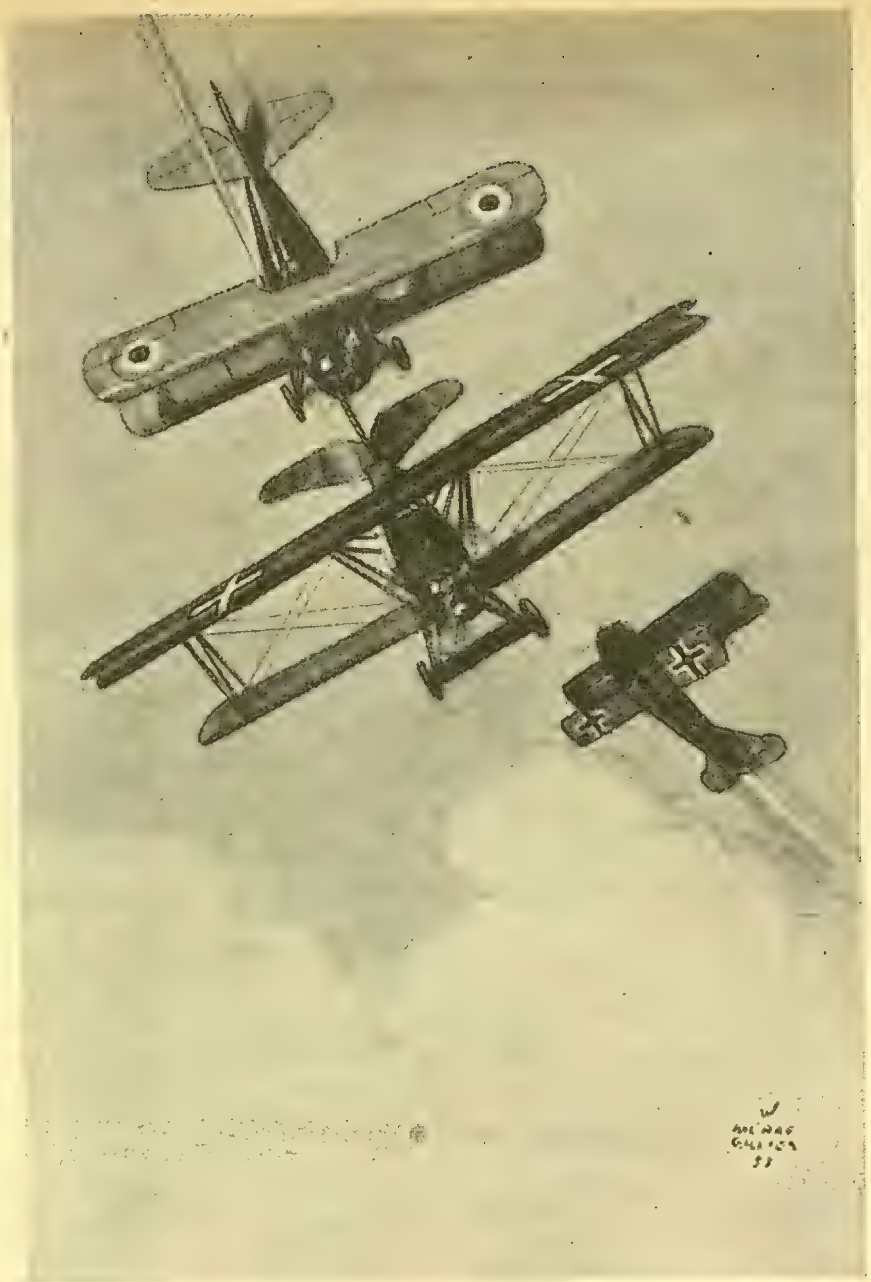
"You have been ordered on a dawn patrol. In six minutes you are supposed to take off."

I swallowed a cup of coffee and almost the same amount of cognac, drew my fur flying suit over my pyjamas, rubbed my head, and ran out in the dark to my plane.

What a morning after!

Fortunately I was not one of those aviators who was shot down in my pyjamas. . . .

In the latter part of June the entire First Pursuit Group was moved from the Toul sector to the Soissons-Rheims sector, and the Ninety-fourth Squadron was stationed near the little town of Touquin, south of Château-Thierry. Foch was now in supreme Allied command and, as we later learned, the big offensive, which commenced on July 14 and never let up until the Germans agreed to an armistice on November 11, was in process of development. The Soissons-Rheims sector, bulging dangerously and deep into French territory, was one of the first and principal salients to be squeezed and straightened out in the strategy then on foot. To assist in this move, to be ready for July 14 (although we naturally knew nothing of these plans at the time), there had been ordered to that sector the greatest concentration of Allied aviation squadrons yet brought together at the front.



While I had been concentrating every effort on him alone, one of the Fokkers had shot up from beneath.

To our great satisfaction, shortly after our arrival at Touquin it was possible finally to equip our squadron with the 220-horsepower geared, speedier, sturdier Spads. These gave us new confidence, and we needed it.

The days at Corcieux, where frequently one-man patrols were ordered, became definitely a thing of the hazy past; our days at Toul, where flights usually ranged from two to five planes at a time, were to recur no more. Here, from the outset, entire squadrons and even groups of squadrons roared into German territory wing to wing like great flocks of screaming vultures. I understand that in later months the number of planes flying and fighting together even surpassed these figures, but I do know that during the month of July, in our daily patrols and combats, I seldom flew in a formation consisting of less than eleven planes and never engaged in combat where there were not at least twenty enemy craft. These massed aërial combats are not adequately described by the expression "dog fights"; they were violent mob riots of the air.

For a while my part in these combats was of short duration, owing to a series of motor failures. As I wrote my family on July 21: "It has indeed been a streak of bad luck; but in a way, as I only crashed once, and reached France each time, I suppose I should consider myself fortunate. These forced landings became quite a joke around camp. A patrol would go out and I would not return. It never worried anyone; they knew that I would soon be back in an automobile. Anyone else, and they would have been crazy."

During this month of July the success of the Ninety-fourth continued, yet not without losses. Rickenbacker, Reed Chambers, and Jimmie Meissner continued to pile up their scores, and Frank Luke had earned the title of "balloon ace." But we were up against formidable opposition in spite of our new Spads and the ability of our pilots.

OPPOSED to us were Baron Richthofen's flying circus and other formidable enemy squadrons; and at about this time the Germans had brought to the front the new Fokker D7. At moderate altitudes our Spads were an even match for these new enemy ships; but we learned only by tragic experience that at higher altitudes they were superior to our planes, particularly in their fatal climbing ability.

Almost every day one of the squadrons of the First Pursuit Group reported one or more losses, and in most instances our men were shot down from underneath when fighting at over two miles in the air. Harold Tittman, wounded in combat, courageously and skillfully brought his plane back to France, but lost consciousness and crashed, with the result that one leg was amputated and one arm paralyzed. Quentin Roosevelt, Walter Smythe, and many others of the Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth squadrons were killed—all splendid men, splendid pilots. And most of these losses occurred in July following the tremendous Allied offensive which started on July 14 and was not to be checked until the war ended.

Those of us who remained alive to fight, but perhaps only another day, grimly went about the job of carrying on. We could not let ourselves give way to any show of feeling as, day by day, patrols soared off to return later with numbers diminished by one more friend.

"Poor old Bill went west—a Fokker got him from below."

"Well, Joe's done for—down in flames over Fère-en-Tardenois."

"No ringing wedding bells for Buttsy in this world. A couple of red-nosed Germans rang down the fiery curtain instead."

AT the time, explanations of this nature would be about all that was forthcoming from those who had just been fighting side to side with the friend they had lost.

Those who broke down in nerves or feeling not only imperiled their own usefulness; they weakened the efforts of others to carry on.

There were four of us, including Quentin Roosevelt, who for at least ten days played bridge every evening in the officers' mess. The evening following his death, one of us casually asked:

"Who'll we get for a fourth?" Soon we found a player and began our customary game, and at no time did any of us allow ourselves to speak of his death. We felt more, of course, but we didn't dare let ourselves discuss it for fear we should feel too much.

It was not until after midnight, as the bridge game broke up and one of the party was counting his winnings, that his name was mentioned at all. One of us remarked:

"Well, I'm glad Quentin didn't owe me any money. How about a spot of cognac for a nightcap?"

In the late afternoon of July 31, a day of glorious sunlight and blue summer skies, our squadron was ordered to make a patrol between Soissons and Rheims, well inside the German lines.

Eddie Rickenbacker had been laid up with an abscess in his ear, and as he was not yet sufficiently recovered for active service, I was placed in temporary command of the patrol of sixteen Spads.

Flying in V formation, we approached the lines, which had already been pushed back several kilometers by the Allied offensive of the last two weeks.

We reached Soissons at an altitude of 15,000 feet and turned toward Rheims, straight across this squeezed yet still bulging salient occupied by the enemy. Now black Archie began bursting all about us with its thunderous explosions. We flew farther into German territory, soaring along at well over 100 miles an hour. As we roared on we continually craned our necks from side to side, above, below, and behind, peering into the distance for a glimpse of enemy planes. It was probably twenty minutes after leaving Soissons that we sighted a formation of Fokkers.

Having shot off a colored Very light as a signal of warning, I led our Spads high above the German formation, until we were directly between them and the sun. They had seen us, however, and had begun the defensive maneuver of flying in a circle, following each other's tails.

I counted eighteen Fokkers.

When about 2,000 feet above them, I shot off another signal light to prepare for attack, and then still another to make the attack.

Huddled in close wedge formation, wing almost touching wing, our flight of sixteen Spads dove from the direction of the blinding sun directly toward the circling planes below. Our motors were wide open; we were diving at an angle of forty-five degrees; our speed was terrific and increased as we roared on.

Just as we came into firing range I chanced to notice something. Possibly 2,000 feet above the German circle was a lone Fokker, hovering about by himself.

Instinctively, and without reason —for the realization was instantaneous—I knew that if he were allowed to remain above the aërial mob riot that was about to take place, if one of our squadron in the ensuing mêlée should become separated from the main fight, he would be at the mercy of a burst of bullets from this lone Fokker swooping down from above. Accordingly, as we were about to fire into the circle, I pulled sharply back on my stick, left the point of the formation, and zoomed up to engage this enemy plane.

One glance below assured me the riot had started.

I CLIMBED for all my motor was worth, subconsciously thinking that my recent 2,000-foot dive, with motor wide open, would give me such a terrific initial impetus in my upward climb that it would be some little time before any of the Germans messing about below could climb up and outnumber me.

It didn't occur to me that any plane, without first nose diving, without the "flying start" which I had had, could possibly reach us within the time I hoped our little hand-to-hand scrap would end—one way or the other.

With these comforting calculations buzzing quickly through my head, I suddenly found myself virtually standing on my tail about 1,800 feet above the jam below and within firing distance of my lone adversary.

I gave his belly a burst of lead.

My aim was inaccurate, for he veered off and tried to get on my tail. His first burst also went wide.

We sparred and maneuvered, each trying to get on the other's tail. In a moment or so I became confident that I could outfly and outshoot him. Then, as I again managed to get directly and closely on his tail, as I calmly took aim at what seemed a perfect target—in fact, as I was on the point of pulling the trigger—my last fight ended.

My beautiful calculations had been wrong. I had not given sufficient credit to the remarkable climbing ability of the new Fokkers. I had been comfortably but erroneously convinced that this lone adversary and I were to have that little bit of sky to ourselves. I was indeed wrong. While I had been stupidly concentrating every effort on him alone, blindly confident of no danger from below, one of the Fokkers had shot up like a rocket from beneath.

And as my fingers were closing on the machine-gun trigger, with what I was certain was a dead bead on my opponent, up from below and somewhat to the left came a rattling *tac-tac-tac-tac* of bullets that ripped through my left wing on their first burst.

And in a fraction of a second, almost simultaneously, the second burst shattered my left arm.

Stunned with pain, I fell possibly a thousand feet in an uncontrolled spin before I recovered my shaken senses and regained control of the plane with my right hand. As I did so, everything I saw before my eyes was red.

Instinctively, thinking I was in flames, I put my remaining hand on the release button on my safety strap, intending to jump.

Just in time, however, I realized that what with a stunned brain I had first thought to be flames was in reality blood, splattered over my goggles, the windshield, and the entire cockpit generally.

I pulled myself together and started to glide toward France, for my mo-

"WHY DID HE DECLINE SO GRUFFLY . . . WHEN SHE INVITED HIM IN?"

Eng. by JOHN HELD JR.

SURELY he couldn't have misunderstood her! She merely wanted him to meet the family . . . Yet he was almost rude in his abrupt refusal.

Then the awful truth dawned on her. She had eaten greedily of sardines at teatime . . . and the lingering odor of them must have stifled him in the cab.

One may purify one's breath most efficiently with a morning mouth wash. But is it fair to expect the morning gargle to stand guard all day against all the in-between breath-tainting circumstances . . . such as an orgy of garlic and Liederkranz?

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tor was dead. I could not read my blood-smeared compass, so steered my course by the low afternoon sun. I judged that I was still approximately two miles high and about five miles inside German territory.

Generally, at this altitude and distance, the gliding ratio of a Spad with a dead engine would have been sufficient to carry me well inside the French lines. But no sooner had I pointed my nose toward France than *tac-tac-tac-tac* came another burst of bullets from above and to the rear.

The German who had wounded me had followed me in my fall when I had first been hit; and there he was to prevent me from landing in French territory.

I had a dead motor; consequently my machine guns were useless, and I could not possibly fight back. I swerved toward Germany and he ceased firing. I swerved again toward France and he gave me another burst. This was sporting enough; any of us would have done the same in his place. As long as I did not try to land outside of Germany he would let me attempt to land safely.

But I intended to have a go at France anyhow, and hence continued my glide in that general direction, zigzagging jerkily, rapidly, from side to side, thus desperately hoping to avoid his bullets.

I have no idea how long it took me to get down. By zigzagging I had escaped his machine-gun fire, but I had also lost distance.

I missed France by a few hundred yards.

From a height of about six feet I made a pancake landing between the German second- and third-line trenches. I bumped down between shell holes and barbed wire, but only cracked the undercarriage. I rolled a few feet, snapped up on my nose, then snapped back again.

As I released my safety straps and tried to crawl out of my plane, the last thing I remember before losing consciousness—and it was practically my last recollection for three days and nights—was the drawn faces of German soldiers, gas masks on their chests, typical German bucket helmets on their heads, crawling cautiously toward me out of trenches and dugouts.

THREE days later I thoroughly regained consciousness for the first time. I was lying on an operating table and standing about me were a group of white-clad nurses, an enormous heavy-jowled doctor, and his assistants. As I learned later, I was in the Hôtel Dieu at Laon, whence I had just arrived from the front, having been transported by stretcher, horse cart, and a motor ambulance.

It seems that my arm had been shattered at the elbow. It had been dressed as well as possible by the field medical corps as soon as I had crawled from my plane, and was held in rigid position by wooden splints and bandages. As I lay on the operating table, weak from three days of morphine injections, loss of blood, and pain, the heavy-jowled doctor bent over me and asked in German who I was.

I replied in German that I was an officer in the American Air Service.

At that, his face contorted and in perfect English he roared:

"You fiend of hell! You filthy pig! You American swine!"

Then, as I lay helpless on my back, not even strong enough to raise my head, without removing the bandages or splints, he seized my arm and shouted:

"This is what you deserve! That is what you deserve!"

And as he bellowed out these words he savagely swung my arm back and forth, back and forth, until I again lost consciousness.

WHEN I woke up I was lying in bed in a long cloistered corridor. On either side of me were rows of beds. Some of the occupants were sleeping; some lay still, staring at the ceiling; others groaned, and occasionally someone shrieked.

Soon a French nun came and sat beside me. It was Sœur St. Augustine. She was ageless; she might have been twenty-five and she might have been sixty-five. Her thin, firm, pale lips, her sallow cheeks, and the dark hollow circles under her kindly eyes told of her own illness and of years of self-sacrifice for others.

She took my good hand and smiled.

This was the prisoners' ward, she told me. For the moment all the wounded were French except me. This was the city of Laon. I was in the Hôtel Dieu. At the beginning of the war, when the Germans first captured the city, they had turned the convent into an emergency hospital. All the nuns had been impressed into the service as nurses. At first they tended the wounded Germans as well as the prisoners; now, only the prisoners.

La Mère Supérieure would come to see me soon, she told me. I was badly wounded. One or more bullets had entered the upper arm, shattered the elbow, shredded the forearm, and practically removed two fingers. When would the war end? Didn't I think the Germans were at last retreating? No, don't talk. The German doctor? No, we shan't speak of that. He was the colonel, *der Herr Oberst* in charge of the hospital. Would I like some water? Here comes *la Mère Supérieure*. She is so kind. Yes, soon I would be given another injection of morphine.

Days went by. Morning and night I received morphine. Day by day I grew weaker from loss of blood. *Der Herr Oberst*, thank God, had nothing more to do with my case. One of his assistants, a *Hauptmann*, dressed my wounds instead.

"*Herr Hauptmann*, for God's sake, amputate my arm! Even if it should heal, it would be stiff and useless. Every day I am losing weight, I am losing blood. Soon I shall die. For God's sake, please amputate my arm!"

“ No, the colonel has given orders—”

“ Well, tell the God-damn’ colonel to go to hell! Tell him he’s killing me! ”

More days went by. Time and again the suffering in the beds on either side of me ceased, the bodies carried out on stretchers, the faces covered by a sheet. Time and again new occupants arrived on the same stretchers, their faces bandaged or grim with pain.

Here in this emergency hospital was no cheerfulness. It seemed that as soon as the wounded were well enough to smile they were well enough to be transported farther behind the lines—to better established hospitals, for recuperation.

Day by day I grew weaker. Sœur St. Augustine always seemed to be beside me.

“ Morphine, *ma sœur!* ”

“ Not yet, *mon pauvre*, but soon.”

“ Why won’t the colonel amputate my arm, *ma sœur?* ”

“ I don’t know.” And then, “ But you won’t die, you won’t die. *Soyez de bonne foi!* ”

What faith and will she had herself! Sixteen hours a day for four years she had given of herself to care for the wounded. Her frail frame and ill body were alone kept from the grave by the same faith and will which she imparted to others and to me.

Almost a month went by. I was now so weak I could not even raise my right hand. Why wouldn’t they operate? I knew that I had but a few more days to live. I became delirious once more.

Then one day Sœur St. Augustine bent over me and whispered:

“ The colonel has left the hospital. He has been transferred elsewhere. A new doctor has taken charge. *Soyez de bonne foi!* ”

That night my left arm was amputated.

I subsequently learned that Sœur St. Augustine died a few days later.

IN thinking over this incident it occurred to me that it might be but the hallucination born of pain, the nightmare of a delirious mind. A year later, however, I had occasion to go back to Laon, and I spoke with the nurses who had been in attendance at the time. And still later, in 1920, I met the doctor’s own assistant. Every detail of the colonel’s brutality was corroborated; I also learned that he had, in fact, given orders that under no circumstances should my arm be amputated.

I should be sorry if, in having recounted this unhappy experience, the impression should be given that it was in any way typical of the treatment in German prison hospitals and camps. Men of this type, who revert to savagery under the stress of war, are to be found in every country. . . .

During the three days and nights while I was being transported by different conveyances from the trenches where I made my last landing to the emergency hospital at Laon, there were but two brief spells when my mind was partially clear.

On one occasion—I do not know which night it was—I became sufficiently conscious to realize that I was lying on a stretcher placed on the ground. All about me were many other stretchers. Above and around me in the shadowy, dim artificial light were black ceiling and walls of clay and rock.

I was in a great cavern of some kind, a huge dugout or retreat. Through the cavelike entrance I caught glimpses of artillery flashes in the night and heard the constant booming of not-far-distant cannon. Standing beside or walking about the stretchers on the floor were many soldiers. Suddenly an explosion took place at the very entrance to the retreat. It was a gas shell, fired from an Allied gun, probably American.

HUGE billows of murky vapor began slowly to roll through the entrance of the dugout. Screams went up from the stretchers. Soldiers began shouting and dashed wildly about the dark retreat, stumbling over the wounded.

Strangely I thought of a story I had been told in France of a means of protection against gas. I acted on the advice it contained: I wet the blanket in an ancient and purely personal manner, and then with my uninjured arm pulled the blanket up over my head until I breathed through the portion that was damp.

As I did so, I recall that a number of soldiers with quick presence of mind, ripped other blankets from the stretchers and began frantically to wave them in the air, beating back the encroaching poisonous fumes.

That is all I remember. Whether they succeeded with their blankets in beating back the gas, or whether my own attempt at self-protection saved my lungs, I shall never know.

On the other occasion of consciousness, and again I do not know what day it was, I recall being suddenly aware of an unpleasant noise. It was my own voice, singing for all it was worth a song called My Sweetie and Me.

I was on a stretcher, slowly jogging along in a horse cart. There seemed to be no one with me but the driver. Beyond him, as we jogged down a small slope, I could see that the road curved to the right and disappeared under a large murky blanket of stagnant gas.

At that moment the German driver stopped his horse. He climbed to the ground and came to the rear of the cart. Taking his own gas mask off his chest, he fixed it over my face.

“ Here,” he said. “ You need this more than I do.”

And we drove on.

Alan Winslow’s experiences in German hospitals at Trier (Treves) and Königsberg are detailed most movingly in next week’s installment of No Parachutes.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—A part of the Samoa or Navigators Islands, now called American Samoa, about 4,200 miles southwest from San Francisco.

2—St. Pierre, on the island of Martinique.

3—The shrewish wife of Socrates.

4—Emile Zola.

5—A European sight-seeing bus.

6—Charles Farrar Browne.

7—By John W. Draper in 1839.

8—Jules Verne.

9—The largest island of the Mariana group—formerly the Ladrones—in the North Pacific about 5,050 miles from San Francisco.

10—About forty-four per cent.

11—Rudyard Kipling.

12—One—Amelia Earhart.

13—Columbia, New York City; 35,866.

14—Ten thousand dollars yearly.

15—Some varieties will withstand 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit; most of it, 3,000 degrees.

16—It can fly backward.

17—From the building erected by his wife in honor of Mausolus.

18—Dr. Mary E. Woolley.

19—A highly explosive compound, made by treating cotton with nitric and sulphuric acids.

20—By throwing the vocal cords into vibration, which the respiration regulates.

Answer to Adex question on page 25—*Many people who are careful to protect themselves against exposure needlessly risk the common ills of spring by doing nothing about their own physical condition.*

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10 D

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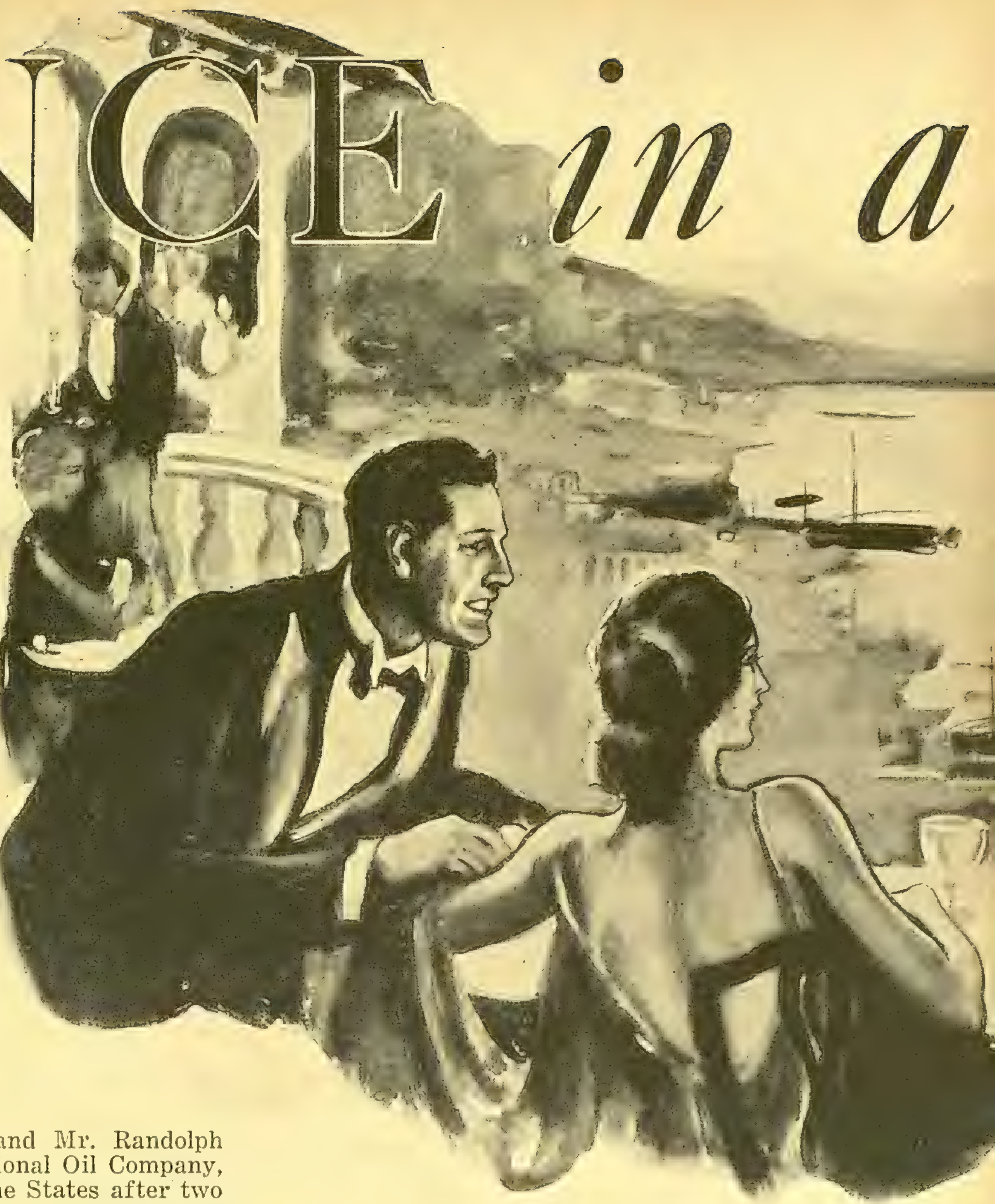


The Story of a Young Couple Who Tried to Escape Romance

(Reading time: 19 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE whistle of the S. S. Cesare Borgia gave a prolonged bellow. A tall and very red-haired young man in a linen suit dashed through the throng of bon-voyageurs and up the gangplank.

An equally tall and very dark young man greeted him on deck, and not too affably.

" The next time I let you out of sight," he said, " I'm going to tie a rope to you."

Red Hair grinned.

" Had to leave a piece for the papers," he explained. " Society item: 'Mr. Vance Jackson and Mr. Randolph Roberts, field agents of the International Oil Company, sailed yesterday for their home in the States after two years in India. When interviewed, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Roberts said, " If we never see Bombay again, it'll be too soon." ' "

The saturnine Mr. Jackson laughed.

" You should have added that if we ever saw another tanker we'd go mad and bite people. Come on and see the princely accommodations."

They wedged into the cabin and Jackson pulled a grip from beneath his bed, from which he proceeded to remove sundry bottles.

" Cherry brandy, gin, bitters," he counted off. " Now, Randy, m' boy, if you'll ring for ice and then back out into the corridor so I'll have room to move my elbows we'll shake up a little sling." . . .

It was the hour for dinner.

Vance Jackson of International Oil eyed his colleague. " Red," he said sternly, " being as this is a gala occasion, it behooves us to dress."

Rebellion flared beneath the copper coping.

" No dress," said Mr. Roberts. " I've worn tails, club suits, and monkey coats for our British cousins for two years. I'm going to be myself from now on, and if I choose to eat in dungarees the guineas on this tub can like it."

He linked the Jacksonian arm in his, and led the way below and aft to the dining salon.

" Table twenty-seven," he said crisply to the chief steward.

" It is just ahead, sirs; the little one for four, beside the palm."

There was no mistaking table twenty-seven, and indubitably there were two young ladies sitting across from one another at its sides. Beyond peradventure of a doubt they were pleasing to the eye. Mr. Roberts looked at Mr. Jackson and vice versa.

" We'll be right back," they said, leaving the steward in mid-stride. They moved with unstudied rapidity to the door and mounted the main companionway two steps at a time.

Ten minutes later they returned immaculate in stiff shirts, starched collars, and conventional black.

But it was obvious that table twenty-seven no longer was occupied. Its napery still looked snowy, its silver gleamed, but somewhere a big bright light had gone out. The two young ladies had left.

Mr. Jackson glared at the table steward. He swung his eyes at Mr. Roberts. " Did you see how that one in green looked when she smiled? "

Mr. Roberts came back from a long, long way: " I've never seen a prettier black dress in my life. Wish I could have seen her face." . . .

When Vance Jackson awakened, he peered obliquely across the cabin and then sat up, rubbing his eyes.

" What the devil," he demanded, " are you doing? "

Randolph Roberts gave a bright green tie an added fillip and smiled sweetly and disarmingly.

" Dressing," he said. " Dressing for breakfast."

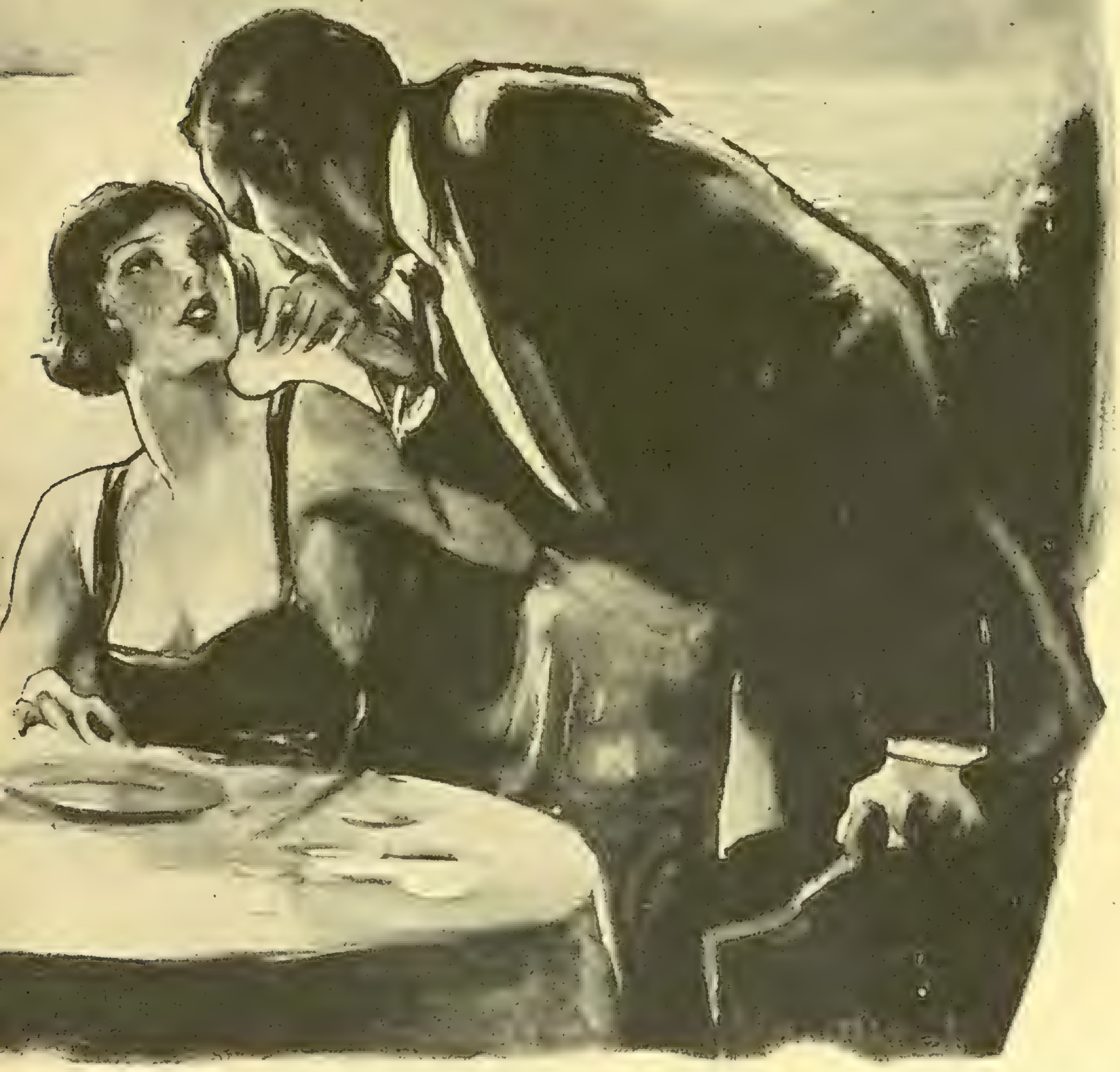
Jackson yawned mightily. He heaved back the covers and swung his legs over the bedside.

" Wait for baby," he said. . . .

Blue Moon

By ODGERS T. GURNEE

Illustrations by DELOS PALMER



He raised Anne's hand to his lips. "It's an inspiration," he said. "Anne dear, will you marry me?"

As time wore on and both Mr. Roberts and Mr. Jackson had consumed twice their ordinary breakfast, it appeared that the young ladies might not share the American gentlemen's enthusiasm for the matutinal meal.

"If we don't get out of here soon," said Mr. Roberts to Mr. Jackson, "they'll start serving lunch."

Mr. Jackson wigwagged the steward.

"The young ladies?" he said with a rising inflection. "They have not breakfasted."

The steward shrugged. "It is possible the young ladies ordered something sent to their cabin."

Mr. Jackson was kicking back his chair. "Let's hit the deck," he said.

DOZING in a deck chair some hours later, Mr. Jackson noted that his watch said one o'clock and that the red-haired Roberts was coming up on a long tack off his port bow.

Mr. Roberts luffed into the wind and moored in the adjoining chair.

"How about a little lunch?" he said tentatively.

"After that triple-plated breakfast I don't care if I never see food."

The red head relaxed against the cushions. The Roberts voice issued from it in an elaborately casual drawl.

"By the way," it said, "I've found out about those two girls. Name's Donaldson. Sisters. One's Julie, other's Anne. Born in Skaneateles, New York, and they're on the way home after teaching school in Manila. Oldest one's Julie; she's twenty-five—"

"Where'd you get all that information, Mr. Baedeker?"

"Eh?" The Roberts grin expanded and tipped the ends of his ears. "Oh, that. Why, I just met them down in the dining salon—luncheon, y' know."

Mr. Jackson sat up. His voice sounded like a file cleaving through sheet steel.

"You pink-skulled snake in the grass!" he said. "Do you mean to tell me—"

The snake in the grass raised a languid hand.

"Please," he said. "I took the liberty of ordering for both of us. They're waiting—"

He was interrupted by an abrupt movement. Mr. Jackson was afoot and moving rapidly toward the nearest companionway.

His voice came back over one shoulder. "Come on, you mug. I'm starved."

IT was one of the nicest luncheons Mr. Roberts and Mr. Jackson had ever participated in, and one of the longest.

It held forth over an extended period in the dining salon and then progressed in easy stages through the smoking room to what the Neapolitan owners fondly believed was a typical American cocktail bar—and it wound up on deck.

By which time last names had been tossed overboard and the Misses Donaldson were just Julie and Anne and the Messrs. Jackson and Roberts were Vance and Randy. Also, by some process—possibly gravitation—Vance was spending much of his time in earnest conversation with Julie, and Randy was very busily engaged in an animated tête-à-tête with Anne. After that time didn't matter a great deal. It was five days to Aden, but none of them paid much attention; certainly none of them cared.

At Suez they rushed by train to Cairo for a magic night under the desert moon and then rushed back to pick up the ship again at Port Said.

It was the night after they first steamed out upon the Mediterranean, heading home for Naples, that Vance and Julie disappeared inexplicably. That left Randy and Anne alone upon the after deck, peering down upon the taffrail log as it spun in the tumbling wake.

Hunched that way on the rail, they watched in silence for a long time. Then Anne laughed.

"It's been fun, hasn't it?"

Randy matched the laugh.

"It sure has." He looked over her shoulder at a rich moon that seemed to drip silver across the waves, and he smiled. "You know, Anne, once in a blue moon a fellow meets a girl like you—"

"What do you mean?"

“Oh, you know—a pal—a good egg. What I mean is—half the girls you meet get goofy and think you're making passes at their virtue, and the other half get goofier and think you want to marry them. You hardly ever meet one that's regular and just laughs and says ‘It's all in fun.' See what I mean?”

Anne had backed away from the rail. She didn't answer for a while and then when she did she laughed first—a tinkling, brittle, ice-in-a-bottle laugh.

“Yes,” she said. “I see.”

She leaned on the rail again, watching the sea churn away into the distance. “Once in a blue moon.”

She flicked a cigarette far into the wake.

“I think I'll turn in.”

“Why, Anne, the night's only a pup.”

“And I,” she said, “have a million things to do.” She looked at him. “Do you realize, Randy, that soon we'll be in Naples—and that Naples is the end of the voyage?”

AND now they were standing on the pier at Naples. Only this time Randy was talking to Julie and, some yards away, Vance was talking to Anne.

“What's she mean Naples is the end of the voyage?” Randy was asking.

“Well, you see,” Julie explained across the trunk top, “we hadn't expected to rush right home as you said you were. We sort of planned to cross over to Vienna and then go to Paris and sail later from England.”

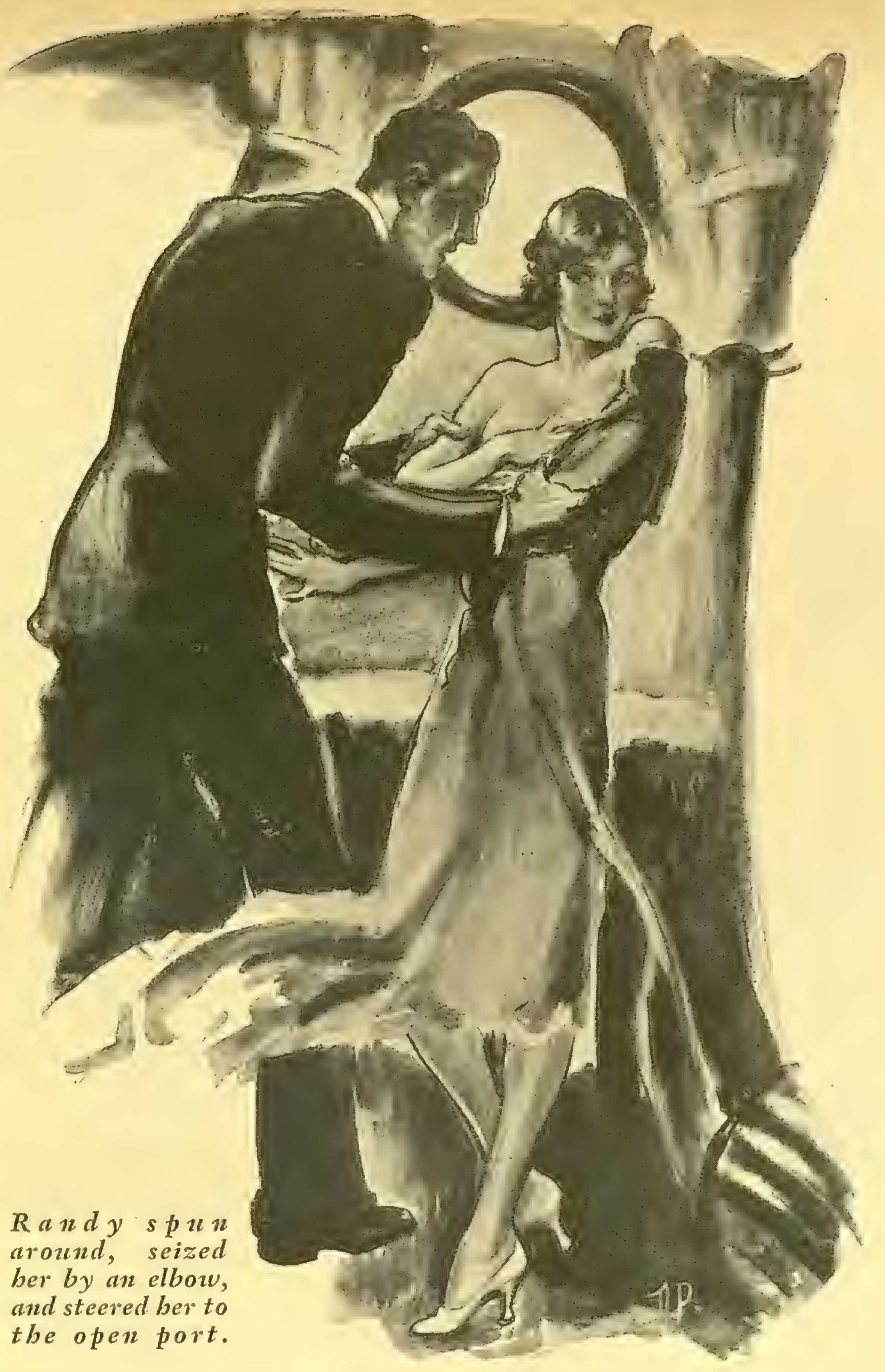
The dark bulk of Vance Jackson impinged upon their privacy. Mr. Jackson was beaming.

“'S all set,” he announced. “In the bag. We're going to find a good hotel and deposit the fair ones. Then we'll all put on our Sunday clothes and eat the best damned dinner in Napoli.”

With one hand he summoned a porter. With the other he gathered Julie to himself and led the way.

Anne hooked an arm through the crook of Randy's elbow.

“This will be fun too,” she said.



Randy spun around, seized her by an elbow, and steered her to the open port.

It was fun. They sat on a wide piazza, looking down on the city, blue and silver in the darkness.

They ate slowly, talked a great deal and laughed a lot.

And finally they got down to the last liqueur, and Anne raised her glass.

“Journey's end,” she said softly.

Randy raised his glass too, but Vance spoke first.

“In lovers meeting,” he said, and winked across the table at Julie. “Shall we tell them?”

Julie nodded.

“We're going to be married,” said Vance solemnly.

“He's going to Vienna with us and then we'll get married in Paris and sail from Cherbourg,” Julie interposed.

She swung swiftly to Randy and dropped a hand on his arm, but she spoke to Anne:

“It would be a swell idea if you two kids got married too—we could make it a foursome.”

Randy knew his arm was stiffening defensively under Julie's touch. He tried not to stutter.

“Why, I never thought of that!”

He turned toward Anne.

She was regarding him with what he hoped wasn't a slightly malicious smile, because he had to admit she was very, very lovely to look upon.

“Darling,” she said to Julie, “you might just as well have used a shotgun. Give the man a chance to ask me.”

Randy leaped into the breach.

“It's more than a good idea—it's an inspiration,” he said. “Anne dear, will you marry me?”

And Anne said yes.

It was late when Vance and Randy reached their quarters.

Vance poured two drinks.

“Here,” he said, “is everlasting bliss.” He downed his, slapped the Roberts back, and sat on his bed. “We're in luck, boy.”

Randy swallowed his drink without comment, but the ebullient Mr. Jackson was beyond noticing that.

“I never thought I'd fall in love,” he said, baying at the moon. “And now to think it should happen on the way home from that God-forsaken job!”

Randy ran nervous fingers through his hair. “Yeah,” he said, “that's just it.”

“What?”

“Nothing.” Randy snapped off the word and went out on the little balcony. He stood, gripping the rail.

“She's the finest girl you've ever met; she's beautiful, smart, regular, sweet. You'd get along damned well—you're probably nuts about her—you *are* nuts about her—”

He banged his right hand against the rail.

“You don't want to get married yet. You're young and life is long. There are thousands of things you've always wanted to do. You can't do them if you tie yourself down. It wouldn't be fair to her to live a lie—"

He banged both fists on the rail.

"Oh, hell!" he said and went into the room.

Vance Jackson was sleeping soundly, his face illumined by a beatific smile. Randy sat down in a chair and lighted a cigarette.

Pink dawn burgeoned and Mr. Jackson slept on. Randy Roberts still was seated in the rickety chair surrounded by heaps of cigarette butts and an aura of gloom.

Then dawn went on about its business and full day bloomed.

Mr. Jackson was still dead to the world. Randy lifted a telephone, called a number, and spoke cautiously.

"Have you a boat leaving for New York today?" he asked.

A pause.

"Eleven o'clock. . . . I can go aboard at nine. Thank you. Put me on it."

He gave his name and hung up.

Then he wrote a note.

My dear Vance [it said]: This is probably the most thoroughly rotten thing I've ever done in my life, but I can't help it. I simply can't go through with this foursome thing and I'm lamming for home. Tell Anne something—anything to square me if you can. I like her a lot. She's the finest kid I ever met, and maybe a year from now I'll kick myself, but there's too much else on the books, or something. If I married her now I'd make a mess of it. Good luck to you and Julie and happy days.

He laid it gingerly across the Jackson linen, packed his bags hurriedly, and departed. . . .

It was stuffy in the cabin, but a distraught Mr. Roberts clung to its shelter until long after the boat had cleared. Then he arose, bathed, shaved, changed, and sighed deeply.

He was free but he wasn't happy. He had discovered a conscience.

"Well," he philosophized, "a man has to eat." So he made his way slowly to the lower reaches.

FROM the dinner table he repaired to the smoke room and read a month-old magazine from cover to cover. Then he had a drink and decided to brave the deck.

A turn of the promenade convinced him it was much too crowded. He tried the lower levels and came to rest finally on the after rail above the well that cut off first and second class.

He was debating whether or not to cable Vance and find out what Anne had said.

"Guess I'll try it," he said, and wheeled to climb upward again. At the top of the companionway he came in violent contact with someone else.

"Oh!" he said. "Sorry." And then backed a step and gasped. It was Anne Donaldson.

They stared at one another for what, to Mr. Roberts, was an acutely disturbing interval.

Anne recovered first. She smiled sweetly. "You shouldn't have come, Randy. I can get along beautifully, and there's really nothing you could do. I told Julie not to let you know until the boat sailed, because I was afraid you'd do this very thing."

"Yes," said Randy, trying not to look dazed. "Or, that is, no. I mean—what the dickens are you talking about?"

Her eyes widened in surprise.

"Didn't Julie tell you?"

He shook his head. "I didn't see Julie."

"Why, she was to tell you about it. It's our Aunt Anne, the one I'm named for. She's very, very low. One of us had to rush right home, so we flipped a nickel and I lost."

She looked so tragic, so pathetically alone.

Randy drew her to him. "Don't worry, honey. I'll take you to her."

She stiffened and thrust away. "But if you didn't know about it, why are you on the boat?"

"Oh!" he said. "Yes, that's the funny part of it." He stopped and looked at her sharply. "You didn't see Vance, then?"

"I had to leave too quickly."

Randy had to say something, and that with celerity. He cleared his throat.

"You see, Anne," he explained, "the home office is in a bad jam at Washington, something about diplo-

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has . . . .
"Pink tooth brush"!

SHE couldn't imagine doing without sheer silk stockings. But to the loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even to the soundness of your teeth.

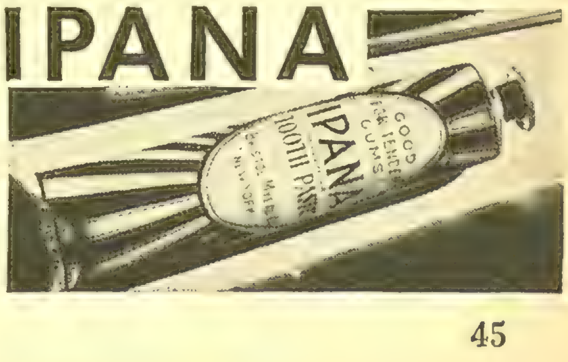
Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter—"pink tooth brush" will depart.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-332, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.

IPANA



matic relations involved in leases at Sumatra, and I'm the only one who's been there recently. So early this morning I got a cable ordering me to drop everything and rush right back to New York."

He patted her hand tentatively.

"It meant so much for the future to get there quickly—"

She patted his hand too.

"At any rate, we're together—and will be for eight days before these outside obligations separate us."

Randy's cabin mate was snoring when he came in, so he turned his back on the precarious comforts of his bed and went up and collapsed in a deck chair.

"Eight days." He essayed a laugh and it sounded like a man down a well. "Randy fella, the joke's on you." He started to feel sorry for himself and ended by feeling sorry for Anne.

"The poor kid," he said. "I've got to do everything possible to keep her cheered up."

The cheering process was difficult. Much of the time there was no one to cheer because Anne stayed in her cabin.

"I'm upset about auntie," she told him through the crack of the door the first day; and as the knots strung out behind the homing steamer other major considerations kept her cabin-bound. If it was a bright day the glare made her head ache. If the sky was overcast the dampness gave her a chill.

By the fifth day Randy Roberts was talking to himself.

"I think she knows the truth," he muttered darkly. "She's doing this just to pay me back." He kicked himself viciously on the tibia. "Well, you fool, you deserve it."

He glared at a life raft and waved an arm.

"Anybody," he said, "anybody who'd walk out on a swell girl like that ought to be hung—hanged—drawn and quartered and boiled in oil."

HE stomped down to his cabin. The room steward blocked his way. "Radio for you, sir. Just a moment."

He vanished down the corridor, to reappear shortly with the message. Randy held it under one of the dim ceiling lights and read it:

> Married and happy. Hope you are the same. JULIE and VANCE.

Anne opened her door a full six inches when he knocked. He thrust the message through the crack.

"I know," she said. "I got one too." And then, almost as an afterthought, "I hope they are happy."

Randy put his foot in the door and the message in his pocket.

"Are you dressed?" he demanded.

What he could see of her face appeared startled.

"Practically," she answered.

He heaved against the door. "Okay, I'm coming in."

"No," she said grimly.

"Yes," he said definitely. And he did.

Anne made clutching motions and Randy walked to the porthole until she had achieved the protection of a robe. Then he spun around, seized her by an elbow, and steered her to the open port.

He began to talk, quickly and to the point.

"I lied," he said. "The office didn't cable me to come. I was trying to run out, run away. I thought I didn't want to marry you—didn't want to marry anybody at all. So I left a note for Vance and sneaked aboard this boat."

He dropped her arm and made the door in two steps. Holding it open, he turned back.

"I know what you think of me. It was a rotten thing to do, but I had to tell you because now I know I'm in love with you."

He slammed the door and sped for the dark cover of the deck.

Eventually he came to rest on the after rail, looking down the long moonlit path where the log was spinning.

SOMETHING slid along the rail and fell softly on his arm. It was a hand. It was Anne's hand.

"I thought," she said, "that if I waited here you'd come. I wanted to tell you that I haven't any Aunt Anne."

She stopped there and looked at him; but it was some time before Randy could say anything.

"Then why—"

She smiled. "Well, you see, I was trying to run away. I thought I I didn't want to marry you—or anyone else. There seemed so many things I'd always wanted to do—"

That was as far as she got, because her head was buried in the folds of Mr. Roberts' nice tweed suit somewhere just about the neckline and Mr. Roberts was saying:

"We'll do them together."

And she said something that sounded like "Swell," and then she pushed into the clear and clapped her hands and said "Look!" and pointed.

"I don't see anything," said Randy, "except you."

"The moon," she insisted.

"It's a very nice one," he agreed.

Anne laughed, and this time it didn't sound a bit like ice in a bottle. "Silly," she said, "take a good look—I swear it's a blue moon."

"Once in a blue moon." They said it together, and then Randy pulled the crumpled radiogram out of his pocket.

"'Married and happy. Hope you are the same,' he read. Then with a pencil he crossed out "Julie and Vance" and wrote "Anne and Randy."

"Got to send this right off," he said.

"But," Anne protested, "we aren't married yet."

Mr. Roberts dropped his fiery thatch on one of the Donaldson shoulders and whispered into the Donaldson ear. What he said was:

"We will be as soon as we can wake up the captain."

THE END

SON: Aw gee, my throat's so sore, I can hardly swallow.

MOTHER: Here, sonny, I'll rub on Children's Musterole. You'll feel fine in the morning, because it's a "counter-irritant."

SON: What's a "counter-irritant," mother?

MOTHER: Dr. Martin said it's fine for sore throat because it penetrates and draws out soreness and infection.

CHILD'S THROAT SORE?

Mothers . . . here's wonderful, safe relief!

● Rub on Children's Musterole the minute a child gets sore throat. This pure, white ointment is just good old Musterole, in milder form, bringing ease in 5 minutes—relief in 5 hours. Used by millions, recommended by doctors and nurses—Musterole is a blend of mustard, camphor, menthol, and other valuable ingredients. It gets results, because it is NOT just a salve. *It's a counter-irritant!* It penetrates. It draws out soreness, pain and infection; convenient to use on babies and small children. Keep full strength Musterole handy for adults, the milder Children's Musterole for little folks. All druggists'.

CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MILD

Discipline *or* Disaster

Sergeant Halyburton's Side Kick Answers Germany's Official Reply to His "Shoot and Be Damned!"

By CHARLES A. GEOGHEGAN

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

IT was about 3 A. M. when Sergeant Halyburton and the writer, tossing in their bunks, were shocked into wakefulness as a fellow prisoner, Sergeant Butler of the Fifth Marines, burst in panting: " For God's sake, get up! There's hell to pay! "

This was in the German prison camp at Rastatt. The Armistice was in effect. The German revolution was seemingly accomplished. The German guards were cowed and ineffectual. The troops of the German armies, being evacuated back to their home bases, were seething with hatred. " Wait ten years! " was their slogan as they marched right past the prison camp. Most of our own boys were deeply conscious of the wrongs they had endured during their trek from the front lines back to the main prison camp. The starvation, the third degrees, the spits in the face from German civilians both male and female, were engraved on their minds. The thoughts of slain brothers (my own brother was killed in France) and of comrades in arms killed or wounded could never be eradicated.

CHARLES A. GEOGHEGAN

who figured in "Shoot and Be Damned!" under his own name, was Sergeant Halyburton's right-hand man at both Tuchel and Rastatt. He now lives in New York. Germany's official reply to Halyburton, by Lieutenant Colonel Fonck, appeared in Liberty for December 24.

It certainly was nice dry dynamite, awaiting just a spark to explode and, most likely, nullify the Armistice—and end in a massacre of us all. There was only one thing to be done: mount our own guard and repeal all permissions to leave camp. And that is just what we did. It was discipline or disaster.

For these and no other reasons, Colonel Fonck, did we request Fr. Jos. Meyer to coöperate with us by revoking general permission to go outside the camp, and investing in us the power to grant necessary exceptions.

We were always willing to give credit for humane privileges extended by individual Germans. That is why we were glad to advise Fr. Meyer, the commandant, that Rastatt was the best camp in which we had been incarcerated in Germany. I wonder why he neglected to mention the deplorable conditions under which our comrades at Rastatt were existing when we arrived there from Tuchel.

Even he will not forget how Halyburton and myself, with Sergeant Harrison of the Thirtieth Infantry, were taken out without official notice and sent to the punishment camp at Heuberg. This is what led up to it: Captain Hans von Tauscher from headquarters in Berlin breezed in one day " to help the Americans." One of the best ways would be to print an American newspaper, and oh, boy! the first issue would contain the results of the 1918 World's Series. There would be no propaganda, none at all. Had we ever received any ill treatment? It was the accursed English who had said that the Germans had crucified two Canadian prisoners of war! Could we believe that?

Although we had never witnessed such an atrocity, we asked the captain if he had ever heard of Tuchel, in West Prussia. Thereupon we told him not only what Halyburton has written about, but several things that Ed's collaborator probably deleted as unprintable. We parted with the understanding, on our side, that should the newspaper contain any propaganda we would destroy all the copies that entered our camp.

Well, the papers arrived, and right on the front page was some glaring propaganda, a cartoon. 'Nuff said! We destroyed all the copies, and that afternoon Haly and I heard that we were slated to be hanged.

After deliberation we figured that if we should escape, the reprisals would cost all the others untold hardships, so we decided to wait and see it through. In due course we were taken out, by night, to Heuberg.

At Tuchel, Colonel Fonck states, " Mr. Enderis (Associated Press) found the American prisoners well and in good spirits, emphasizing the good treatment accorded them." If Mr. Guido Enderis made that statement, he made it with his tongue in his cheek. We told him plainly that we would rather be shot than continue to live under such conditions. Every one of those boys he saw was considerably under weight from starvation, and many had dysentery. If any one of them were seen in a bread line now, he would be rushed to an emergency hospital.

Colonel Fonck himself states that American prisoners' " leather boots were taken from them to be stored away in their own interest." Why, then, were the boots donned by the taker or sent home to his family? Did the German government ever return any American shoes?

CONRAD HOFFMAN of the Y. M. C. A. is mistaken if he said we made no complaints. I wonder what Conrad meant in his book when he said, " The treatment of the prisoners of war in Germany was as good as could be expected under the prevalent conditions." If he meant conditions all over Germany, then why was the general treatment at Rastatt a thousand times better than at Tuchel? Mr. Hoffman did good work. However, if he made the statement Colonel Fonck quoted, then for once he talked through his hat.

The only break we ever got from a German in Tuchel was when old Captain von Klitzing came as translator. He did all he could to ameliorate conditions. But what could a frail man of seventy, whose children were English citizens, accomplish against General von Kalckreuth?

We received one other break in Tuchel, but it was due solely to the coöperation of the Russian and American doctors in the camp hospital. It concerned the nutty sergeant known to readers of Shoot and Be Damned! as Bud Briggs. It saved him from death or a German asylum.

And now as to Hoyt Decker of the Sixteenth Infantry and the yanking out of his eye. I was not there. However, every man from his outfit who accompanied him swore they witnessed that action. Consequently I take their word for it. I could elaborate on outrages that *were* committed in my presence; but what is to be gained?

In closing, I wish to state that I have heard of instances wherein German prisoners of war received similar treatment to ours at certain Allied prison camps, *but never at American hands.*

THE END

$250 DINKY CONTEST

Second Week's Prize Winners and Another Chance to Win a Cash Award Yourself

64 CASH PRIZES AGAIN OFFERED FOR EASY-TO-WRITE RHYMES

THIS week Liberty again offers $250 in cash prizes to be distributed among the sixty-four of its readers who submit the best Dinky Contest entries. Why don't you claim a share of this easy money for your own? Your chance to win is excellent. You have the same opportunity to score as has any other entrant. It's a fair field and no favors. If you enter you may win the $50 First Prize!

What is a Dinky? Well, the four prize winners printed at the right should give you the general idea. There are few technicalities. A Dinky consists of eight words. They are arranged in four two-word lines. The second and last lines rhyme. The Dinky expresses a complete episode, story, or thought, just as did the rhymes in Liberty's famous Limerick contests. That's all there is to it. Simple, isn't it? Write yours now while you think of it and submit it in accordance with the brief rules below.

At the right are listed the names of the winners of each of the sixty-four prizes offered in the issue of February 4. If you entered the Dinky Contest that week and do not find your name here, by all means try again this week. This may be your opportunity to score, and in the big money at that! Here's the best o' luck to you!

A DINKY YOU WRITE MAY WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES THIS WEEK!

First Prize	**$50**
Second Prize	**25**
Third Prize	**15**
Fourth Prize	**10**
Ten Prizes, $5 Each .	**50**
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	**100**
Total Prize Money . .	**$250**

DINKY CONTEST RULES

Each Dinky must consist of four lines of two words each. The second and fourth lines must rhyme.

Each Dinky must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The Dinky which most entertainingly condenses the most complete story within its eight words and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as described above, will be adjudged the best.

For the best entry submitted each week, until further notice, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for the third best, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5; and for the next fifty, $2 each will be paid.

Address all entries to DINKY CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This week's contest closes Monday, March 20. Mail your entry in good season.

NEXT WEEK AN ENTIRELY NEW TYPE OF CONTEST!

Next week Liberty will present a new idea in contests that we believe every contest fan and every casual competitor will find tremendously interesting. It promises to furnish a wealth of fun for everyone, in addition to the prize awards. Full particulars next week. Watch for them!

HERE ARE THE FEB. 4 WINNERS

$50 FIRST PRIZE

CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Atlantic City, N. J.

Swimming trunks
Too spacious.
Sudden wave—
"Oh, gracious!"

$25 SECOND PRIZE

W. A. HILL, Anderson, Ind.

Bum actor.
Tough lad.
Aim good.
Egg bad!

$15 THIRD PRIZE

MRS. HELEN P. KILDAY,
Huntington Park, Calif.

Peddler fresh
Selling paint.
Bulldog in.
Peddler ain't.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

C. A. KOOP, St. Joseph, Mo.

Two lovers.
One preacher.
One year.
One screecher.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Elwin M. Card, East Syracuse, N. Y.; M. G. Claflin, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Benjamin Faucett, Georgetown, Del.; R. D. Francis, Washington, D. C.; Phyllis A. Harrington, Detroit, Mich.; T. R. Moats, Ashland, Ky.; Robert McSweeney, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; T. L. Parker, Wibaux, Mont.; Mrs. R. R. Rockafield, West Allis, Wis.; N. H. Tate, Richmond, Va.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

L. L. Beamer, Tyler, Texas; G. Beck, Indianapolis, Ind.; Arthur Bonts, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. Sherman Brookes-Brainard, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. J. Donald Caskey, Baltimore, Md.; Mary Chandler, Bowling Green, Ky.; Mrs. T. C. Coulter, Memphis, Tenn.; William R. Courter, Belleville, N. J.; William J. Cuff, Baltimore, Md.; Harry E. Daer, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Fred Delavan, Ambler, Pa.; Mrs. J. Donohue, Baltimore, Md.; J. W. Drayer, Winchester, Ky.; E. J. Esola, Richmond, Calif.; Dorothy Fitzgerald, Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; H. H. Hall, Yankton, S. D.

Mrs. Minnie Harris, Charlotte, N. C.; Harleigh H. Hartman, Washington, D. C.; Laura Henninger, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. J. R. Irwin, Pueblo, Colo.; Jeannette Jackson, Birmingham, Ala.; W. C. Jewett, Cincinnati, Ohio; T. L. Johnston, Hepworth, Ont.; Anna Kernan, York, Pa.; O. G. Killian, Wapakoneta, Ohio; Nora King, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. H. J. Kleinrichert, South Bend, Ind.; Harold W. Lamson, Lincoln, Neb.; Frederick C. LaWall, Jr., Manoa, Pa.; Walter Longa, New Haven, Conn.; Betty McDonald, Vancouver, B. C.; H. Martin, East Haven, Conn.

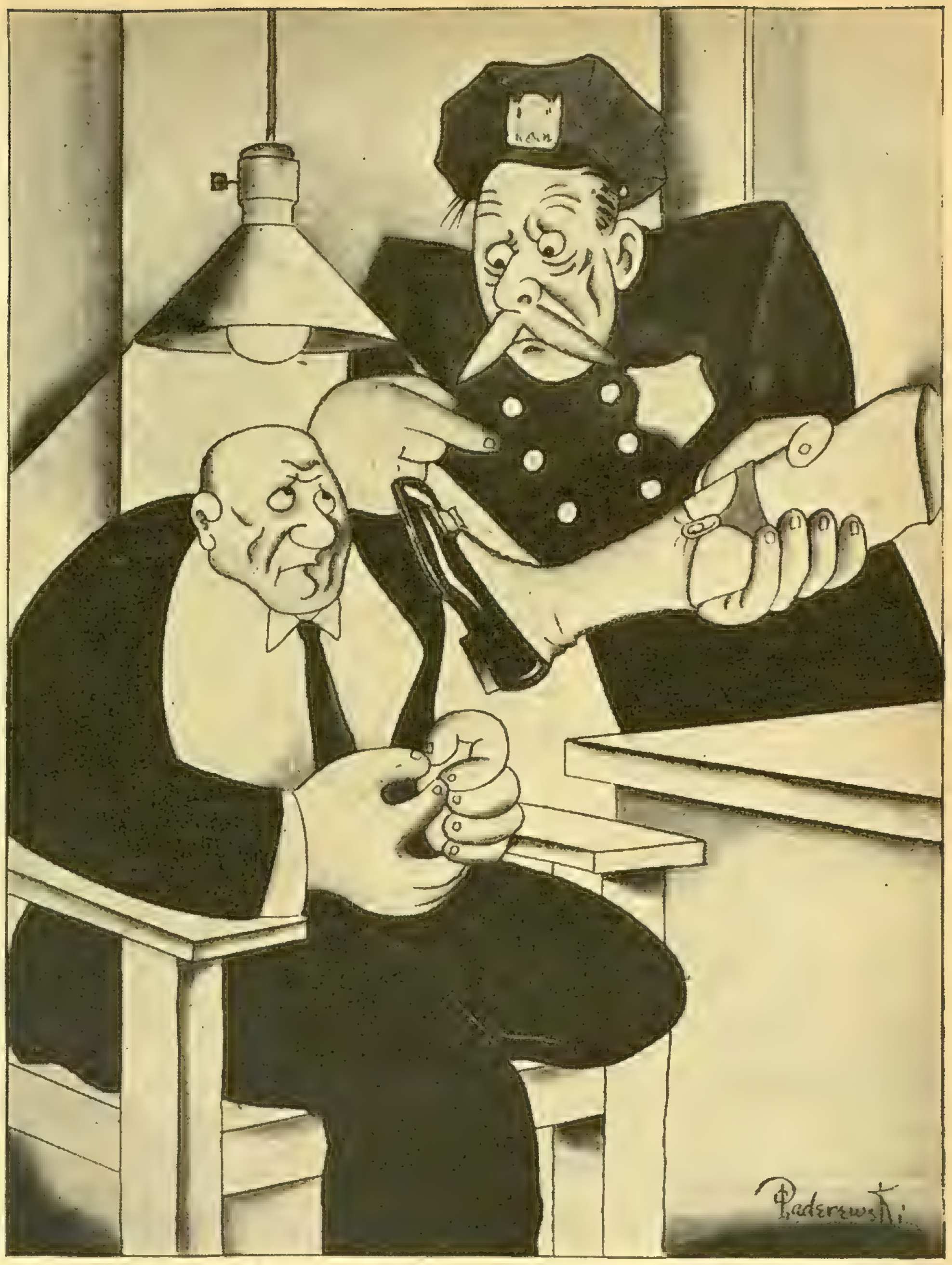
Mrs. D. Mather, New Brighton, N. Y.; Frieda Meinecke, Springfield, Ill.; Walter D. Pahl, Parkersburg, W. Va.; F. E. Parmerter, Florida, N. Y.; Mrs. M. Reisman, New York, N. Y.; Clarence Rose, Alameda, Calif.; W. B. Rose, Wadesboro, N. C.; A. S. Rudesill, Cadott, Wis.; Mary L. Russell, Wallingford, Pa.; Floyd I. Sandlin, Cincinnati, Ohio; Jerome Schaffer, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Mrs. J. E. Spillman, Albuquerque, N. M.; A. S. Tod, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. Clyde Webster, Meeteetse, Wyo.; H. E. Willson, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Moorhead Wright, Little Rock, Ark; Dick York, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Thomas Zakson, Falmouth, Mass.

Tell-Tale *Clues*

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Picture by
PADEREWSKI



A policeman, approaching him, said, "There is a payment due on an artificial limb bought from us last year."

(Reading time: 6 minutes 5 seconds.)

UNLESS you are very smart and remember all that was taught you in school about how to cover up your tracks after you have committed a crime, you are going to be surprised at some of the things that I am about to write down for you. And I, in turn, shall be surprised if you read them. The average criminal has no idea how careful he has to be in order to keep on being a criminal and not just an ex-. He may think that he is being careful while he is at work, wearing silk gloves and walking on his ankles and all that, but unless he spends as much time looking around for telltale bits of evidence after he commits the crime as he spent in committing it, then he is leaving himself open for a terrible panning by *some*one, even if it is only the Chief of Police.

For example, on April 7, 1904, the vault in the Lazybones National Bank and Fiduciary Trust Co. of Illville, Illinois, was blown off, and if there had been anything in there worth taking away, it could easily have been done. As it was, the vault contained nothing but a hundred shares of Goldman Sachs, and the robbers, instead of taking these, added two hundred more shares of their own and made their get-away, leaving the bank stuck with three hundred shares instead of one hundred.

Attracted by the oaths of the safe-crackers as they walked down the street, the police rushed first to the Farmers' and Drovers' Bank, then to the First Congregational Church, and then to the Lazybones National where the explosion had taken place. They found that not only had the front been blown off the vault but the handle to the front door of the bank building was gone. It had evidently been pulled off in pique by one of the robbers when he found that the door would not open as easily as he thought it ought to.

After a thorough investigation of the premises, Captain Louis Mildew of the detective force turned to his aid and said, "If we can find the man who has this door knob in his hand, we shall have the man who cracked the safe." A week later a man was picked up in Zanesville who was carrying a door knob which corresponded in every detail with the one missing from the bank building. In spite of the fact that he claimed that it belonged to him and that he was carrying it to ward off rheumatism, he was arrested and later confessed.

Another case where carelessness on the part of the criminal led to his ultimate arrest and embarrassment is found on the records of police in Right Knee, New Jersey. A puddle-worker had been killed in a fight and his assailant had escaped, evidently several days before the crime was discovered (in fact, the evidence pointed to the killer having escaped several days before the murder, which didn't make sense). On looking over the ground where the body was found, the police discovered a man's wooden leg firmly gripped in the teeth of the dead man.

The name of the makers of the wooden leg, the Peter Pan Novelty Co., was also broadcast.

On the fourth day of the search a policeman saw a one-legged man sitting at a bar and, approaching him in a businesslike manner, said, "I represent the Peter Pan Novelty Co. and there is a payment due on an artificial limb bought from us last year. Could you see your way clear to giving us something at this time?"

The one-legged man immediately bridled and said hotly, "I pay you no more on that leg. It came off when I needed it most, and I haven't even been able to find it since. If you wish, I will put this in the form of a letter of complaint to the company."

"You can put it in the form of testimony before a judge, buddy," said the policeman, turning back his lapel where he had forgotten to pin his badge. "Come along with me."

And so, simply through careless haste in getting away without looking about for incriminating evidence, the man was caught, and had a pretty tough time convincing the jury that he had done the killing in self-defense and to save his sister's honor. It was later found that not only did he have no sister but that she had no honor.

Perhaps the most famous instance of carelessness was the discovery of the abductor of the Sacred White Elephant of Mistick, California. This was an inside job, for

Stop Itching Skin

Clean, soothing Zemo stops itching skin in five seconds — and corrects Eczema, Pimples, Ringworm, and Rashes. The way Zemo brings healing clearness to skin irritations is almost magic, because of its rare ingredients not found in other remedies. All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, $1.25.

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You can't be too careful how you treat corns! Old-time methods are dangerous; they ignore the cause and can't prevent corns coming back. To get absolutely safe, sure, instant relief and have peace of mind—use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. In a few days your corns or callouses will be removed! These thin, soothing, healing pads prevent shoe friction and pressure by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. They keep you rid of corns; heal sore toes overnight; make new or tight shoes comfortable; prevent blisters.

Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning!

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are also made in special sizes and shapes for Callouses, Bunions and soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today—costs but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Made in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet.

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Free Sample Mail coupon to DR. SCHOLL'S, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, for sample of Corn size Zino-pads and booklet on "Care of the Feet".

Name ....

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City.................... *State*.................... L-434

the elephant had been confined in a hut which was several sizes too small for her, making it impossible for anyone to enter from the outside. This much was certain.

The elephant, when it was first discovered in Mistick, had been neither white nor sacred, but was a camp follower of a circus, who had liked the town and stayed behind when the rest moved on. So the town whitewashed her and spread the report about that she was sacred, and used to charge two bits to take a walk around her, once around one way and back around the other.

THE man who had turned the trick was a very wily elephant thief who had been in the business a long time but had never worked in white elephants before. He made all provisions for a quick get-away and, before the loss was discovered, had the prize out of town and well on its way down the coast. What he had neglected to do, however, was to brush off the sleeve of his coat, not realizing that, when frightened, a white elephant gives off a fine dusty powder which settles on the nearest objects and marks them as having been near a white elephant. And so it was that, as the crook was walking along a country road leading his ill-gotten gain, he was accosted by a local constable. Stopping Potts (the thief's name was Potts), he said, "What's that white dust on your coat shoulder?"

"I just left my girl," said Potts.

"Does your girl wear white elephant powder?" asked the constable, very comical. "That's white elephant powder and it's off that elephant."

"What elephant?" said Potts in surprise, looking behind him. "Oh, *that* elephant?"

The thief tried to escape by hiding behind the beast; but the constable could see his legs and feet from the other side and placed him under arrest.

So you will see that it is the little things that count in successful police evasion, and the sooner our criminals realize this the fewer humiliating arrests there will be.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS
JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
BALTIMORE MD
MURDERERS GENERALLY SLIP STOP
WATSONS MISTAKE WAS IN CLOSING
WINDOW AFTER PUSHING ROGERS OUT
STOP HAD ROGERS REALLY COMMITTED
SUICIDE WICKERSHAM WOULD OF
COURSE HAVE FOUND WINDOW OPEN
STOP THANKS FOR COOPERATION
JOHN J FAHEY

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Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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TO THE LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 56 sec.)

CALLING on Lupe Velez, I found her rooms afflicted by that frantic upheaval known as moving day. I saw half-packed trunks, furniture tumbled every which way, an Alpine heap of shoes in the middle of the floor.

"So you're moving into a new apartment," said I to Lupe.

"Yes, yes," she answered. "But maybe I don't. Maybe I stay here after all."

There you are. That's Lupe Velez, the wild star from Mexico. As temperamental as a jumping bean. But not about money. When that Hollywood bank blew up, washing out so many movie stars, she lost just $4.95.

"And they've got to pay it back," she told me stormily.

Now she keeps all her savings in a deposit box. All in hard cash—no stocks or bonds. "Let the brokers gamble with their own money," she says. "I gambled once at Caliente. I lost three hundred dollars. I cried so hard that my friends chipped in and gave me three hundred to shut me up. But it didn't shut me up. I couldn't help thinking that with their three hundred I would have had six hundred if I hadn't lost three hundred in the first place!"

Lupe Velez

Was she a terrible child! You should see the scars she bears to this day. Got them fighting little Mexican boys who threw stones. So did she throw stones. Her folks used to call her the "little lawyer" because she was always arguing and fighting. Her real name is Guadalupe Villalobos de Velez. She's twenty-three.

"Why should I marry?" she wants to know. "I earn my own money, and I keep it. I am never afraid of being alone except when I read murder stories. Then I telephone, quick, for company."

Clothes are her passion—shoes especially. I never saw a girl with so many shoes. One hundred and thirty-five pairs, to be exact. And a dozen fur coats, including three ermine ones. Lupe *de luxe!*

I AM always interested in the reasons men give when they explain why they need women. An item of current gossip has brought me something new along this line. It concerns a popular musician, his success, and his wife.

Fame has come to him quite recently. He has had his wife much longer. Last year, while his professional triumph was reaching its first full flower, he quarreled with his wife so constantly that they decided to part. They parted. The next few months plunged him deep into worry. Troubles beset him, both fiscal and feminine. This year he went to his wife, begged her to be reconciled. His mode of appeal is what interests me.

"Success will be my ruin," he said, "unless you come back and keep me from making a fool of myself. Money and flattery are too much for me! I lose my head. You are the only one who worked and struggled with me before I arrived. You are the only woman who knows what a fool I really am. I need you more than ever now."

Thoroughly selfish, you may say; thoroughly wise, you must admit. Back she has gone to him, and I hear she's as happy as any popular musician's wife can expect to be.

IT was pleasant to find a leaf of sweet geranium in my finger bowl at a recent dinner party. Much nicer, I thought, than these newfangled glass frogs, fishes, or artificial flowers. My hostess told me that she grows the sweet geranium on a window shelf in her apartment. For the same purpose—and for variety—she also has a pot of fresh mint, and one of scented verbena. They are easy to grow, she tells me.

I heartily recommend this old-fashioned custom. Your guests will like the delicate fragrance that comes when they crush the green leaves in your finger bowls.

WE were talking of the absent-minded things that people do. Each of the following things had been done by some one of us. How about you? Have you ever— Turned on the lights to see if the lights were out?

Jumped into your bath with your undies on?

Called your own phone number when calling someone else?

Written your own address on a letter to someone else?

Introduced another person by your own name instead of theirs?

Put a cake to bake in your ice box, a pudding to cool in the oven?

Put shaving cream on your toothbrush? Toothpaste on your shaving brush?

Spied yourself in a mirror and wondered who it was?

Thrown away the chewing gum and started to chew the paper wrapper?

Tell us *your* mental lapses.

DON'T know *when* I have seen the modern marriage-and-divorce question handled as valuably as it is by Bertrand Collins in his new novel, Moon in the West. He shows you, through the most entertaining scenes, how hard and how skillfully a French family will fight to preserve the union of its marriages—even when intermarried with divorce-chasing American millionaires. (Published by Liveright.)

READERS have been asking for new canape ideas. Here are two. Men are particularly fond of this one:

To 1 tablespoon bottled horseradish, well drained, add ¼ teaspoon dry mustard and 2 tablespoons butter. Mix until smooth. Spread on rounds of pumpernickel bread. On top of each lay two small strips of anchovy.

Here's the other canapé:

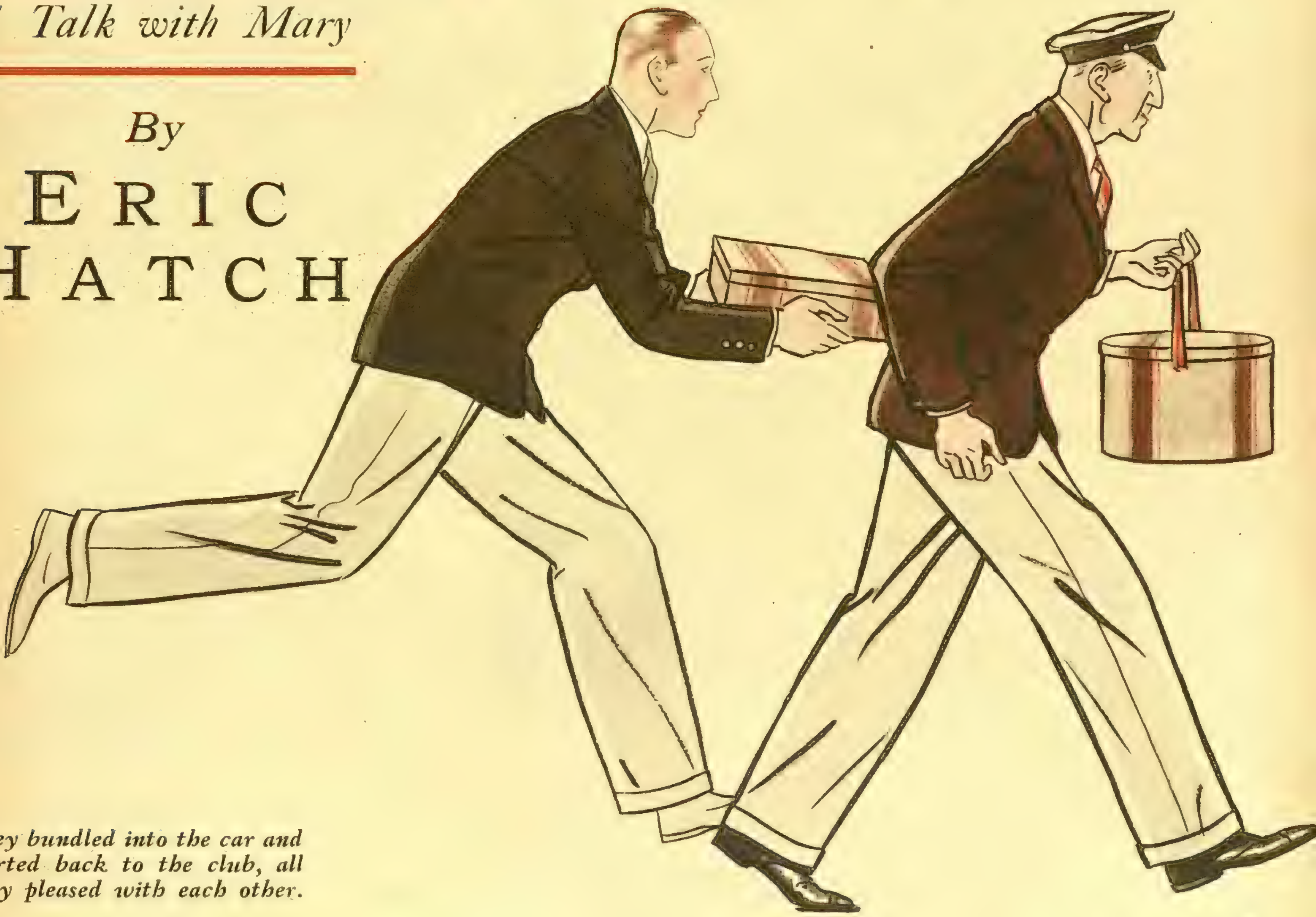
Use small rounds of rye bread. Mix smooth the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon mayonnaise, 1½ tablespoons deviled ham or deviled tongue. Spread on the bread rounds, top with ring slices of egg white, sprinkle with paprika.

FIVE

Just Two Robin Hoods—The Uninvited Guests—Startling News—A Talk with Mary

By

ERIC HATCH



They bundled into the car and started back to the club, all very pleased with each other.

(Reading time: 27 minutes 5 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the hilarious adventures of Beadle Preece and a group aboard a stolen yacht. Preece, about to hang himself when Milton Sands, his broker, tells him that his fortune has been lost in Wall Street, meets up with Swazey, a burglar, and they take Sands' boat. Then they add to the crew Mary Winlock, a girl from a shanty scow, Harris Payton, husband of a wealthy woman, Bishop Hartley, and Carlotta Townsend, who has hated Beadle all her life. They attend the Harvard-Yale regatta and then start for Newport where they intend to impose on all the people Beadle, Payton, and Carlotta have despised. On their arrival they find that Mary has no proper clothes and so burglarize an exclusive gown shop. The bishop, Beadle, and Payton decide to look over the owner's books while Carlotta fits out Mary.

PART SIX—THE NEWPORT BALL

ALL books which should have been in a safe were not, because Thoren had been treated so well by his gods that he had, as time went on, grown overconfident in them. The books lay in plain sight on a mahogany desk.

Beadle said: "This makes me think of when I was at Westminster. I wanted awfully once to get a week-end on credits, and I almost had it when one of the mug masters gave me a demerit. It would've killed the week-end, but another guy and I sneaked down into the faculty room that night and pried open the drawer where the masters put the slips with the demerits. We got mine out; then we looked over the list and rubbed out all the demerits of the guys we liked and added a lot more to the guys we didn't."

Payton looked around and smiled.

"I did that at Westminster ten years before you did, Beadle. Did you get your week-end?"

Beadle nodded.

"How was it?"

"Swell! I wanted to go to the United Hunts races."

"I got mine too," mused Payton. "It wasn't so hot. I think I'd rather have kept the demerits."

"What happened?"

"I went to Chicago to a dance"—Payton was absent-mindedly turning the leaves of the ledger—"and I met Jane."

He looked down at the page in front of him, still absent-mindedly. Then he bent his head quickly and wasn't absent-minded any more.

"Holy Mike!" he said. "Look at this!"

Payton's finger was marking a line in the ledger. It read:

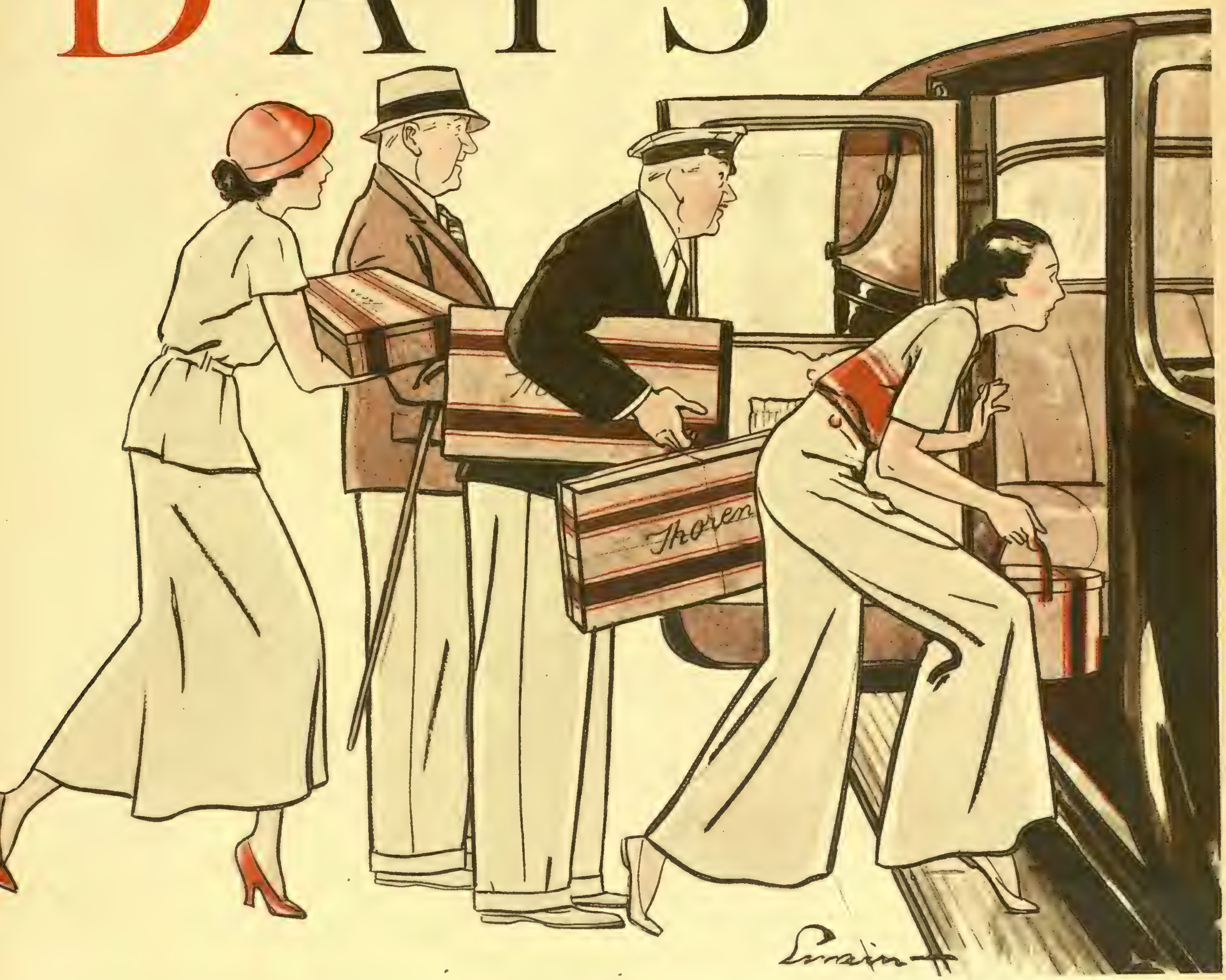
Mrs. Harris Payton $3,000.00
Paid June 20, 1932.

"Beadle honey! Mr. *Pay*-ton!"

Payton turned away from the ledger and looked through the doorway of the office. He saw Mary. She was in an evening gown—a cloth-of-gold evening gown.

DAYS

Illustrations by
F. W. Swain



He saw that she was begging for approval and he realized she'd probably never had an evening gown. He caught Beadle's eye.

"On the strength of these books," he said, "Mary can afford the works!"

"Just a Robin Hood, aren't you?" said Beadle.

They walked back into the show room, where Mary was prancing for the bishop.

Beadle went up to Carlotta and said, "It's swell! Thoren's doing fine—he just got three thou from Jane Payton. Don't you think we're morally justified in taking anything we like for Mary?" Then he added, "She looks swell in that, doesn't she?"

Carlotta cocked her head on one side and looked at Mary Winlock. She was pacing back and forth, trying very hard to look like the pictures of models she'd seen. Then Carlotta looked at Beadle and wondered if the glint of admiration she saw in his eyes might possibly, if encouraged, turn into little Beadles. She said, "Swell isn't exactly the word, Beadle. She's putting on an act."

He didn't notice the hard note that had got into her voice.

"I think she looks perfectly lovely! You know, I wouldn't have believed she could look like that when I first saw her." He went over to Mary and ambled around her. "We'll take that," he said. "Now put on the street dress."

When Carlotta's five selections had been passed with approval by the jury, Mary put on the beach pyjamas while the men rooted around and found boxes and packed the other clothes. Then they bundled into the town car and started back to the yacht club, all very pleased with themselves and each other. Except Carlotta, who was beginning to wonder if, after all, she hadn't made a slight mistake in joining the party in the first place.

SOME time later the six seafaring souls aboard the Electra sat comfortably about on her after deck, sipping cocktails and waiting until it would be decent time to go to the particular dinner they had chosen from the list that Luther had prepared for them. He had classified the parties. It ran:

Mrs. Vandergrift. (She's having lobsters.) [Luther didn't specify in which sense.]
Mrs. Reid. (Japanese ambassador.)
Mrs. Tailer. (She's got a golf champion there.)
Mrs. Arthur. (On yacht—pretty quiet; lobster too.)
Mrs. Wilson. (Mostly family—look out; maybe music after.)
Mr. Banks. (Big dinner and dance after for niece. I recommend highly. Everybody go there after.)
Mr. Wanner. (He's got a vice president there. N. G.)
Mrs. Payton. (On yacht—you know best, sir.)
Others. (You wouldn't bother with rest, sir.)

The vote had been unanimous in favor of Banks. His shindig sounded like the only one where adventurers would be in the least appreciated. The bishop, who knew literature when he saw it, had taken the list down to the forecastle with him to study as he dressed.

"Just who," he asked Payton, "is this so highly recommended Mr. Banks?"

"He's a stockbroker. He handles the accounts of most of the really big men up here," said Payton.

"Why isn't he broke?" asked Beadle. "Or is he?"

"You can judge for yourself tonight," said Payton. "I gather it's going to be a nifty."

"A nifty?" said the bishop.

"I mean he's going to spread himself. He's supposed to be giving the party for his niece; but I have a hunch he's really giving it to get old Rumplegrist launched in society."

"Why should somebody named Rumplegrist *be* launched in society?" asked Carlotta.

"So Banks can get him to trade through his office."

"I'm against it," said Carlotta.

"I'm for it," said Beadle. "If Rumplegrist didn't want to get launched in society and Banks didn't want him to trade through his office there wouldn't be a nice party for us to go to tonight."

"Dear, dear," said the bishop. "Do you know, I think I too am for launching Rumplegrist. But just how does Banks' party get him asked anywhere else?"

"Because," said Payton, "if he trades through Banks, Banks will know what stocks are likely to go up; and if people here are nice to Banks and ask his little friend to dinner and elect his little friend to things, why, maybe Banks will wink at them some evening and say, 'Yoohoo, buy XYZ tomorrow,' and then they'll all race out and buy XYZ in enormous quantities, and XYZ will go up simply because they bought it, and Banks, who probably bought some all on his own, will have money enough to give another party for the next Rumplegrist who comes down the pike."

"Don't the mugs here ever catch on?" said Mary.

"No," said Payton. He laughed. "The funny thing about it is that half the people here got in via the Rumplegrist route and they all pretend there're no such things as Rumplegrists."

"You mean," said Mary, "they pretend you can't buy a ticket and get in."

Bishop Hartley was feeling relaxed. He had had a pleasant day. He stretched his legs, and thought about how comfortable Carlotta's brother's evening clothes were, and said, "Ah, well, I find it most agreeable either way."

"So do I," said Mary. "I think it's exciting. Can we really go to the dinner, Harris?"

Swazey, who had been going through his ankle-rubbing routine by the companionway, came forward.

"Not me," he said. "I don't go where I ain't asked."

Beadle smiled at him.

"YOU'RE asked to the dance afterward, Swazey. You're a friend of James Arthur, aren't you? All his friends would naturally be invited to the dance."

Swazey beamed at him.

"So if I'm a pal of Pink Whiskers I'm O. K. here, eh?"

"You bet you are! He'll be there."

"Will he—will he have any more of dat scamper juice wit' him?"

Bishop Hartley looked up from pleased contemplation of his patent-leathered feet.

"Bill," he said, "I'm going to have to reform you."

Swazey's eyes had been bright with enthusiasm; now a cloud of worry dimmed them.

"Aw, gee, bish," he said, "wait till after tonight, can't you?"

The bishop, who like Beadle had caught Swazey's habit of saluting, swung his right arm.

"O. K., pal."

"I think it will be fun," said Payton, "to see Banks' expression when we're announced."

"Ain't he apt to have us thrown out?" said Mary.

Payton smiled at her and reaching up caught her hand and drew her to the arm of his chair.

"No," he said. "No man in his right mind would be apt to have you thrown out."

"Why not?" said Mary. "I don't belong there."

Payton looked at her. Carlotta had done her hair for her and helped her fit the cloth-of-gold evening dress. She gave it a pertness, an *esprit*, a something that would have delighted Thoren. Mary Winlock looked like a million.

"He might be nasty to *me*," said Beadle, "because he knows me and if he'd wanted me at his party he'd have invited me, but he'll be really glad that you've come to it. We wouldn't take you if we didn't think you'd have fun."

"I'm scared about it," said Mary.

"Banks' niece is more scared about it than you are," said Beadle. He looked at his watch. "It's half past eight; I think we'd better get started." Then he looked at Payton. "Besides, I see something over there that looks very much like the Colyrium dropping her anchor."

All the way to the Banks house Beadle thought about Mary being scared and decided he would be very sweet indeed to her. When the car stopped in front of the door, he offered her his hand and bowed low as he helped her from the car. It pleased her.

Mr. Banks' butler was not surprised to see the Beadle group pouring over the portal. He took their hats and Carlotta's shawl and led them through a hall and a couple of reception rooms and a music room or so, and finally paused on the threshold of the drawing-room and whispered to Mary. Beadle, who was right behind her, said, "Miss Winlock and Mr. Preece," and gave her a shove forward.

"Miss Winlock and Mr. Preece!" boomed the butler.

THE fifteen invited dinner guests, standing and sitting before the huge empty fireplace, glanced casually around. Mr. Banks, who was a large man with nicely combed gray hair, arose with a surprised expression. He looked a little like a papa rabbit who, upon examining the fortnightly litter, finds a couple of extra bunnies.

"By George!" he said to himself. "I forgot all about having asked Preece and that girl!"

The fifteen invited guests stopped glancing casually and stared the way only very nice people can stare. When Mary in that dress stepped into the room it was as though someone had switched on a bright light.

"Mr. Payton!"

Banks, who was standing now, clutched at the mantel.

"Must've done it at the boat races," he muttered. "Must've seen 'em on one of the yachts and asked 'em then." He looked toward the doorway and saw two more people lurking there. "Good God!" he said, "I *must* have, but I don't remember—I don't remember!" He put his hand to his temple. Mr. Banks led a strenuous life—a life of terrific mental exertion. Times had been strained now for a long while. He'd worked harder than ever before in his life. He wondered if his mind could be cracking.

"Miss Townsend and *Bishop Hartley!*"

Mr. Banks' butler always gave tongue much louder when he had a title to mouth.

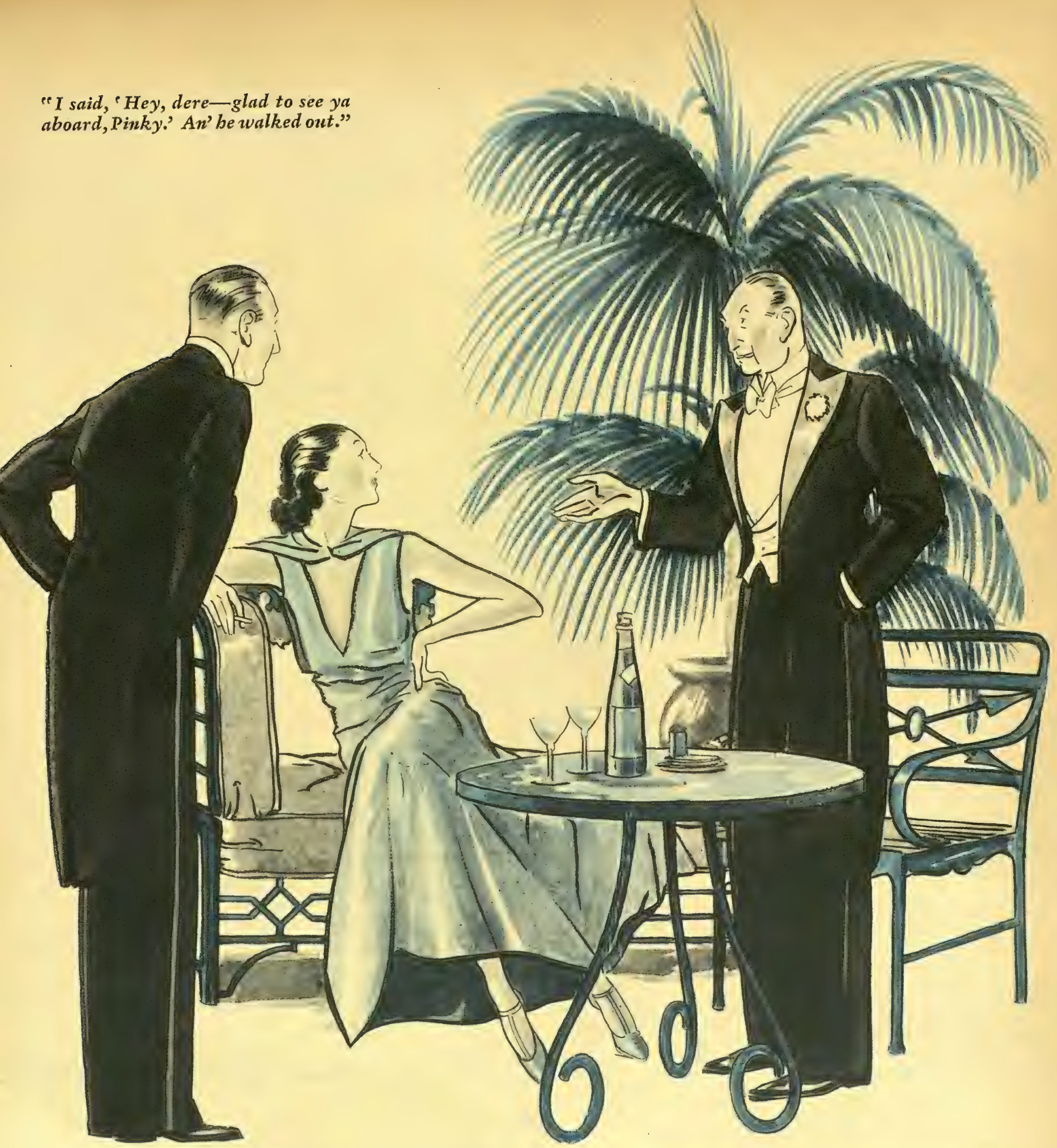
Banks' eyes grew wide and a glazed look came over them. He was no more than an automaton as he shook hands with his new guests. Bishop Hartley being there had cinched the thing. He'd been comforting himself with the thought that Beadle and the girl and Harris might have just checked in for the hell of it. But a bishop, no! Oh, no, not a bishop. Bishops were even more cautious in their conduct than politicians. He took a long breath. Banks was a brave man who could face things. He'd go to his doctor in the morning—then he'd rest up for a week or so. He clenched his fists, took another deep breath, and was himself again. He greeted the bishop cordially:

"I'm so glad you could come, Bishop Hartley. I—I—when I asked you I was so afraid you wouldn't be able to make it—Saturday—day before Sunday, you know—sermons. Was afraid you'd be preparing a stiff lecture for us and all that—ha-ha-ha!"

"Ha-ha-ha yourself," said Carlotta, imitating his forced laugh. "You weren't afraid of any such thing when you asked him. I know."

"By George, maybe I wasn't!" said Banks.

Beadle reached behind a Mrs. Plant's back and tried to pinch Carlotta's arm. It was a quick gesture which no



"I said, 'Hey, dere—glad to see ya aboard, Pinky.' An' he walked out."

doubt would have done her good had the pinch landed on Carlotta's arm instead of where it did—on the lady, who happened at that moment to be standing beside the bishop. The lady happened to be Mrs. Rumplegrist. She also happened to be slightly loaded. She leaned against Hartley like a big friendly horse and leered up at him.

"Naughty, naughty!" she said. "Ooz a big bad bishop to pinchy-winchy strange girlies."

"*What?*" said Bishop Hartley, suddenly realizing that he and this large lady had become the center of what appeared to be a highly dramatic situation. He didn't know what had happened and looked around hoping to find out. He saw Beadle's face, bright red, working in a spasm, and Carlotta holding her hand tightly over her mouth. Neither of these sights helped him in his dilemma. He started to move away, but soon realized that Mrs. Rumplegrist would undoubtedly fall if he removed his support without warning her.

Mrs. Rumplegrist shook a diamond-decked finger at him. "I know." She spoke in a high, cozy voice—a voice more suitable for addressing Pekingese than bishops. "Ooz pretendin' not to know what big bad bishop did to 'ittle girlies!"

BISHOP HARTLEY had had enough of it. He didn't know yet just what the game was, but he didn't want to play it. He fixed Mrs. Rumplegrist with an unclerical eye and drew himself to a position of greater dignity.

"Whatever it is," he boomed, "I didn't do it."

"Hartley," whispered Carlotta, "you slay me!"

With that Hartley bowed and walked over to where Mary was standing alone. He smiled at her.

"Charming house, isn't it, Mary?" he said. "I think that's a Romney over there between the windows. Is it, now? No, I don't think it is, after all." He turned to Banks. "Who did paint that?"

Bishop Hartley could carry a thing off when he chose. He kept up a running conversation with himself until the butler came again with more cocktails. Banks by now was certain he had gone stark cuckoo. But when everyone had partaken of a glass or so of Banks' butler's particular brand of soothing sirup the tension relaxed and the dinner party became again as other dinner parties. Dinner was served at nine. Mary Winlock sat on Banks' right, Carlotta on his left. Beadle drew Mrs. Rumplegrist and enjoyed the food. The bishop sat next to Mrs. Plant and, because it seemed a suitable subject to discuss with a lady of such a name, talked about gardening. Payton sat on Mary's right. He'd had to force Rumplegrist out of the chair in order to do it; but he'd caught the look of panic on Mary's face when they'd gone into the dining room, and it had touched him. He wanted to be where he could help her, so he just plumped himself down in the chair beside her. After one or two abortive efforts to get into the chair with him, Rumplegrist shrugged his shoulders and, like a man playing Going to Jerusalem, darted about until he finally got himself placed.

The dinner, once Rumplegrist caught himself a chair, proceeded as most nice dinners do. There was some laughter, much eating, and, after the wine, a little indigestion. At the close of it the ladies returned to the drawing-room and the men went into Banks' private library. Beadle found himself next to the host in a corner of the room.

“It was nice of you to have us tonight,” he said.

“Nice of you to come,” said Banks.

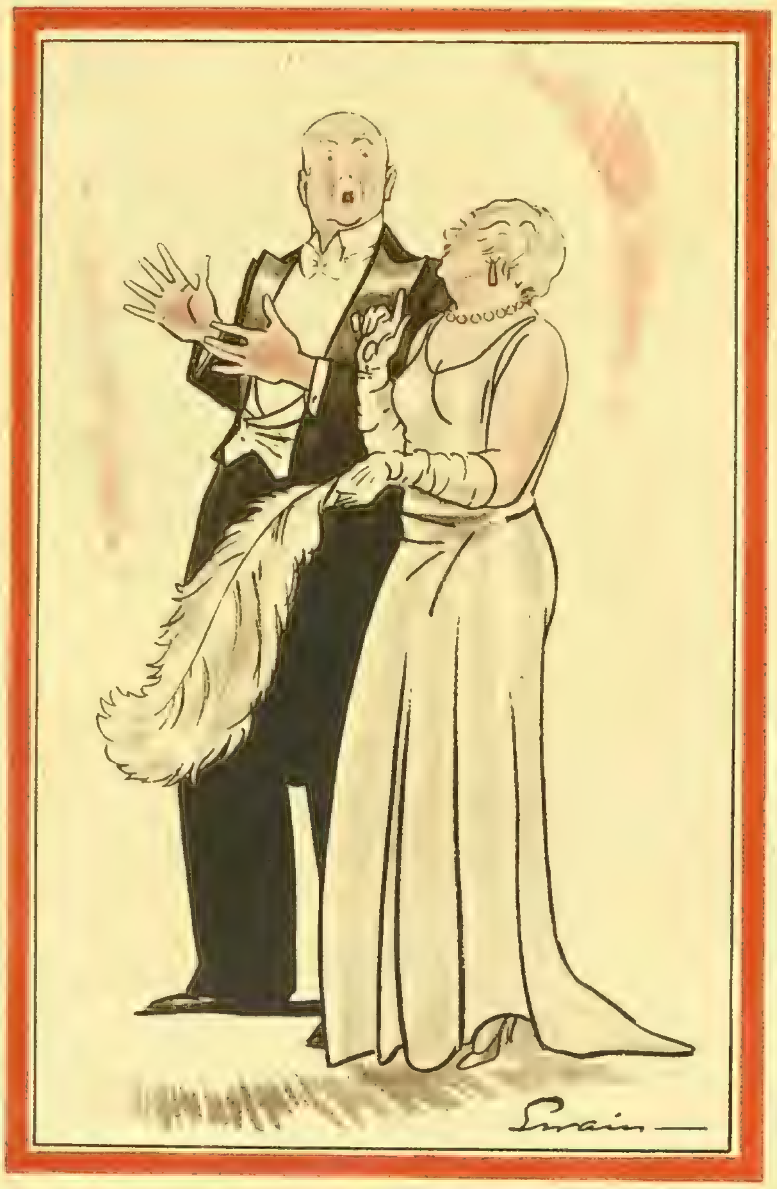
“Of course you realize, don't you, that you didn't invite us?”

Banks felt like a man getting paroled from an asylum. Beadle thought it odd that he should look so pleased at being imposed on.

“Didn't I really?”

“No,” said Beadle. “We just came.”

“Thank heaven!” said Banks. He laughed. “You know, Preece, I've been working so damned hard this year—I was afraid my mind was skidding. You don't know how much your saying that means!”



“Naughty, naughty!” she said. “Ooz a big bad bishop to pinchy-winchy strange girlies.”

“I was afraid you'd be sore.”

Banks laughed again.

“I would have been sore if you hadn't got me so worried.” He paused and lighted a cigar. “Now you speak of it,” he said, “it was a curious thing for you to do. How did you happen to, anyway?”

“WE wanted to go to a party. Hartley especially wanted to go to one. We weren't asked to any, so we had Luther at the yacht club make us up a list of the parties that were happening tonight. Yours looked much the best.”

“Thanks,” said Banks. “By the way, is that really Bishop Hartley or do you just call him that because you think it would be nice to have a bishop around?”

“He's the real stuff,” said Beadle.

“Who's the little four-minute egg?”

“Just a girl I found on a scow. This is her first evening dress. She was terribly afraid about coming. I don't think she thought it was quite the thing to do.”

“No!”

“I want awfully for her to have a good time at the dance, and I want Harris to have a good time too. You see—you see, neither of them has had much fun.”

Banks nodded. “No man who marries a bank roll has much fun. He loses all respect for himself and everybody else does too.”

“I don't think any of you know about Payton. I only found out about him the other day. Then I made him join the expedition.”

“Expedition? What expedition?”

“An expedition to sail places and be natural and conspicuous so that people will talk about my having the Electra and I can find out whether Milton Sands dares object or not.”

They were coming over the plate too fast for Donald Banks. He said, “Why Milton Sands?”

“Because he lost my money for me. That's why I swiped his boat.”

Banks was suddenly interested.

“Milton Sands lost your money for you? How?”

“He had me in an investment trust and in a pool he said Moorehouse, the railroad man, was running, and they both went blooey, that's all.”

“Did you say he had *all* your money in those things?”

“OH, no; the rest of it was in a land-development company.” He laughed. “I busted in easy stages.”

“When did the pool crash?”

“Two months ago.”

Banks looked at the ash on his cigar.

“It may break your heart to hear it,” he said, “but I happen to have certain knowledge that Moorehouse hasn't been in the market this year.”

“Well, I'll be damned!” said Beadle.

“I don't suppose your money was in a trust fund?”

“Some of it was.”

“Interesting,” said Banks. “Of course you know margin accounts and land-development companies aren't legal investments for trust funds.”

Beadle hadn't the vaguest idea what he meant; he said so. Banks explained.

“There's a state law,” he said, “that makes it illegal for any administrator or trustee to buy anything except certain kinds of bonds for trust funds. Maybe—just maybe—you're not so broke after all. It's just possible you weren't in any of those things—that your friend Sands just said you were and slipped the money in his sock.”

Beadle thought for a long moment. The idea that he might still be wealthy frightened him. He saw himself as he had been before. Definitely he didn't want to go back to being like that again. He was finding things in life now that were real—companionship, the fun of helping Mary and Payton. That was much more real than collecting curios that anyone with money could buy—Swazey was a swell curio.

He pictured Mary and Harris having come to him; and Carlotta whom he hated. Getting his money back would mean giving up the Electra and not being a captain of anything any more. Carlotta would despise him again, the way she used to. Suddenly Banks was surprised to hear him say, “By golly, *I* don't hate *her* any more!”

“What?”

Beadle started.

“Who don't you hate?”

“Carlotta Townsend.” He laughed and went on naïvely: “Ever since I fell into her bed, and then we held up Mrs. Weems together, I haven't hated her. Golly, that's funny! I haven't hated her at all!” . . .

The dance in honor of Rumplegrist, alias Donald Banks' niece, got off to a big start about half an hour after the gentlemen of the dinner party rejoined their ladies. The flower of society and some of the wild flower of society, too, came in droves. Music blared, champagne corks popped. The rooms of the rambling house filled and spilled over on to the terraces facing the sea and into the gardens. The air grew heavy and scented and exotic and put thoughts in people's minds that blended nicely with the wine they were drinking.

Beadle and Carlotta stood in the terrace doorway and watched the dancing. They saw Mary flash by with Payton and saw a young man cut in. The young man got but a few steps before another replaced him and then still another and another right after that. They were standing near the orchestra. It was a good place to stand, because the whole pagan effect of the party was before them and the music sounded better close by—the drum was louder.

" The tribes are up," said Carlotta. " Hear the tom-tom? "

" I hear it," said Beadle. " You know, I kind of like these parties. It's some brawl, isn't it! "

" One of the best. Banks does himself proud."

" Rumplegrist ought to be proud. It's all for him. He'll get into Bailey's Beach sure after this! "

" If it took all this to get me invited to the old swimming hole I'd go shoot myself," said Carlotta. " Let's get some fizz and sit down out there. It looks cool."

SHE gestured toward the terrace. Beadle fought his way through the crowd of stags at eve trying to drink their fill at the long tables where the corks were popping, and, after practicing a feat of sleight of hand that the younger men hadn't yet learned, came away with a bottle and two glasses. He joined Carlotta and they went out and sat at one of the tables on the terrace. It was cool there because a small wind was blowing from the sea. He thought about how strange it was that he didn't hate Carlotta any more. It made it fun to be sitting there with her. It was exciting, their having slept in the same cabin the night before; but he thought that now he didn't hate her any more it would be twice as embarrassing if she did it again.

Now and then people they both knew passed the table and stopped for a word. After a while the lights in the ballroom went out and a spotlight was turned on. They could see that someone was doing an exhibition dance.

" Want to watch? "

" No," said Carlotta. " I've seen dancers before."

Somebody touched Beadle on the shoulder. He looked up. It was Swazey.

" Hotcha! "

Beadle saw he was in evening clothes. He hadn't been in evening

a Laxative must be *Gentle* to be safe *for a Woman!*

IS the laxative you are taking gentle enough for a woman? A laxative that can answer "Yes!" to that question is the ideal laxative for *all.* For the feminine sex must be especially careful.

Ex-Lax is gentleness itself. Ex-Lax follows Nature's way in relieving constipation. Ex-Lax simply "nudges" the intestinal muscles—and so stimulates the bowels to gentle activity. It doesn't affect digestion, nor leave harmful after-effects.

The only medicinal ingredient in Ex-Lax is one that is widely prescribed by physicians in their daily practice. It is combined with delicious chocolate in the special Ex-Lax way.

For more than a generation Ex-Lax has been the choice of young and old. 37,000,000 boxes were used last year.

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A WORD OF CAUTION!

Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations sound like Ex-Lax! But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN
SAFE EFFECTIVE GENTLE
TASTES LIKE CHOCOLATE
EX-LAX

keep "regular" with **EX-LAX**

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

clothes when they'd left him. Swazey, seeing his look of surprise, leaned forward, a hand on each of their shoulders.

"Dey're de showfer's—swell, ain't it? How was de eats? You wasn't thrown out or nuttin'?"

"No." Carlotta patted him on the back. "You look grand, Swazey. Have any trouble getting in?"

Swazey snapped his fingers.

"Trouble? Naw! Not me—not me! It was dis way." He jerked a chair up under him and sat down. "I come up to de door, see? A guy snaps open de door of de car, an' I says, 'Is dis my friend Banks' joint?' An' he yessirs me. Den I goes in, an' a swell guy comes up—dressed to kill, no foolin'—an' says, 'Here, let me have your hat, sir.' 'Not dis hat,' I says. 'It belongs to de chief.' Den I winks at him. He winks back an' says, 'I got you, Steve. Dere's enough watchin' de ground floor now; you better keep your eye on his joolry on de second floor.'" Here Swazey began to rock back and forth with laughter, pound his left hand on the table and snap his fingers with his right. "Can you beat it? He t'ought I was a dick!"

"A what?" said Beadle.

"A dictectiff," said Swazey. He grew serious. "Say, what kind of a joint is dis, where dey got to have dicks? Dey don't have dicks at no parties I ever been to."

"You know," said Beadle, "I've often wondered about that."

"Not dat I mind de guy's mistake," said Swazey. "It gives me what you'd call card blanche. I can drink an' eat an' I can look de joint over, an' I don't dance anyhow. If anybody asks me what I'm doin' I just says, 'Second floor's my job—his joolry.' Den I winks. Hotcha!"

"Have some scamper juice?"

"Yahoo!" said Swazey, reaching for the glass Beadle handed him. Then suddenly his good spirits seemed quite to leave him.

"Say," he said, "I saw my frien' James Arthur. Can you beat it? He wouldn't have nuttin' to do wit' me!"

"No!" said Beadle.

"No. I said, 'Hey, dere—glad to see ya aboard, Pinky.' An' he walked out on me—just like dat!"

Carlotta snorted.

"That was because you'd never been introduced properly. He—he's funny that way. Come on with me and we'll find him and I'll introduce you."

"Oke!" said Swazey. He and Carlotta stood up.

"So long, Beadle. If I get stuck with something come rescue me, will you?"

BEADLE nodded and rose and watched them go into the ballroom. Then he sat down again and finished the wine and grinned. He was thinking of how much more ill at ease Arthur would be than Swazey. After a minute or so he noticed the main lights had sprung up again. He went into the ballroom to look for Mary. He found her and cut in and they shuffled slowly around the floor. Mary was very happy. She still expected to be arrested or thrown out of the house, but she thought it was all splendid while it lasted.

Strangely, although it was Payton who had taken care of her and introduced her to the first young men that had led to her meeting dozens of others, she gave her gratitude to Beadle. When the music stopped she looked up at him out of shining eyes and said, "I can't ever thank you-all for this, Beadle, an' I'm sure you're gonna get in trouble 'bout the dresses."

He smiled and shook his head. "The worst that could happen about them is that we'd have to pay for them. Lord knows that would be bad enough. How do you like being in high society?"

"I think it's wonderful; don't you?"

"No," said Beadle; "but I'm glad you do. I so wanted you to have a good time."

The music started. Beadle was still looking down at her. He saw her eyes fill with tears.

"I think you-all are the finest man I ever heard of!"

WHEN the music stopped they wandered out into the gardens hand in hand, walking silently in friendliness, listening to the cool sound of the summer surf on the beach far below them.

Presently Mary spoke. What she said was, to Beadle, like a bomb exploding in the quiet garden. "Why'd you have that girl sleepin' in your cabin with you?"

He spun around, tried to think of a plausible lie, and slipped into the truth.

"I didn't know she was there. She sneaked in after I was asleep. I—I've always hated her."

"Then I reckon I better sleep there tonight, before she gets you to stop hatin' her."

Beadle was horrified. It had been bad enough having Carlotta, whom he'd known always, sleep in his stateroom—it would be infinitely worse to have Mary, whom he hardly knew at all. He sputtered like a damp fuse.

"N-n-n-n-not that!" he said—and then, because he realized he wasn't acting at all like a leader of an expedition, strained every sinew and managed to recover dignity.

"Just why," he said, "would it be so—dangerous—for me to stop hating Carlotta?"

Mary, who had been partly in earnest and partly deliberately plaguing him, grew serious. She said, "Don't you see, Beadle? If she goes on sleepin' there you'll fall in love with her an' then you'll marry her an' then you'll be just like Harris."

"Just like Harris?" Beadle laughed. He couldn't be like Harris Payton! He laughed again. The idea of his marrying Carlotta Townsend! That was a lot of damned rot.

He fished in his pockets for a cigarette, found one, and lighted it. The little physical effort of finding the cigarette and lighting it brought him out of the daze Mary's suggestion had knocked him into. He began to think. He remembered about finding out in Banks' library that he didn't hate Carlotta any more.

He thought about sitting on the terrace with her outside the ballroom; there had definitely been something between them then. He thought about how he'd looked down at her that morning, when she was holding his hand as he sat on the edge of her bed, and he had suddenly noticed that she was a beautiful woman. It didn't seem possible, but there might—there just might be something in what Mary said. Carlotta was lovely to look upon.

He turned to Mary and said, very soberly, "Let's go in and get corned."

In next week's installment you will learn of what happened to Beadle after he decided to get corned.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Fooled 'Em Once

SYDNEY hated to go to bed early and always objected to going at a reasonable hour. One day he heard his mother say to a friend that he had been born at half past twelve o'clock.

"At night?" asked Sydney quickly.

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

"Well, I'm certainly glad I was up late once in my life, anyhow."—Mrs. S. M. Merrihew, 2201 N. Broadway, Seattle, Wash.

Re-covered

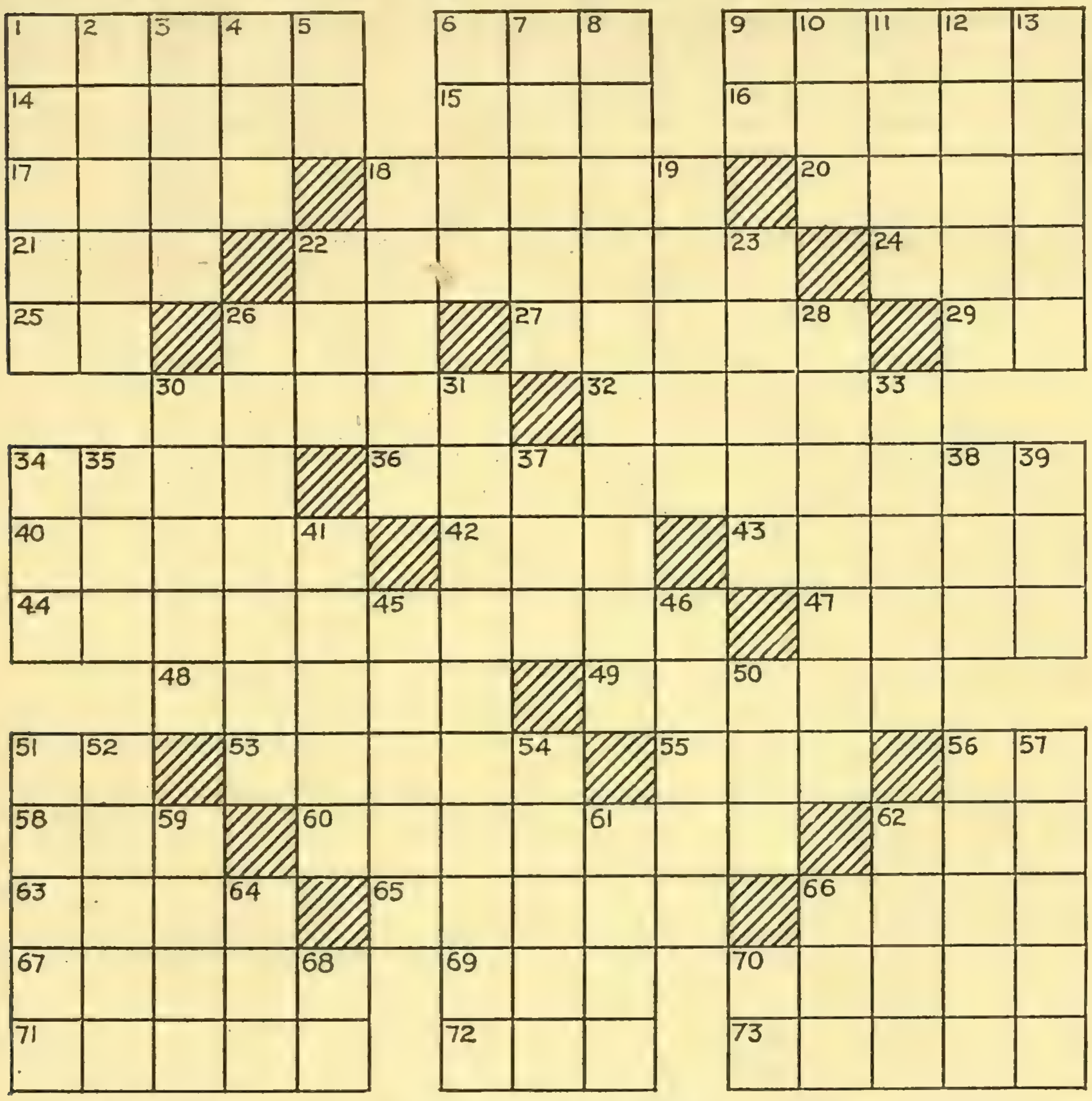
BARBARA saw her daddy mend a broken window in his car with adhesive paper. Later a new window was put in without her knowledge.

On discovering the fact, she came running into the house and exclaimed:

"Daddy, when did you take the bandage off your car?"—Mrs. Roy Shawcross, 349 Pershing Dr., New Kensington, Pa.

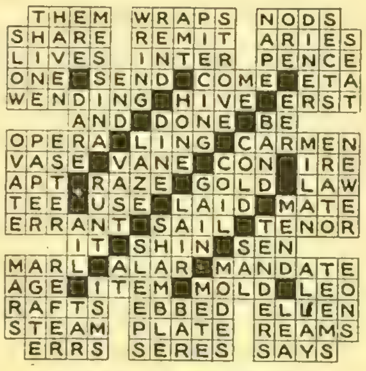
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A muttering complaint
6 The whole quantity
9 The largest of musical wind instruments
14 Compositions in verse
15 A seaport in India
16 Loud, confused outcry
17 In a different manner, time, place, or respect
18 Lines of junction
20 Gaelic
21 The American wapiti
22 More amusing
24 Father
25 In paper making, tub-sized (abbr.)
26 To repeat noisily
27 A mountain system in South America
29 Hand-written document (abbr.)
30 Style of dress
32 A molding with profile in form of letter S (pl.)
34 Summon
36 New converts
40 Conceited
42 The teacher of Samuel (Biblical)
43 Marked by acuteness
44 A summer resort in Suffolk County, N. Y.
47 Drunken revelry
48 Worth, excellence
49 Siberian Mongolian
51 Fifth month in Jewish ecclesiastical year
53 A French painter of the nineteenth century
55 To impair; spoil
56 A bone (Latin)
58 A habitual drunkard



THEM WRAPS NODS
SHARE REMIT ARIES
LIVES INTER PENCE
ONE■SEND■COME■ETA
WENDING■HIVE■ERST
AND■DONE■BE
OPERA■LING■CARMEN
VASE■VANE■CON■IRE
APT■RAZE■GOLD■LAW
TEE■USE■LAID■MATE
ERRANT■SAIL■TENOR
IT■SHIN■SEN
MARL■ALAR■MANDATE
AGE■ITEM■MOLD■LEO
RAFTS EBBED ELUEN
STEAM PLATE REAMS
ERRS SERES SAYS

Answer to last week's puzzle

60 Vessels used in the Mediterranean
62 Quick to learn
63 Before long
65 Creates disturbance
66 French abbé, teacher of deaf-mutes
67 A fungous disease of cereals
69 Old English coin
70 A place of contest
71 Title of former European ruler (pl.)
72 Capture by stratagem
73 In the center of

VERTICAL

1 To salute cheerily
2 Streamlets
3 A province in Siberia
4 Very small
5 Place of the seal (Lat. abbr.)
6 Arabian seaport
7 A climbing perennial plant
8 Quality of brilliance
9 At the surface of
10 A hind or doe
11 To surround
12 Province in India
13 Requires
18 Sunrise
19 A flock of herons
22 A stroke of disease
23 Whirls
26 Overspread; submerged
28 A city in Indiana
30 Twilight (poetic)
31 Tax paid for the right to take wood (archaic)
33 To cause to move
34 Accountant (abbr.)
35 To develop lateral shoots or branches
37 Noun suffix of diminutive force
38 A unit of work
39 A filthy or low place
41 Has sufficient courage
45 River in West Africa
46 Domesticates
50 A Dutch cupboard
51 Any article of an insolvent, considered separately
52 Rude persons
54 A place where goods are kept for sale
56 Expands; spreads out
57 Combining form meaning fat (var.)
59 Loose outer garment
61 State (French)
62 Mimicked
64 Neither
66 Silkworm
68 Musical term meaning single touch (abbr.)
70 Form of to be

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

DO FOODS EXPLODE
IN YOUR FUSSY STOMACH?

THAT gassy, blown-up feeling after eating certain favorite foods—no need to endure it now! TUMS—the new candy-like antacid mints—quickly counteract excess acid, dispel gas and bloat, and relieve Fussy Stomach. You can eat what you like without suffering from acid indigestion. Just munch three or four TUMS after meals or whenever you are distressed. They're safe, agreeable—handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store. Only 10c.

GAS
HEARTBURN
SOUR STOMACH
ACID INDIGESTION

FREE Package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds—also samples of NR and TUMS—Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 12-S, St. Louis, Mo.

"TUMS" for the Tummy

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS
TUMS

TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

'MOIST THROAT' ENDED HIS COUGH!

Your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny "bottles" continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues . . . *until you "catch cold."*

Then these pores clog. Phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

"I had coughs all winter, till I learned about 'moist throat,'" writes R. G., of New York City.

Your cough will be cured only when you increase the flow of your throat's *natural moisture*, loosening the phlegm so it can be expelled. Avoid cough "remedies" containing drugs which merely "deaden" the nerves . . . but don't get at the real root of the trouble.

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of throat moisture and brings quick relief naturally.

If your throat's the least bit raw or dry, take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN now. It's absolutely safe, even for children. You can get it at all drug stores.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

Vox

What Will Happen When Your Husband Reads This?

EDMONTON, ALTA.—It's many moons ago since I've taken the liberty to snitch a nickel a week out of my old man's trousers for Liberty's sake. Well do I realize that it's a nickel well worth snitched and spent, especially after reading Madhouse for Two by Ferrin Fraser in the January 21 issue. What a story! What a heroine! We need more women like Cicely, who have enough grit to shoot their husbands into submission and obedience, thereby forcing their husbands to look upon their better halves with curious and respectful eyes.

At least it would eliminate the necessity of making a moonlight pocket raid for the price of Liberty. Brother, can you spare an automatic?—*Mrs. Jack Stewart Shulz.*

Back to the Land

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I want to commend you for your back-to-the-land editorial. It is one of the solutions of this depression, and am tickled to see President Roosevelt indorsing it. I also want to answer J. B. Hinchliffe in Vox Pop of February 18 regarding his criticism of the farm idea.

Did you ever hear of a charity drive in the country? In Kansas City we raise the ante every year. If we can get the people who are depending on charity to get on five- or ten-acre tracts and work with their own hands to raise their own foodstuff, they will cease to become a burden on the rest of us who have to feed them. I say, keep it up, Liberty, and all other magazines and newspapers. Shout, Back to the land! before the charity organizations take it all away from us.—*David S. Lutz.*

The Technocracy Idea

EL PASO, TEX.—I don't like to Vox Squawk, but I just can't help it after reading Rupert Hughes' Technocracy to the Rescue, in the February 18 Liberty. You are to be congratulated upon getting such an able spokesman for the Technocrats as Mr. Hughes. Although I am a Technocrat, I appreciated Mr. Franklin's article preceding it.

I wish that there were more men like Rupert Hughes in public affairs. He is a rare mixture of the progressive combined with moderation, common sense, and courage.—*Claud Brent.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Just finished reading Technocracy to the Rescue, by Rupert Hughes. Boy, what I mean—you are one magazine that big business does not control. Hurrah for Liberty! Hurrah for Rupert Hughes! Hurrah for Technocracy! Hurrah for anything that will divide the spoils more evenly!

I'm in favor of making the editor of Liberty, Rupert Hughes, me, or somebody Dictator of this country.

Stay on the side of the common people, Liberty. Things will come their way some day and Liberty is helping to bring this about.—*James Miller.*

SILOAM SPRINGS, ARK.—The article in the issue of February 18 on Technocracy by Rupert Hughes was perfectly infuriating. I'm astonished to think that such an excellent author would take the attitude he has toward it. I can't understand how any sensible person could be in sympathy with such a farce as this is.—*Josephine Hogg.*

A Friend of Robert Houtz Tells How He Was Killed

ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—Congratulations to Dick Hyland for Football—the Killer? in February 4 Liberty. However, I would like to correct a few errors in the paragraph relating to the death of Robert Houtz, since he was a friend of mine. The paragraph says that Houtz was playing for Monterey Park against Alhambra, in a regular high-school game.

In reality he was the Alhambra halfback at the time. The opposing team was the freshman squad from the University of Southern California. He was attempting to bring down a 225-pound Trojan when the accident occurred. The error was probably due to news dispatches giving Houtz's address as Monterey Park, which is a part of the Alhambra High School district.—*Melvin Beatty.*

Melvin Beatty

That Accused Woman

MOUNT OLIVE, N. C.—I have just finished The Woman Accused, or at least I read down to where it said THE END.

Couldn't you find any more famous authors to finish the story, or is it so new they haven't had time to have the trial yet? Did you leave the story this way for readers to watch future installments of Liberty for the conclusion?—*H. L. Cobbs.*

Zara Sylcox Appears to Be a Minority of One on Smoking

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—In your February 18 issue I read a letter in Vox Pop by Zara Sylcox that sure started me popping.

Zara Sylcox, take this on the snout.

I'm twenty-four. Married four years. Happily. Have a baby two years of age. Healthy, strong, and what have you. I've been smoking twelve years—believe it or not. Why? Because I didn't know any better then. Why don't I stop? 'Cause it's a habit and it doesn't harm me in the least.

I'm smoking right now because when I'm mad it calms me and I want Vox Pop to be able to read my writing.

Now, I do not drink. Water, pop, coffee, and milk are the only liquids I use. I hate the smell and sight of beer, whisky, or anything else. And what do you mean by " often worse than drinking "? I've led a respectable life and always will. Two of my sisters smoke, and boy, you couldn't find any better girls the whole wide world over! Respected and liked by all, even those that oppose smoking.—*Mrs. R. J. McKellan.*

PORTLAND, ME.—I would like to criticize the letter written by Zara Sylcox which appeared in Vox Pop of the February 18 issue.

The aforementioned writer entered a violent protest against women smoking, stating that it " forms the first step in drunkenness and often worse." Now, if that isn't the most inane statement that I've ever heard or read about, I'd like to know what is!—*C. L. Cragin.*

You Kickers Listen to This Note from Jolly Old England

BUXTON, ENGLAND—Just a little food for thought for some of these Vox Pop fiends who want a million dollars' worth of reading for a nickel.

LONDON 16 MILES

Every week I travel sixteen miles by train and pay ten cents for my month-old copy of Liberty, and like it.

I wonder how some of our tight-fisted friends would go for that?—*William H. Lamas.*

POP

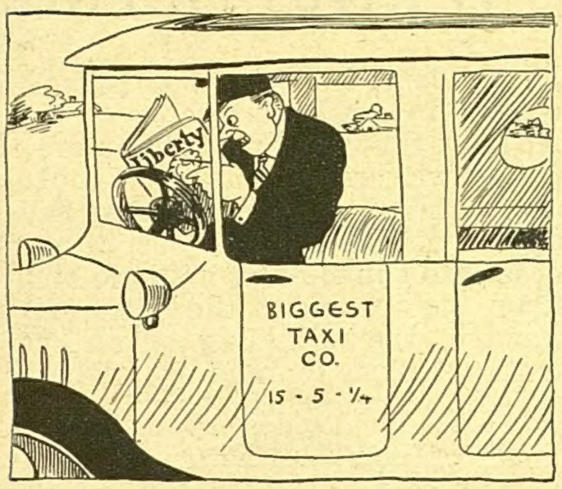
adam john barth
VOX POP EDITOR

A Driver Gives Us the Low-Down on the Taxi Business

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Being a cab driver of this city, for the biggest and best taxi company on the west coast, I want to speak for all us drivers.

We consider ourselves of a higher and more educated type of man than most cabmen in other cities are classed.

We are governed by a set of strict rules, and try to abide by them, because we work on a merit system and each infraction of a rule means, if we are caught, a penalty of five to fifty demerits, which incidentally controls our percentage of pay. Now, one of our strict rules is not to read in the downtown district, but to be alert and ready to render prompt and unfailing service to anyone who needs a taxi.



Well, here's the point: How do we keep so alert, wide awake, and better educated? I figured it out this way. It must be your magazine which deserves the most credit, for I really believe all our men who are up and ready in the downtown district are only trying to get a trip outside where they can read a part of said mag while listening for the telephone. Anyway, each week Liberty makes its appearance, even with the strict reading rule we have, our superintendent has a stack of them there on his desk at a jitney each, and I wonder if by any chance you have a pull with him? If so, slip in a word for me. I need some merits, even if your mag doesn't.

Say, that aforesaid stack of Libertys on the super's desk doesn't last long, either!—*G. D. Hawkins, Cab 489, and Buddies.*

Why, You Don't Mean to Say They Drink in Iowa?

FORT MADISON, IOWA—I've always wondered what these so-called Vox Poppers were harping about; but the letter from Maxine Trusler of South English, Iowa, appearing in the February 4 issue makes it very plain.

What is Maxine's viewpoint when she quotes: "Murders are committed by those intoxicated that otherwise would not have been done"? Ye gods, how about all these "rides" that the gangsters pass out so freely?

Evidently Maxine thinks there is no intoxication in the country at present. I would like to take her on the rounds with me some night. I could show her intoxication in a rare form from fourteen to sixty years of age, and nary a murder.

Furthermore, she would be surprised to find that she could get all the floating power and free wheeling she wants at two bits a throw, and it's a universal habit, not merely in this locality.

I would gladly take Maxine on one of these jaunts, but she wouldn't believe it anyway, so what's the use?—*Ilika Beer.*

Now, a Prohibitionist

DOVER, OHIO—I think I shall entitle this letter, Editor Wanted, as I wish to give my view on the editorial in the January 21 issue of Liberty entitled Saloon or Speakeasy—Which?

You insist the reader be open-minded; you admit some will disagree with you. All who are open-minded will disagree with you, and here is the reason for it.

You say the only way to eliminate speakeasies is to have licensed saloons. What is the catch? Is there something going to appear in the air that will exterminate speakeasies just because we have saloons? Surely not. Then how will the saloon have anything to do with the elimination of speakeasies? Will not the owner of the speakeasy be able to buy good booze and make his place attractive the same as the saloon keeper? The government can't stop him—you have said so.

The cause for prohibition failure is the same cause for the entire government's failure: spineless, selfish, un-American morons elected to office who had more interest in what the job gave than in what they could give to the job. —*Art Ables.*

We Try to Print the Facts

RAYTOWN, MO.—This letter is to praise the ability and courage of Charles Stevenson, whose article in Liberty of January 28 on the Patronage Racket has certainly expressed in words just what the American people are thinking.

What we need are more fearless writers like Stevenson and more magazines like Liberty.—*Paul N. Brown.*

Paul N. Brown

Just Keep Watch

SEATTLE, WASH.—Please, pul-lease, publish some more of our navy's humor. The salty expressions of those sturdy men-of-war's men slay me. Phooey!—*Leatherneck.*

They Know About Banks Out Where the Tall Corn Grows

WASHINGTON, IOWA—The author of How Safe Is Your Savings Bank? makes the point in his article in the January 28 issue, that banks are safe because they have to be by law. Upon reflecting that the laws haven't kept bank-owned securities and mortgages from shrinking to half their original value or worse, I decided the story was a pleasant fiction. The banks out our way are winking out like stars at dawn because of this shrinkage.

When the author revealed that he hadn't known that the bank loaned his deposit (if any) to others, instead of just locking it up for him to come and get later, I wondered what kind of a dumb-bell he was. And behold! on the opposite page beneath his picture I found that he is a famous lecturer at Columbia University!—*M. L. Brown.*

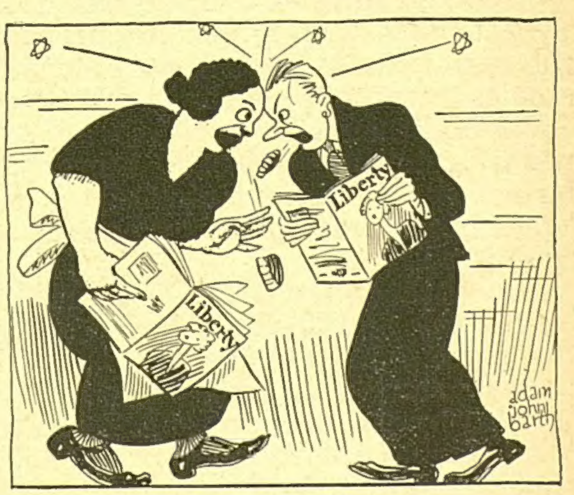
M. L. Brown

Misadventure in Maryland

FLINTSTONE, MD.—Just to think that A Misadventure in Paris, by Leonard Merrick, in the January 28 issue should have led to such a disastrous and humiliating result for me!

So absorbed was I in reading this truly splendid story that, having occasion to go to another part of the house, I proceeded to do so while still reading. In the somewhat dim hallway I bumped into our cook similarly engaged. My upper plate flew out. Still reading, I made a frantic grasp and, as luck would have it, my hand closed over a familiar object which I immediately placed in my mouth.

The next day, while I was telling a roomful of friends about the incident, I noticed that the cook was listening rather intently. When I had finished she interrupted the conversation.



"Ah begs yo' pahdon, Mr. Watson," she exclaimed, "but the same thing happened to me, an' when Ah looked at mah teeth this morning Ah noticed that they isn't mine!"—*C. L. Watson.*

WRITERS *Attention!*

$10,000 *has been set aside for unknown authors*

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

This machine broke down 3000 years ago

TODAY A NEW HEALTH HABIT MAY SET IT RIGHT

WHEN we stopped chewing tough, wild meats and roots, the complicated mechanism of the mouth went out of kilter. *Without sufficient chewing* the protective devices of the mouth ceased to work right. And slowly mankind found itself with *decayed teeth, malformed mouth structures, throat and mouth disorders* which medical science found it practically impossible to prevent.

But now here's good news. Read the report on this page. We wouldn't go back to eating tough meats. And it's hard to make ourselves chew raw, wild foods, but we would all be delighted to chew delicious Dentyne every day. And according to this report that is just what we should do. Every day regularly — just like other health habits.

Why not start this important habit now! Let each member of your family chew delicious Dentyne at least once a day for five minutes. Tooth brushing — no matter what tooth paste or powder you use — gargling, using mouth wash, all good in their place, will not do the same fundamental work.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE— Chewing Dentyne is an easy way to correct many bad conditions. An easy way to keep teeth healthy and white.

REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1. To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.
2. To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.
3. To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.
4. To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

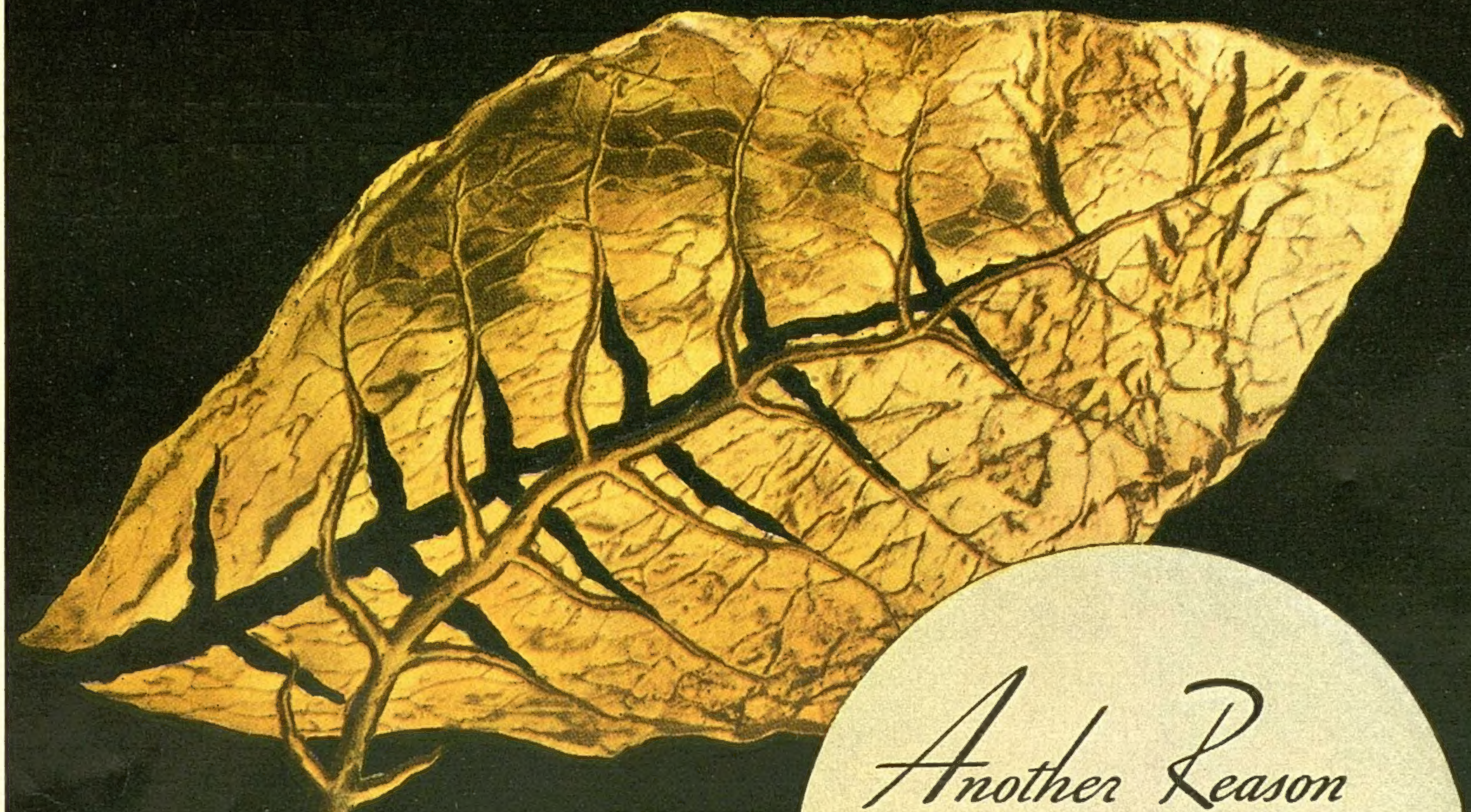
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - - - - - - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Why do we throw away 27% of this Leaf ?



Another Reason why Chesterfields are Milder—

A LEAF of Bright Tobacco or of Kentucky Burley Tobacco has in it about 27% in weight of stem.

The stem is woody. It does not contain the same ingredients as the tobacco. It does not burn like tobacco.

There would be necessarily a sort of rankness or bitterness about the smoke from the stem. This 27% in weight of stem, therefore, is removed before the leaf tobacco is used in Chesterfields.

Everything is done that can be done to make Chesterfield milder and taste better.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

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